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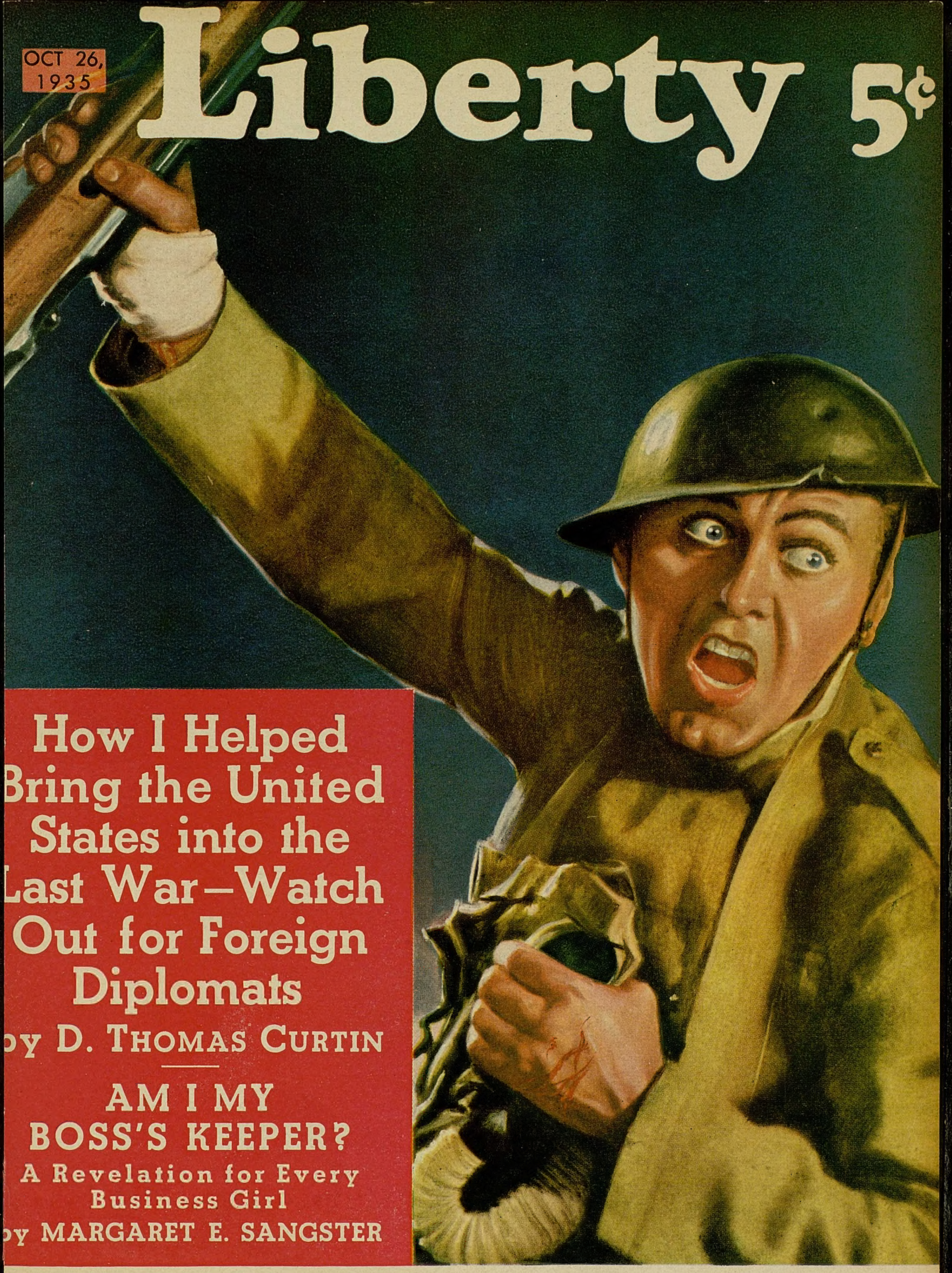


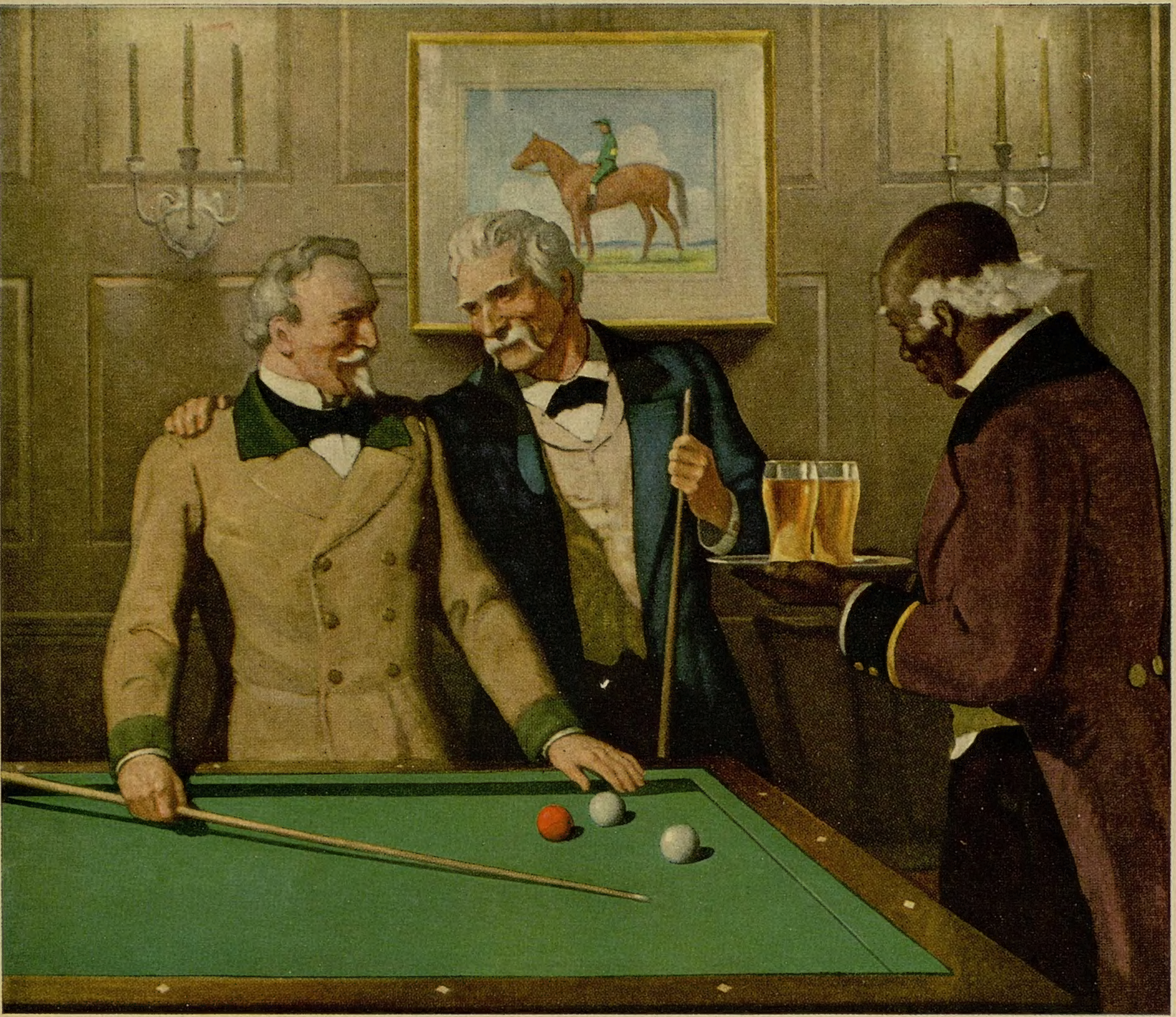
How I Helped Bring the United States into the Last War—Watch Out for Foreign Diplomats

by D. THOMAS CURTIN

AM I MY BOSS'S KEEPER?

A Revelation for Every Business Girl

by MARGARET E. SANGSTER



"Now, Major, for the best part of the game!"

It didn't make much difference who won when billiards were played at Colonel Paul Jones' house.

For the best part of the game came afterward . . . when Toby appeared with tall glasses and a bottle of the famous liquor that bore the Colonel's name . . . *Paul Jones Whiskey!*

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Paul Jones Whiskey

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OCTOBER 26, 1935

Liberty

VOL. 12, NO. 43

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

A Great Moral Lesson in a Prize Fight

WE all have an idea that we have left savagery far behind us; but if one attends a contest between popular prizefighters he will see human instincts in the raw. The primitive in man is then much in evidence, and it is not by any means confined to the fighters. You see it in the audience when you hear shouts to finish the fighter who is already going down under crushing blows.

In a contest recently staged in New York City between Max Baer and Joe Louis, two great boxers, 95,000 people paid admissions approximating nearly a million dollars. But a severe disappointment was in store for this huge audience.

Max Baer, known for his rushing, body-crushing blows, was but a shell of his former self. At the time he won the world's championship he would have been a dangerous contender against Joe Louis, the Negro fighting machine. But he proved to be little more than a flabby makeshift of his former self, and the contest had hardly started before the audience realized his deplorable deficiencies He made but few efforts to simulate his old-time rushing tactics and he finally slumped into a dogged but ineffective attempt to guard himself from the crushing blows of his antagonist.

Max Baer apparently came into the world with tremendous inherited vitality. He was a superb specimen of powerful manhood, and it took but little boxing skill to make him a champion. But sudden success brings a test of character that searches the very soul of a man.

He is thrust into the white light of glittering publicity. An idol, a hero, he walks amid admiring throngs. Temptations of all kinds are thrust before him. Dissipation, wine, and women often become an inviting lure.

The great popularity of this champion brought him numerous attractive business offers.

Hollywood sought him and bought him. He was starred in moving pictures.

Now, the training essential to maintain championship form is difficult to continue under moving-picture influences, and friend and foe alike were doubtful of his ability to retain the boxing championship in such an atmosphere.

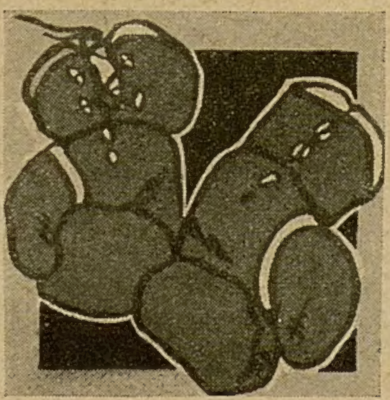
But he discontinued his activities in moving pictures long enough to train for the fight with the great giant Carnera, whom he easily defeated. Later he lost the world's championship to Braddock, and in that contest it was very evident to patrons of the sport that Max Baer had lost much of his old-time speed and power. It took the contest with Joe Louis to indicate how fast a man can travel the downward path if he lacks the ability to say " no " when temptation comes his way.

The huge financial returns paid to the boxers from the receipts at the Yankee Stadium indicate the tremendous public interest in that sport. But Max Baer will never again share in these rich rewards. He is lacking in the strength of character that one must possess to retain an enduring powerful physique.

Few people have the moral stamina, the self-control to stand up under the searching white light of excessive public approbation, and especially is this so when this success is easily and quickly won.

When many years of independent efforts are necessary in winning the prizes of life, one acquires the ability to retain poise and power.

But easy success is often like strong wine—one becomes drunk with suddenly acquired renown and devitalizing temptations can rarely be resisted.



Max Baer's rapid decline has put the spotlight on the value of moral stamina, rigid determination, and self-control. These characteristics must be possessed to retain outstanding success in any field of endeavor.

Joe Louis—if he becomes champion—will have to face similar temptations, but the lesson taught by Baer's experiences should be valuable to him.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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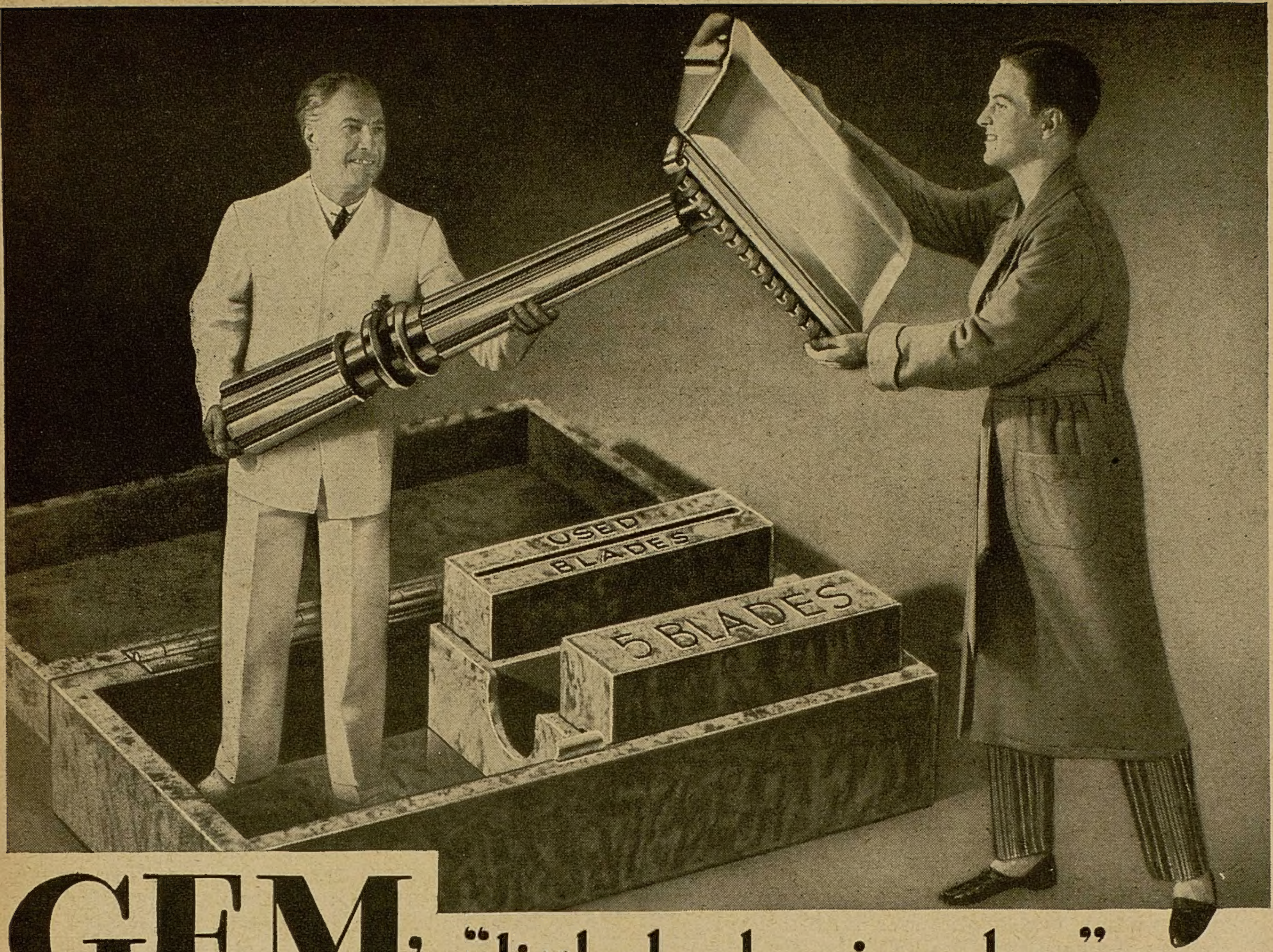

GEM's "little barber-in-a-box" *hands you the perfect shave*

First, Gem invented the Micromatic Razor, which introduced the barber-shop stroke to self-shaving and made it *safe* for you to use *keener* blades. *Now*, Gem protects your skin from soiled fabric and metal with its stainless Marbelite case—as washable as glass.

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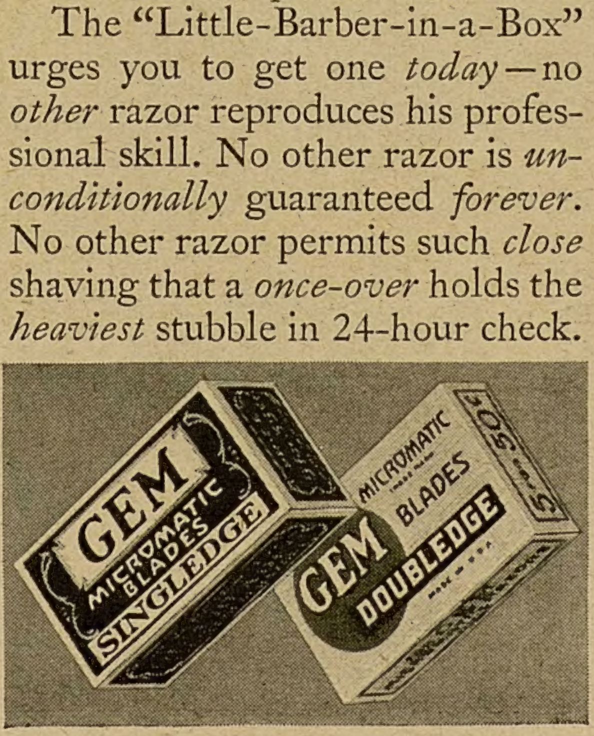
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ALL ONE PIECE — *Twist – it opens! Twist – it closes!*

How I Helped Bring the United States into the Last War—Watch Out for Foreign Diplomats

by D. THOMAS CURTIN

READING TIME
12 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

An American Confesses: An Amazing Revelation of Tricks that Turned the Tide of Events in 1917—Can Such Things Happen Again in 1935?

AS an American newspaper correspondent writing for a British newspaper publisher, Lord Northcliffe, I deliberately schemed with Northcliffe and Lloyd George to bring my country into the World War—schemed to bring on unrestricted submarine warfare so that my country would be forced to fight.

And when it became apparent that Wilson could not longer continue his policy of neutrality and delay, I persuaded Northcliffe and his friends to back Wilson instead of Hughes.

More, in order to bring America into the war, I deliberately used British gold and British propaganda to influence an American election.

Naturally, there were excuses for this conduct. There were even reasons. And they looked like mighty good ones, not only to me but to my two great and good friends, Walter Hines Page in the American Embassy at London and James W. Gerard in the American Embassy at Berlin, and to a lot of other patriotic Americans.

This is how it all came about: I was working on a Boston newspaper when I conceived a yen to be a great travel writer. In July, 1914, I had got as far as the Austro-Serbian frontier, when I suddenly found myself in the middle of the greatest crisis in the world's history.

Overnight I had become a war correspondent. All I needed was a paper to correspond with!

Working my way slowly across Austria and Germany, I reached Berlin on Sedan Day, and found that usually unemotional capital in the throes of a wild community celebration. The German armies were at the gates of Paris. The capture of the city was momentarily expected. Berlin was mad with triumph and expectancy and beer.

Fortunately I spoke the language like a native. When I hired a taxicab and decided to sit on top of it, no one was the least surprised. It was the sort of thing that was being done. But the pictures I took from that cab top of "wartime Berlin at play"! By devices too complicated to describe, I got them on a Channel boat. I got myself on, too.

En route to Dover I ran into a fellow newspaperman, a Northcliffe courier. He insisted on my going up to London to meet his chief, Valentine Williams of the Daily Mail. Williams listened to the story of my experiences in Sarajevo and with the Austrian and German armies on their way to war without a flicker of interest. I was sunk. Then I happened to mention the high jinks in Berlin.

"Berlin on Sedan Day!" he almost shouted. He swept a table clean, and I started to write.

Northcliffe himself read the story in proof, and wanted more. Williams led me into his presence. From that moment began an association which was to change the entire course of my life. "I want to see this whole thing through your eyes," he told me. Well, if going back into Germany five separate times, each time at increasing danger to my life, and following the fortunes of all the belligerent armies on fifteen different fronts was seeing things, he had his wish.

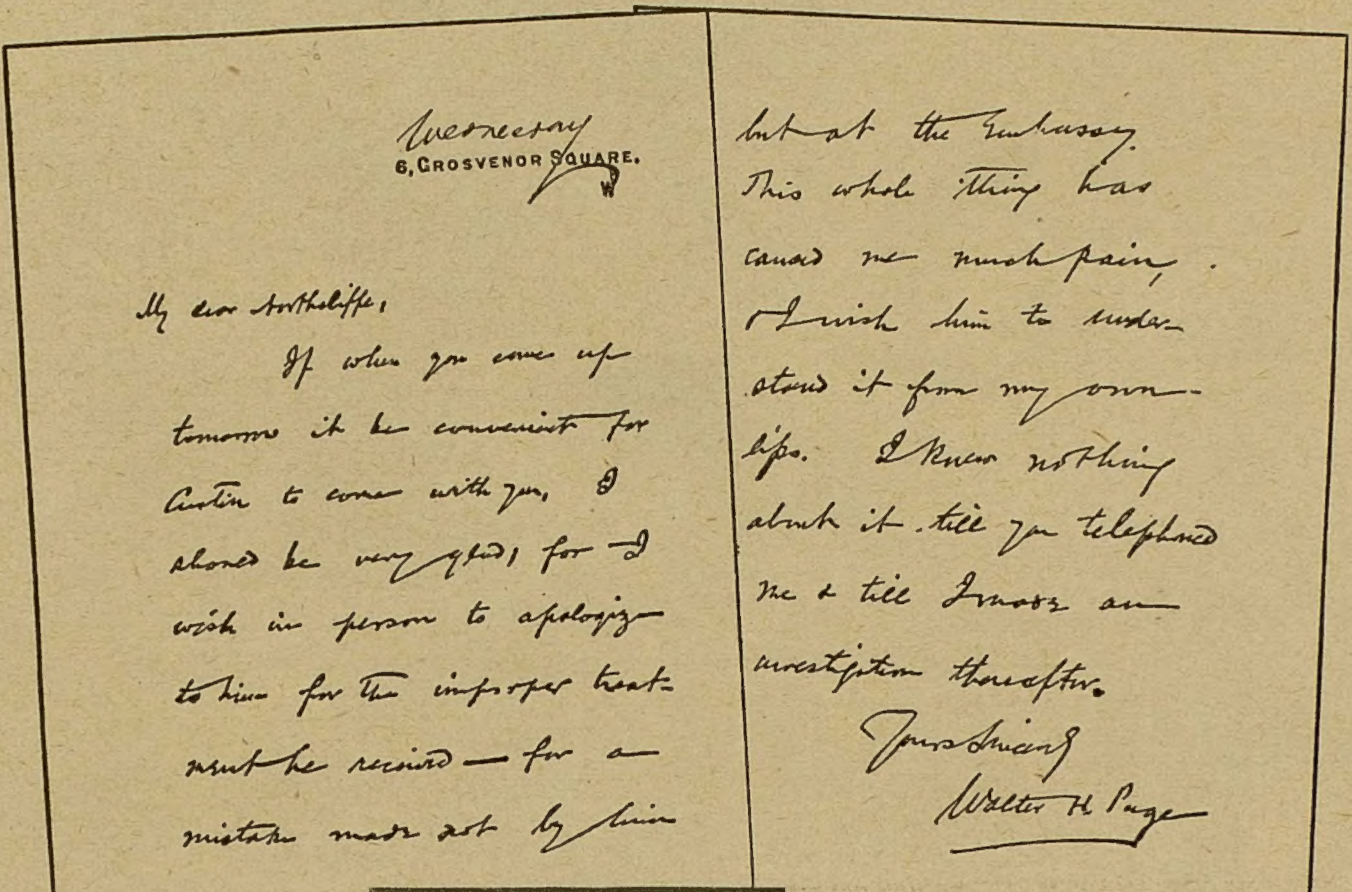
As I came to know him better I began to realize that it was the news he didn't and couldn't print that was making the biggest hit with him. In short, I had become fifty per cent newspaper reporter and one hundred per cent newspaper spy. I didn't mind. My sympathies were entirely with the Allies. They still are, fundamentally. I felt wholly justified.

It wasn't until 1915 that Northcliffe actually began talking to me about America coming into the war. I had just returned to London from several weeks with the retreating Russian armies, and was telling him of my dismay at the demoralization that I had witnessed.

"Yes," he said, "we'll lose Russia, but your country will take her place."

I knew what he meant. The Allies' desperate need of munitions, food, and war supplies of all kinds had increased our trade with them nearly two thousand million. Moreover, we had loaned most of the money which had been paid for these goods. We had, therefore, acquired a vested interest in Allied success.

All this sounds pretty commercial, I suppose, in the light of the neutrality resolutions recently passed by Congress. But it is the cold, hard fact, and I fear it always will be. War profits are not confined to munitions profits. They aren't even mainly that. The British list of articles described as materials of war and therefore subject to seizure—a list which I happened to have a hand in drafting—included more than four hundred products, many of which represented the basic industries of our country and the world.



Wednesday
6, Grosvenor Square. W

My dear Northcliffe,

If when you come up tomorrow it be convenient for Curtin to come with you, I should be very glad, for I wish in person to apologize to him for the improper treatment he received — for a mistake made not by him but at the Embassy. This whole thing has caused me much pain, & I wish him to understand it from my own lips. I knew nothing about it till you telephoned me & till I made an investigation thereafter.

Yours sincerely
Walter H Page

"This whole thing has caused me much pain," Ambassador Page wrote to Lord Northcliffe after Page's secretary tried to take away Mr. Curtin's identity card. "I wish in person to apologize." Right: Mr. Curtin as a World War correspondent.

For that reason I do not believe that prohibitions of the sale of foodstuffs, iron, rubber, cotton, leather, aluminum, lead, nickel, tin, and a couple of hundred other staples on which ninety per cent of us Americans depend for a living will be any more effective than prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquor.

I sincerely believe that if war breaks out today in Europe or Africa or anywhere else, it will be impossible to keep the depression-starved American businessman from doing his selling where the selling is good.

So long as this is true it will be easy to drag America into war. In fact, it will be a cinch.

But it wasn't either to Russia or to America that Northcliffe sent me on my first frankly admitted mission as a spy. It was to Sweden. He had just forced Lloyd George on the Asquith government as Minister of Munitions, but Lloyd George couldn't improve the munitions situation until he got more of a special kind of tool steel from a certain manufacturer in Sweden. It had been promised, but it didn't arrive—and his colleagues in the Foreign Office couldn't or wouldn't find out why.

I ran the mine and submarine zone to Sweden, got to know influential people, and finally heard from that manufacturer's own lips the boastful story of how he was playing fast and loose with Britain and sending her enemies the steel she was depending on.

With these facts in his hands, Northcliffe was able to force Asquith and Lord Grey, the Foreign Minister, to bring the full strength of British authority to bear and make this manufacturer live up to his English contracts.

Incidentally, Northcliffe used this Swedish scandal as one of his most effective weapons to oust Asquith and Grey and put Lloyd George in as Prime Minister.

It may surprise you that a mere commercial item should upset a national government in time of war; but it is just the sort of thing which might not only do that but drag a neutral nation in.

The world was recently startled to find that an Englishman, Francis Rickett, had involved his country in a bad mess by walking off with two thirds of Ethiopia. But there are always Ricketts running around behind the scenes—and in the World War most of them were Americans. It's a wonder one or more of them didn't drag us in before I had a chance! As a matter of fact, Britain's policy from the beginning had been to draw in as many nations as possible, but Northcliffe was never satisfied with the speed with which this was being accomplished. There was, for instance, Rumania.

"Go down and see what the trouble is," he said to me. "Get next to Jonescu, the Foreign Minister, and tell him I'll back him with my papers and every power I have. Tell him five million pounds is nothing compared to what that'll mean to him—if he'll only come into the war."

Jonescu was O. K. But his countrymen weren't fighters. I reported to Northcliffe that Rumania wouldn't really go to war unless it was a nice day and she was sure that it would be all over by sunset.

Eight months later I told Franklin Roosevelt and Henry Breckinridge the same thing one night in Washington. I also told F. D. R. of my warm regard for Charley Vopika, our Minister to Rumania.

"When you get back to Bucharest," replied the then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, "tell Vopika to let us know what's going on. Tell him to loosen up and not be afraid to spend some government money on cables."

Well, Rumania came in in the end. But it didn't do much good. The "chocolate soldiers" melted and ran. I had better luck in Greece. Before I finished there, I had spent $25,000 of Northcliffe's personal cash to transform a Greco-Turkish revolutionist, Snouey Bey, into the secret agent of England's newspaper government who was ultimately responsible for the overthrow of the pro-German King Constantine, the triumph of the pro-Allies Venizelos, and the belated entry of Greece into the war.

But the big time was calling.

"To hell with Rumania and Greece!" Northcliffe was saying in effect. "Give me the United States!"

ONE last trip to Germany—then throw off anonymity, and go after my own people under my own name. That was the program. But this time I must go to Germany by way of America. Northcliffe sent me to T. R., to Wilson, to Lansing. I told my story to them all, prepared their minds for what was to follow.

Then Germany. I got in all right, but I couldn't get out. My own country had passed a rule that American neutrals shouldn't go from one warring country to another. And I *had* to go to England. Well, that fearless American, Jimmy Gerard, said, "You fix it up with the British." And I did.

But not without a tacit agreement on my part that if the news of this rule-breaking reached Washington I'd take the rap and leave the ambassadors out—and that I was to "do something" for Wilson in the forthcoming election. I kept both agreements!

But when I went back to London and threw anonymity to the winds, and began writing sensational articles on Germany not only in the Times and Mail but *in a large syndicate of American newspapers,* diplomatic shivers began to run up and down the ambassadorial spines. I didn't involve the ambassadors, but it must have been clear that I couldn't have got back from Germany to England without *some* help. Solemnly the boys at the embassy took my passport away from me before an audience of fellow newspapermen, and they tried to get my identity card, without which I couldn't even have circulated freely in England.

Page's secretary, an Englishman named Hodson, tricked me into letting him see the card, and then wouldn't give it back. I had to catch a train to meet Northcliffe, and I had to have that card to get on the train. There was no time for diplomacy. I sprang at Hodson, grabbed the card, and beat it for the station.

I caught the train. Incidentally, Hodson caught hell. Within five minutes of my arrival Northcliffe had his friend Page on the phone. The result was a nice letter from the ambassador regretting the incident and asking Northcliffe to bring me with him to the embassy, so that he might personally apologize for the mistake.

Privately Northcliffe was delighted by all this clamor over his little boy Curtin. Germany was threatening to shoot me on sight. The British Foreign Office was seriously considering deporting me. My own government was taking away my credentials. Northcliffe rubbed his hands in glee. He enjoyed the publicity angle. I didn't. I felt a lot better when the excitement died down, and Page let me use his diplomatic pouch to apply for another passport, which my friend Lansing promptly sent me.

NORTHCLIFFE was no longer content to wait for America to come in after Russia had gone out. That might be too late. "We must get your country into this thing," he said, "*before* Russia collapses."

Before the end of 1916, half a year before Kerensky, a full year before Communism and Lenin, we knew the game in Russia was nearly up. Then Northcliffe made a decision that had a vital bearing on the lives of a hundred-odd million Americans.

The war had now become a contest of commodities. It was obvious that Germany's necessity would force her ultimately into an unrestricted submarine warfare against neutral ships as well as belligerents. In time this would force America into the war.

But "in time" was not soon enough for Northcliffe. It might not be soon enough for the Allies. Or for America herself!

This was Northcliffe's big idea: Since the Germans were fine-tooth-combing every line of mine that he printed, why not play a trick on them? We'd plant in German heads the belief that America and other neutrals, along with belligerents, were arming all merchantmen fore and aft against submarine attacks. This was the one thing the German Admiralty dreaded at this time—the last straw that would force them into immediate unrestricted submarine warfare.

The rest would be easy. The British blockade had already shut off three hundred millions of America's foreign trade. Now, if the submarines cut off the other two thousand millions, America would *have* to fight—or collapse.

So I went to work to write articles that did accomplish all these things, that did bring America into the war.

"Make them think," Northcliffe cautioned me, "that we have made a slip and are inadvertently giving them an important piece of information."

Britain's own censor held up my first article! Northcliffe went personally to the Foreign Office.

"You're putting dangerous ideas into German heads," they said.

"Just what I want to do," he insisted.

Of course he had his way. He always did in those days. But he was forced to explain just what we had in mind before we could get the article by. For a week we fed the Germans the bait about secret rush-order plans to arm all neutral ships, *including, of course, American neutral ships.*

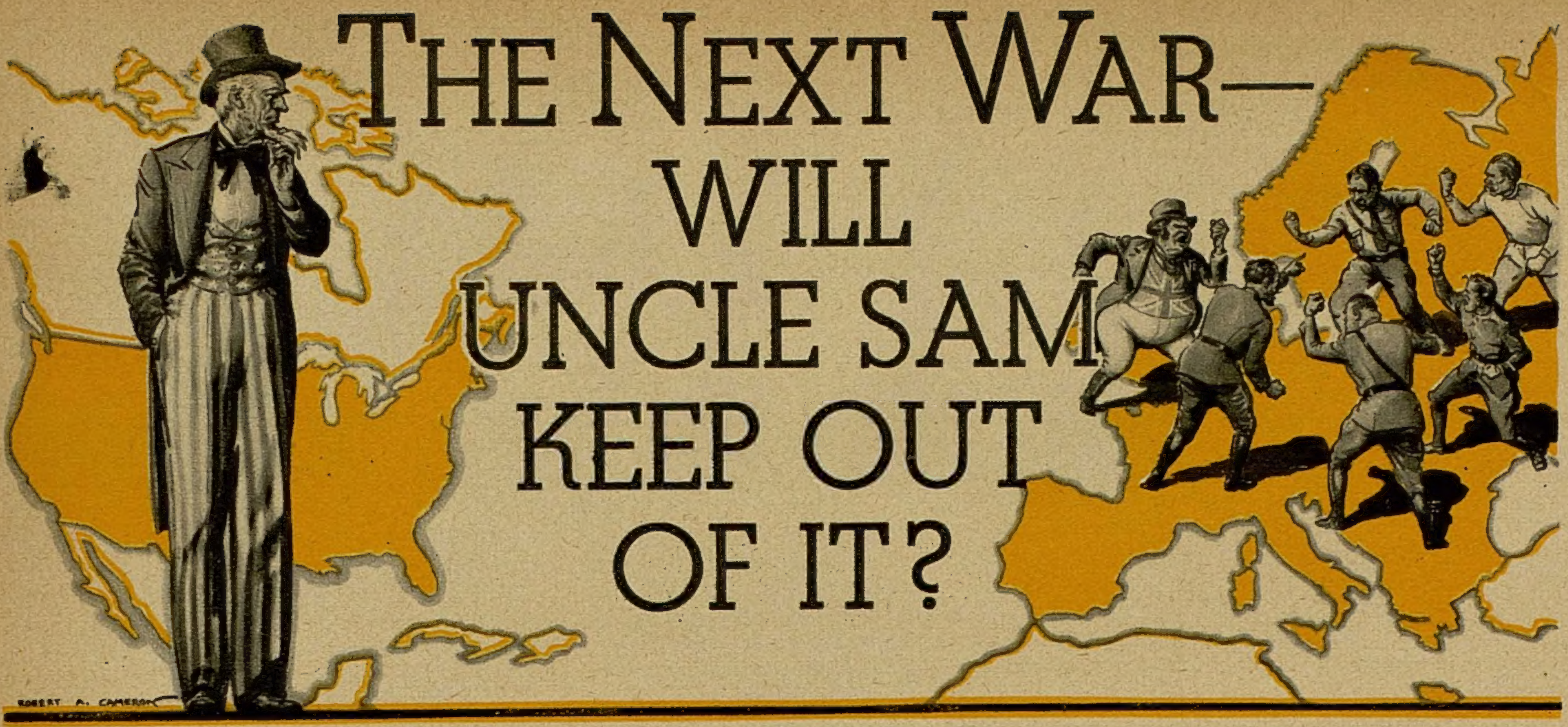
It wasn't true. But it turned the trick. And it turned it just in time.

In February Germany turned loose her U-boats on neutral ships.

In March Russia went Kerensky.

In April America declared war!

THE END



THE NEXT WAR—WILL UNCLE SAM KEEP OUT OF IT?

Almost Certainly YES—Europe Won't Easily Lure Us Again,

Says Colonel EDWARD M. HOUSE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHATEVER the outcome of the Ethiopian imbroglio may be, Mussolini is sowing the dragons' teeth of another war. It is almost certain that they will burst into fiery bloom sooner or later. But it is equally certain that the United States will not be persuaded to harvest any part of it. Congress when it passed and President Roosevelt when he signed the Neutrality Bill spoke in unmistakable accents for the American people.

In the United States, as in Great Britain, the peace sentiment is overwhelming. But the United States is in a better position than Great Britain to remain an onlooker. It is not probable that any power will lightly risk the violation of our rights to an extent that will compel us to go to war.

Senator Pope is quoted as saying that the United States will be caught inevitably in the next European entanglement. I think he is mistaken. He certainly is if he predicates his forecast on what happened in 1916-17. I had firsthand knowledge of the causes that drove us into the World War. On the surface there may be analogies. Actually the situation has altered materially.

Then, as now, pacifist sentiment was strong and President Wilson was conscious of it. No one ever strove harder to keep us from the European conflict. I am not sure if it would not have been better for all concerned had Wilson recognized the inevitable sooner. The result would have been an earlier termination of the war. He held off as long as it was humanly possible, and was elected in 1916 under the slogan "He kept us out of war." But the submarine attacks on American ships caused a revulsion of feeling, and when he went before Congress the country was overwhelmingly back of him.

Misinformed critics of Wilson and myself say in substance that we were largely responsible for dragging the United States into the conflict. Painstaking historians know the truth. I quote one of the most eminent, Professor Charles Seymour of Yale: "Wilson and House explored every possible avenue of mediation, but their efforts were blocked at every step by the determination of Germany on the one hand and the Allies on the other to keep on fighting until one had secured complete victory. The Kaiser himself has said, 'Colonel House nearly prevented the war.'"

Since the war American feeling has undergone a marked metamorphosis. It now is what Wilson and I felt during the years from 1914 to 1918.

Wilson sent me to Germany and gave me a free hand. The Kaiser was sympathetic; but Admiral von Tirpitz had a wholly exaggerated idea of the importance of having a navy equal to that of England and would not listen to reason. Even so, with the Kaiser's sympathetic attitude, the war might have been prevented had not the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria been assassinated.

There is, of course, even today the possibility of another Sarajevo. However, it would be more likely to affect Great Britain than the United States. The very strength of peace sentiment in both countries might constitute a peril; for, misjudging our temper, certain nations might provoke us beyond endurance.

Italy, Germany, and Japan, as I have said previously, have a just claim to a participation in the world's raw material. But territorial war, even if victorious, is more expensive than a victory of smaller dimensions secured by negotiation.

The demands of land-starved countries, especially Italy's and Germany's, do not directly affect us. But the British Commonwealth of Nations may be compelled to gird its loins for battle, for the road to Egypt and India may be blocked by an Italy too flushed with success. British commerce would be seriously jeopardized.

Our stake, economically, is small. The readiness with which Standard Oil dropped the concessions yielded by Haile Selassie to one of its subsidiaries shows that no concern is powerful enough to stand in the way of the almost irresistible demand of our people for peace. Any campaign to drag us into war will be discounted in advance by the skepticism born of World War experience. While the memory of the war is green the American people will examine minutely everything that even remotely savors of war propaganda.

Senator Pope overlooks the force of this opposition. It is a valuable safeguard. But it is not an ideal one. I feel that, in spite of failures and weaknesses of the League of Nations, the only effective method of preventing war permanently is unreserved acceptance of the League Covenant by all nations. If the United States would become an active member of the League and back its decisions with force, if necessary, and if it were generally known that such was our position, nothing short of an invasion from Mars could threaten the peace of the world.

THE END

THE STORY OF A LADY AND A LIAR—A RARE AND RIOTOUS TALE OF A CAPTIVATING ROGUE

Master Villon Gives a Helping Hand

by JOHN ERSKINE

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

WHEN Master François Villon, poet and fugitive, heard the hoofbeats thundering up behind him, he wished he had stolen a faster horse. For a moment he thought the farmer must have come after his property. But it was only another traveler, like himself.

Like himself. This man was burly, with blood under the skin, whereas Master François was slender and pale. The stranger rode a strong-legged beast with fire in its eye, whereas Master Villon was forked across what usually pulled the cart because it could no longer pull the plow.

The stranger had on a stout new suit, with a double seat to the breeches, and high boots of soft leather, and a velvet cap with a plume, whereas Master Villon's old jacket had a rip in one elbow and a stain down the front, and the right boot, which he hoped the stranger didn't notice, had the sole torn, from undue haste in getting over the farmer's wall; and as for his breeches, if you paid attention as he tried to keep off the plow horse's spine, you could detect two separate patches on the two precise spots where the backsides first established contact with a supporting surface.

" Good evening," said the stranger, pulling up.

" To you," said Master François.

" Are you bound for Tours? "

Master François made a quick review of his geography. " Closer to Chinon," he ventured. " It's a small place I have between Tours and Chinon."

" Then," said the stranger, looking ugly, " you're far from home and you're on the wrong road."

" I'm stopping the night," explained the poet, desperate, " with a friend in this neighborhood."

" Now that's an idea! " said the stranger. " Would he have room for me too? "

"If you came with me," said Master François, getting in deeper, "and if I knew who you were."

"Peter Macet, at your service, sheriff for the Bishop of Orléans. And if your friend asks what I'm doing here, I'm looking for a thief, one François Villon, a spindle-shanked, pig-eyed versemaker from Paris, with a nose on him like a fox."

Master François turned his face away to get the nose out of profile, then turned abruptly toward Macet, to accomplish the same result with a little more subtlety.

"The Bishop of Orléans," he murmured. "My dear Bishop Thibault!"

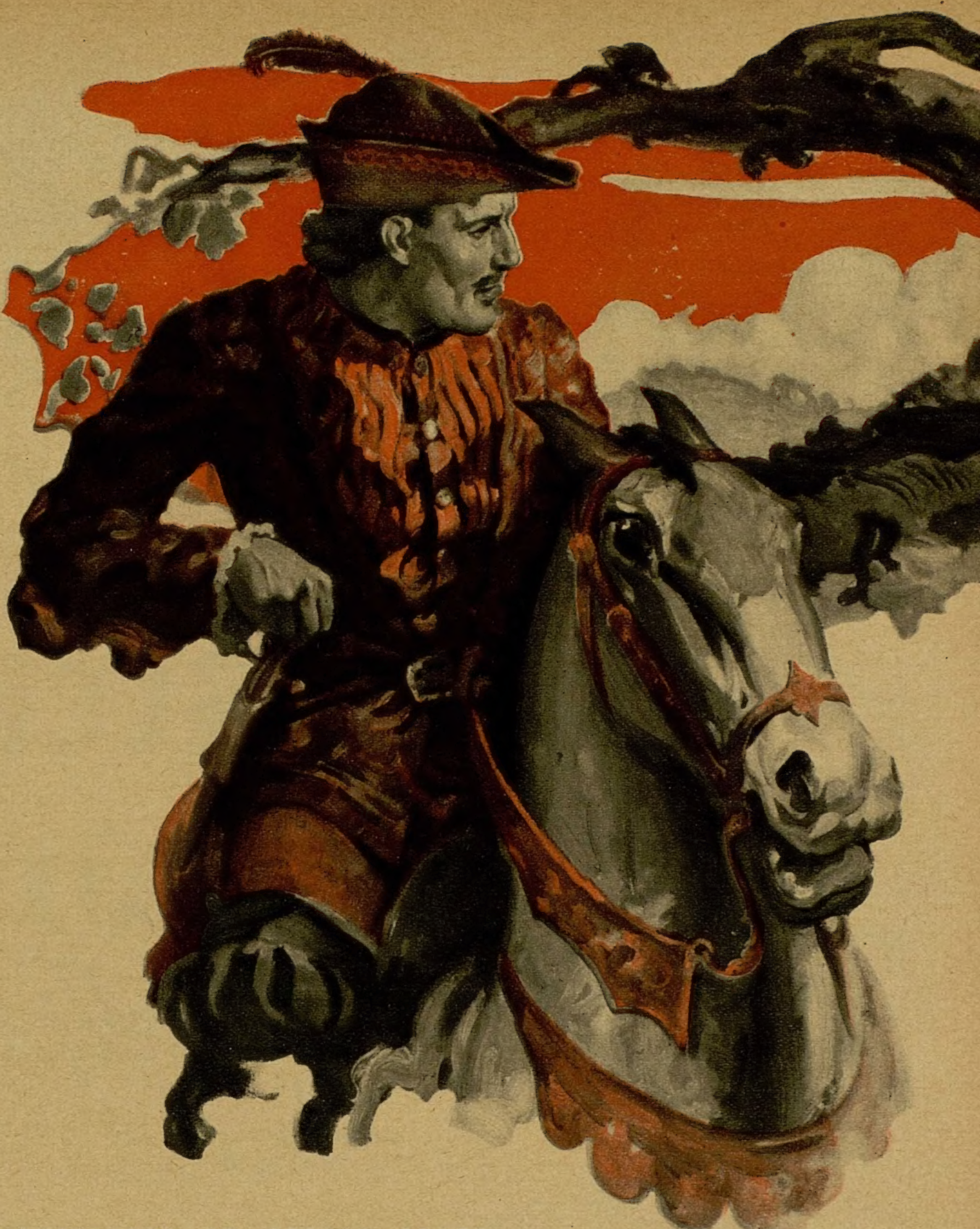
"You know him?"

"Old friends, thanks to his Christian charity! A poor country squire like me; but—will you forgive me for mentioning it?—though I thought I knew his household—you'll pardon the frankness—I never saw you before!"

"Perhaps," said Macet, "you haven't visited the palace recently. I've been with His Grace three months, formerly with the Bishop of Bourges, and that's the devil of it, because old Thibault had this Villon in the dungeon two years ago, and if I'd been there then I could recognize him now. He hates this Villon like Beelzebub!"

"Then this Villon, as you call him," said Master François, "must have sinned beyond what a saint can overlook."

"He robbed a church, that's what he did!"



ILLUSTRATED BY GERALD LEAKE

"Heaven keep us!" exclaimed Master François. "Did he get away with anything of value?"

"Six hundred crowns," said the sheriff; "and there were five of them—four breaking the strongbox in the chapel, and this Villon on watch outside for the police, so that would be one hundred and twenty for each, if they gave him a full share."

"They never do!" exclaimed Master Villon with imprudent emotion. "And to think that men will risk damnation for what would buy no more than a fine horse like yours!"

The foxlike nose was pointing straight ahead for a careless moment.

"What did you say your name was?" asked the sheriff.

"I haven't yet mentioned it," said the poet, at his best in a tight place. "Had you shown curiosity about it earlier, I should have been flattered, but you great folk—why should you bother with the third cousin of a run-down house?"

"Which house is that?" pressed the sheriff.

"Des Loges. We're common in these parts, poor to a man! Robert Des Loges—or if you wish all the baptismal names—my parents could afford this one pride—Robert Joseph Michel Saint-Jacques."

The sheriff rode beside him, thinking it over. "And what's the name of this friend we're staying with?"

"If he lets you in. When I promised his hospitality, I hadn't learned who you were. He happens to be a count, and I'm not sure how he feels about a sheriff."

Peter Macet forgot his quest for a thief. "So proud as that, is he? When I'm eating twice a week at the bishop's table!"

"It's a powerful argument, and I'll mention it," said Master François; "but he wants to protect his wife."

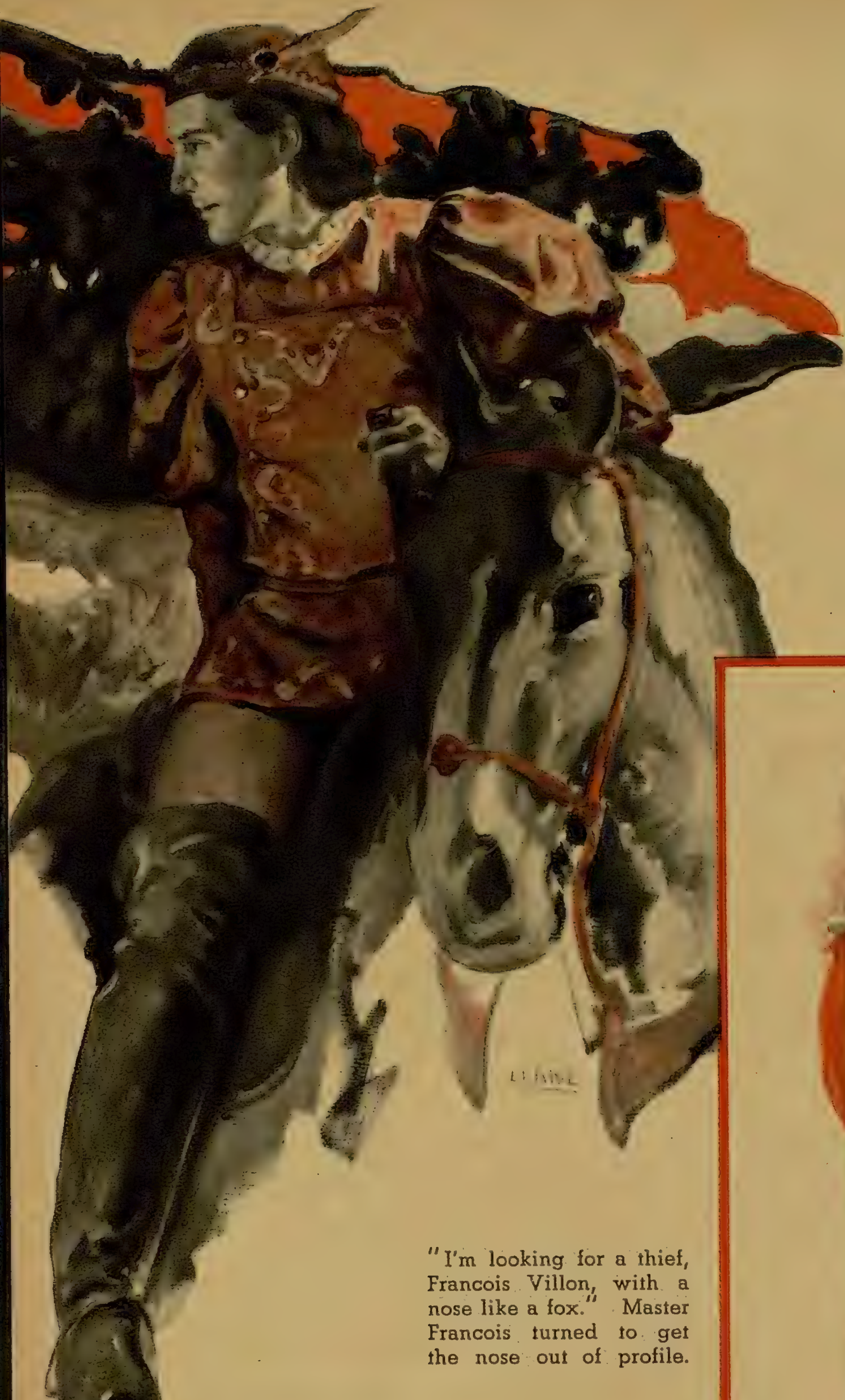
"Against what, in God's name?"

"Against sheriffs and all other men with muscles and personality. Among us gentry, as you've observed since you moved into the Touraine, the sap of the soil gets into our women, as into our vegetables, but we men go thin and dry with too much thought. It's paradise for foreigners. If you were only a knight instead of a sheriff—if only at least a captain— I'll introduce you as Captain Macet."

"Just where do they live?" asked the sheriff, as though it didn't matter.

Master Villon had been dreading the question for some time, but it wasn't in him to break under the strain. "The first castle on the right side of the road, on a pleasant hill. You see it for miles."

He hoped to heaven there was no such place, but there was. In five minutes they glimpsed the towers. The sheriff at once showed more confidence in his companion.



"I'm looking for a thief, Francois Villon, with a nose like a fox." Master Francois turned to get the nose out of profile.

"I forget now what you said that their name was."

Master Villon had just chosen a name for them. "Count d'Acier."

"And there's a countess?"

"Unless something happened to her since I was here."

"What's she like?"

Master Villon tried to be vague. "Rather large, yet dainty, with unusual eyes—"

"Is she one of the luscious type we were speaking of?"

"She is," replied Master Villon.

By the time they reached the gate of the court the sheriff was genial in a vulgar way, feeding his mind on possibilities.

"Never heard of Count d'Acier," said the porter.

"Have I missed the road?" asked Master Villon, as though the sheriff could tell him. "The charm of your conversation threw me off." He turned again to the porter. "Who does live here?"

"The Marquise de Vaire."

"Now I know where I am! Tell her Robert Des Loges has arrived with Captain de Macet. She'll recognize the names—friends of the Bishop of Orléans."

The porter hesitated. "Des Loges? De Macet?"

"We'll go along with you and tell her ourselves," said Master Villon. "The bishop's business is pressing."

So they dismounted and followed the porter across the court.

"Is the marquis at home?" asked Master Villon, very affable.

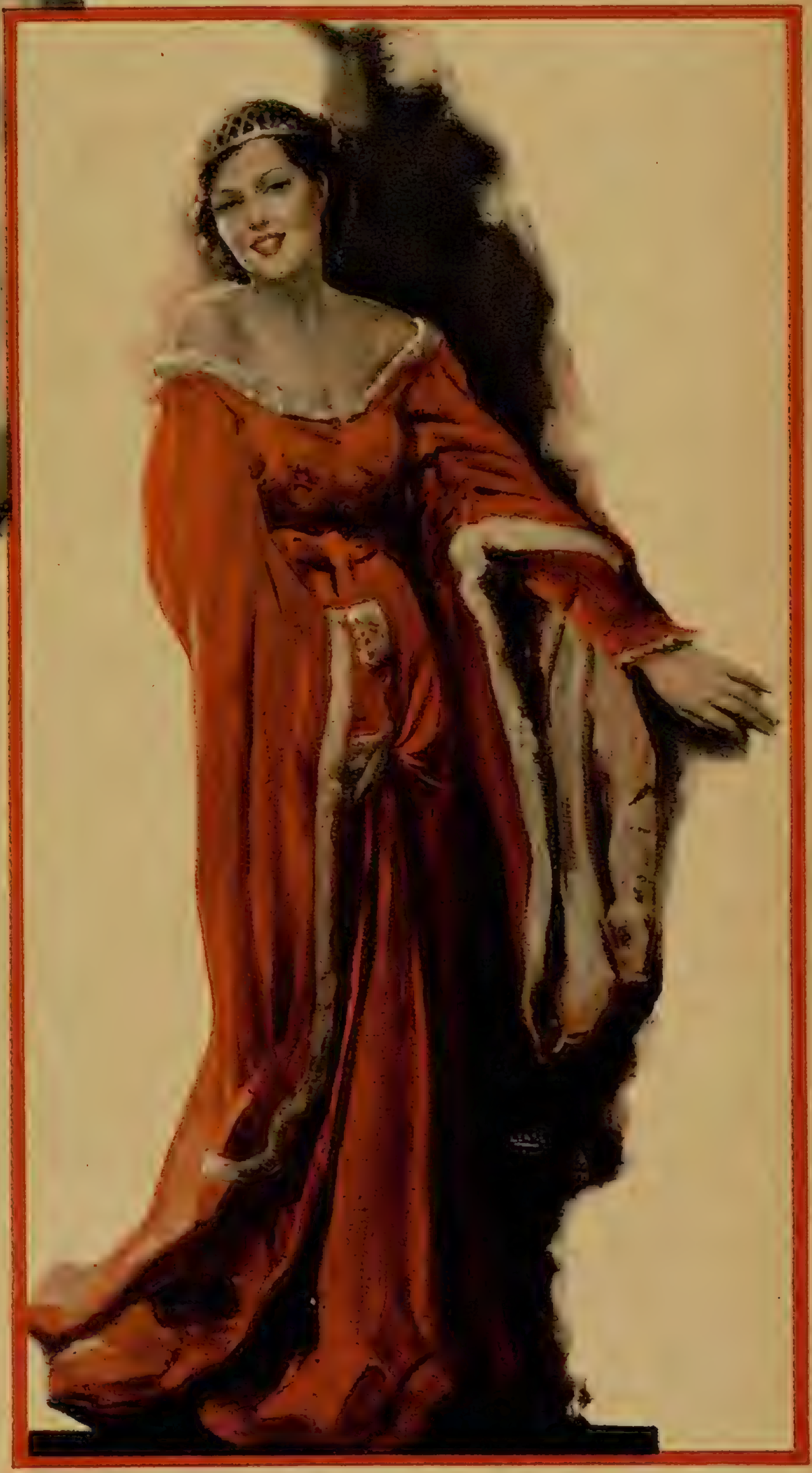
"The marquis," answered the porter, "is dead."

Master Villon stopped in his tracks. "What shocking news! If the house is in mourning, we won't intrude!"

"He's been dead seven years," said the porter.

"Even so," said Master Villon.

The sheriff was giving him queer looks



when the marquise came to ask what had descended on her.

She was beautiful. Young, and seeming younger than she was, so that you almost doubted the seven years' widowhood! Black eyes, unchangeably black, except as they might shift from curiosity to mischief, from flattering attention to downright naughtiness. You knew she'd rather smile than not, but surely on occasions she had a temper. A tall girl, olive-skinned, slender—but not meager. She was wearing a loose gown without a kerchief, so that the sheriff, being devoid of manners, stared openmouthed.

It was at the sheriff she glanced first. She approved of the sheriff. She then examined Master Villon, missing none of the rips and the spots.

"What's your errand?" she demanded, as though he didn't belong to the party.

"We're the bishop's men, my dear marquise, Captain de Macet and my humble self, Robert Des Loges, met by chance and craving your hospitality."

"There's little in the house at the moment," she reflected grudgingly, "but I dare say we could warm up yesterday's roast. You want to stay the night, I suppose."

"If you please, my lady."

"Well, there are plenty of rooms. Come in."

"One bed will serve," protested Master Villon. "I'm a quiet sleeper, and I dare say the captain enjoys as easy a conscience."

It sounded to the sheriff like polite small talk, but later he recalled with what skill the idea had been introduced. For the moment he knew he should be constructing a hypothesis to explain the vanished Count and Countess d'Acier, but the marquise was before him, he had caught the first signals of favor, and his heart was set on progress.

"This is a noble hall," he remarked, gazing at the ceiling, to establish a taste in architecture.

"It was better while I had a husband," replied the marquise, as plain as that. The sheriff felt himself practically settled in the estate.

"I count it a happy accident, or a most delectable destiny, my lady, which brought me here!"

At this echo of the manners he had observed at the bishop's table she blushed, as he thought, and went off to direct the cook.

"Were you saying," asked Master Villon with a smile, "that I am your accident or your destiny? You certainly owe to me whatever entertainment you are about to receive."

It was revealed to the sheriff at that moment that there was some lack of sympathy between him and his companion, and he'd like to have the marquise to himself.

"DO you really live near Chinon?" he asked with a slight flavor of skepticism. "You could reach home before midnight."

"If my horse held out," admitted Master Villon.

"Look here!" exclaimed the sheriff. "I owe you something, but not much, after all, and I'd enjoy conversation with this woman alone."

"Later," said Master Villon. "I'll arrange it."

The sheriff drew from his breeches three gold crowns. "Will you accept these in token of gratitude and friendship?"

Master Villon stretched out his hand.

"After dinner," continued the sheriff, "will you ride on?"

Master Villon reluctantly drew his hand back. "She expects me to stay."

"That," exclaimed the sheriff, "I cannot believe!"

"I'll whisper the story in your ear when we're in bed," promised Master Villon. "It's fantastic!"

You can see that the dinner that evening began in a queer vein, what with the sheriff's perplexities, what with Master Villon's disposition to be cheerful and friendly, and what with the lady's bewilderment at having a quiet evening interrupted by two strangers who were palpably saving themselves the expense of an inn. She gave them soup, and the roast done over, leather-dry, and she pretended to be sorry the wine was sour. Then she put elbows on the table and studied them across the board under the candles.

"You don't look to me," she plunged in, "like two who would travel together."

She addressed this thought toward the sheriff, who raised his eyebrows and smiled, meaning that justice had been done at last.

"My lady," said Master Villon, "it's the first time I've heard the point made. Will you enlarge on it?"

"No enlarging is needed," said the marquise. "I speak of appearances, which may deceive but which also are all we have to go on, so long as the body indicates the soul."

"Actions too, my lady," corrected Master Villon, in the hope of launching her on a philosophical flight. "The soul is indicated not only by what we seem but by what we do."

"Not with me it isn't!" exclaimed the marquise with a sharpness of tone which surprised in one so young. "Not when I'm concerned with a man! I've known them to act like saints, but they couldn't change their face."

"THE face!" Master Villon raised his hand impulsively, then let it fall on the table. "The fact is for some of us a cruel misstatement! Myself, I never draw deductions from a face unless it is handsome, like the captain's, or beautiful, like yours."

"Sweet talk gets nowhere with me," said the marquise firmly. "Honest men lean to the rough side."

"You would hint, would you, that the captain and I aren't honest?"

"The captain may be a gentleman, in spite of what he travels with; but you, I suspect, are a poet!"

Master Villon laughed heartily, to give himself time, but a quick turn was essential. The captain was staring at him.

So was the marquise.

"Since we profit by your hospitality, my lady, perhaps we should tell you who we are. Have I your permission, captain?"

"I'd be glad to hear who you are," said the sheriff, a bit dangerous.

"The bishop wishes to arrest an escaping thief, and the sheriff is well enough for small cases but not overbright, so His Grace has persuaded this gentleman, Captain de Macet, to lead the search and rouse the countryside. He enlisted me this afternoon as I rode home toward my unambitious farm—"

"Near Chinon, did you say?" put in the sheriff.

"Near Chinon," repeated Master Villon.

"You're telling me you rode all the way from Chinon?" demanded the marquise.

"My lady, I hope to ride much farther before I die."

"Who's the thief?" she asked him after a slight pause.

Master Villon bowed to the sheriff. "The captain has the details."

"It's François Villon, my lady," said the sheriff, clearing his throat. "That slippery rascal has robbed a church, and the rope's waiting for him."

"François Villon!" exclaimed the marquise. "How odd! He came into my thought only a moment ago. I once saw the man."

She looked straight at Villon himself.

"Was it at Orléans, my lady?" he asked with casual ease. "The captain says they jailed him a while back on a lesser charge."

"In Paris," said the marquise. "He was pointed out to us as a promising young criminal. My late husband had a cousin who was a judge."

Master Villon rode straight at the peril. "The captain was regretting he had never seen this notorious offender. Could you tell us briefly what he looks like?"

"Like you," said the marquise.

"Ah?" Master Villon's tone never wavered. "My long nose?"

"Your nose."

"My smallish eyes?"

"That's what reminded me."

"Inclined to baldness?"

"Well," said the marquise, "he did have a supply of hair, and he was stouter."

"Yet that was some years ago," offered Master Villon, helping her out, "and meanwhile he may have grown thin. I didn't believe"—he turned to the sheriff—"there was a duplicate of my homeliness in the world!"

"I shouldn't have thought so either," agreed the sheriff.

"Since we're on the subject," continued Master Villon, "what do you make of the captain's face?"

The marquise gave the face a close inspection and the captain grew red and felt foolish.

"There's nothing criminal about it," announced the marquise. "A normal, satisfying face."

"It shouldn't be normal," said Master Villon, "because he's extraordinary. He has adventures."

"Why not? These are stirring times."

"He's devastating," continued Villon. "He dines with the bishop, but nobody else asks him unless the woman of the house is off on a visit."

"Oh, that's what you mean," said the marquise, pretending it was an uninteresting subject.

"My lady," protested the sheriff, "this man knows me as little as I know him. We met on the road by accident."

Master Villon laughed. "My lady would say you are judging by appearances. The bishop asked me to keep an eye on you. He knew your keen wit would catch up with the thief if this other gift of yours didn't distract you."

The sheriff looked startled, as though Master Villon had made a lucky hit. The marquise smiled slightly. "There's nothing in this house to distract him!" She glanced down where she wasn't wearing a kerchief.

"At this point," said Master Villon suddenly, "if I have every one's permission, I'd like to go to bed."

The sheriff had no intention of letting him out of sight.

"I suppose I should rest too, my lady, though I should have enjoyed—"

"So should I," cut in the marquise, meaning nothing, but willing to show she wasn't frightened by his dangerous reputation.

"I too," said Master Villon, giving her a sentimental look.

"You!" exclaimed the marquise. "What are you talking about?"

"The charm of your company. Minutes will be hours till we meet again."

"Take him to bed quickly!" said the marquise. "I've had a room prepared for each of you."

"Oh, one room, one bed, I insist!" cried Master Villon.

"As you will, then, but don't say I didn't provide a comfortable night."

Master Villon chuckled several times as he followed the sheriff upstairs.

IT was a large room, and the bed was wide. There was a chest at the foot of it. The sheriff took a swift survey of the locks on the doors, to be sure he could manage the bolts. Then he pulled off his boots, laid aside his coat, loosened his collar and his belt, and got into bed. Propped up on an elbow, he watched Master Villon, and at a discreet moment he removed his dagger from the belt and put it under the pillow.

Master Villon approached his rest with a different technique. First he laid his dagger on the chest in a gesture of perfect confidence. When he climbed into bed it would be out of reach. Then he removed his garments one by one till he stood in his bare skin. Then he got in beside the sheriff and pulled up the blanket.

"I never saw that done before," remarked his astonished bedfellow. "I always sleep in my clothes."

"So do the peasants on my humble estate," said Master Villon, not without malice. "But for myself, I like the feel of the sheet, when there is linen, or the tickle of wool, as on the present occasion. Moreover, I have two special reasons."

"Which are they?"

"One is perhaps too delicate to impart, since it involves our hostess. My other reason!—" Master Villon paused to yawn.

"Out with it!" commanded the sheriff.

"Oh—I fear you think I'm François Villon."

"I do, by God!"

Master Villon laughed. "Behold the wisdom of the law! I thought I'd better demonstrate my easy conscience."

"I wish I were sure!" said the sheriff.

"If you would arrest me at once," said Master Villon, "and take me straight to my friend the bishop, you might be doing me a great kindness."

"How so?"

"Unfortunately it bears upon the other reason of mine, and I ought not to involve the marquise."

THE sheriff sat up in bed. "If you know what's good for you, you'll tell all!"

"Gently, gently," urged Master Villon. "It's a very personal matter—would you swear not to repeat it?"

"I'll use my discretion!"

"No gentleman could ask more. Did you notice that the marquise and I are old friends?"

"I did not! She treated you like dirt."

"It's the same thing. The woman loves me, but she feels slighted. She was up to her tricks tonight," said Master Villon in a reminiscent tone. "Did you observe how she tried to maneuver me into a separate room? I shall always be grateful to you!"

"Look here," interrupted the sheriff, "you thought her husband was living! You never were here before!"

"The porter has been recently engaged. I try to save her reputation with her servants. The last time I was here—"

"When was that?"

"Too recently for her to forgive me. She invited me to—no, I can't bring myself to say it!"

"Go on!"

"Well, she told me her door would be open—it's the second from here—and after the house was thoroughly quiet—well, she'd expect me!"

"Liar!"

"Sir!"

"Now you'll brag of your conquest!"

"Oh, quite the contrary! I didn't take advantage of her generosity, not that time; but to buy her off next morning—she drew a knife on me at breakfast—I promised to stop in again sometime and pay all the proper tribute. And tonight I got the houses mixed up. If I slip down the hall tonight when all's quiet—but, come to think of it, I needn't go, not if you stand by me tomorrow at breakfast."

His voice trailed off, his eyes closed, and the sheriff heard the rhythmic breath of slumber. Beyond belief!

Through all-but-closed eyes Master Villon saw him slide down to the end of the bed, pick the dagger off the chest, hide it with the other dagger under the pillow. Then he saw a candle brought close to his face, and knew the sheriff was matching him with the published descriptions of himself. Then to his delight he watched the sheriff cautiously undressing. He wanted a glimpse of the fool making for the door in his bare hide, but there had been risks enough for one evening. When the door closed again, he permitted himself a silent laugh.

Through the remaining hours of the night Master Villon rode westward, brisk trot or gallop, on the sheriff's magnificent horse. He was wearing the sheriff's new suit, with the fine boots and the plumed hat. The landscape in those parts is of a bold dramatic beauty, and Master Villon's heart sang within him as the sun at dawn burned the mists away.

THE END

Keeping the Little Red Schoolhouse for the Red, White, and Blue

How the Nation Is Fighting the Battle of the "Teachers' Oath"

by HARRY GRAY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

LUCILLE NORTON, freshman in the University of Chicago, started something. Her conservative uncle and guardian, Charles R. Walgreen, head of a drugstore chain, was shocked.

"Our civilization," she remarked in his presence, "is changing. The family as an institution is disappearing."

MR. WALGREEN *(coldly)*: Where do you learn that stuff?

MISS NORTON: Oh, every one knows that. Our professors tell us.

MR. WALGREEN: So! Do they say how we are to continue on earth without the family?

MISS NORTON: Oh, that is all right. My professor says that free love is all right for him.

Mr. Walgreen concluded that University of Chicago professors were making Reds of the younger generation. He wrote to President Robert Maynard Hutchins, America's youngest college president. His plaint was published through the nation. Illinois held a legislative inquiry and the majority report exonerated the university of radical teachings.

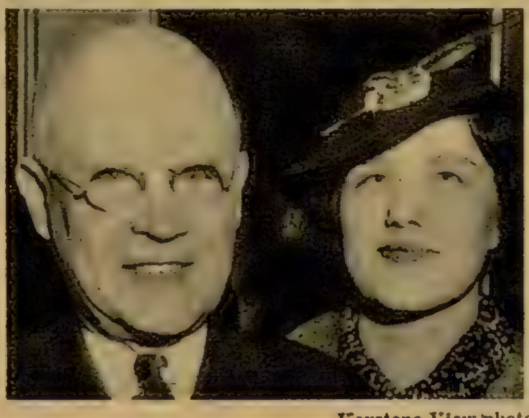
While this was still front-page news came the siege of Pompey Hollow, near Syracuse, New York. Esther De Lee, young brunette-beauty schoolma'am, had removed a large American flag hung by a trustee in the schoolroom and had substituted a smaller one.

The school trustee ordered her from her post immediately. She defied him for a week, then appealed to the State Board of Education, which held hearings. She explained that the larger flag had been too near the stove and was a fire menace. The State Commissioner upheld her dismissal on the ground of insubordination. An aroused district school electorate ousted the trustee and elected a new one, who has offered Miss De Lee her job back.

Esther De Lee, embattled Pompey Hollow schoolma'am.

But the publicity had touched a match. A movement initiated in 1919 in Ohio and sporadically pushed in a few states gained sudden impetus—the movement for the Teachers' Oath or a pledge.

With the reopening of schools and colleges, 420,000 teachers, instructors, and professors in twenty-one states and the District of Columbia are compelled by law to pledge or swear loyalty to constitutional government. All but four of these states have adopted the requirement since 1929. Four—Arizona, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Vermont—did it this year. Fifteen others have the oath before the legislature. Delaware and Maryland legislatures passed oath laws which the governors vetoed.



Keystone View photos

Charles R. Walgreen and his niece, Lucille Norton, whose "radical" remark aroused him.

Demanding the oath were the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, the D. A. R., and William Randolph Hearst. Opposed were the National Education Association and Miss Ellen F. Pendleton, president of Wellesley, Miss Ada Comstock, president of Radcliffe, and Dr. James B. Conant, president of Harvard. These three were joined by the heads of thirteen other institutions.

The gist of the educators' general platform was: "Oath laws are a means of intimidation which can be used to destroy academic freedom."

Champions of the oath charged that Red Russia had made dupes of certain professors. It was cited that among those loudest in opposing Teachers' Oath bills were delegates from the Young Communists' League.

A "cleanup" of the faculty of Columbia University was demanded. It was called an "infected area." Columbia University Medical Center dismissed three technicians and demanded resignations of two instructors accused of radical and pacifist tendencies.

Granville Hicks, literary editor of the New Masses, was dropped from the faculty of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. Williams College, which has maintained an Institute of Politics, came under fire of oath proponents for having given rostrum to John Strachey, English Communist author.

One of the greatest open battles was in Massachusetts. The Oath Bill was before the legislature ninety days. Public hearings were held. The press kept the question afire. Stanley King, president of Amherst, argued that it is impossible to make people loyal by law.

The bill passed both houses. Governor Curley, Democrat, promptly signed, stating: "The least that persons can do is respect the flag of the nation in which they earn their livelihood."

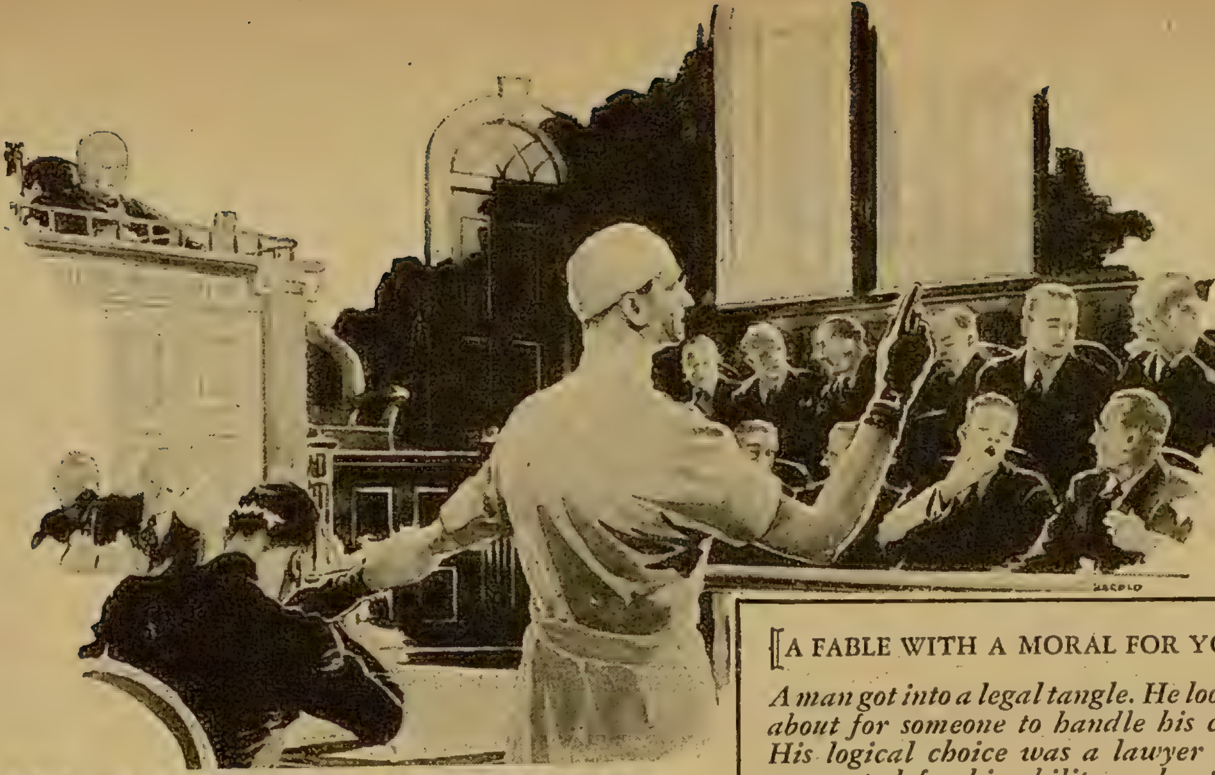
In Illinois the legislative probers heard full testimony from Miss Norton and Mr. Walgreen. He insisted that his niece was subjected to "insidious" radical doctrines and that Frederick L. Schuman, one of her instructors, was sympathetic with free love.

Dr. Hutchins stated that the university would not permit the indoctrination of students, and would "dismiss any professor who was proved to have advocated the overthrow of the government by violence."

He asserted, however, that a professor should not be disfranchised when he takes an academic post; that he has his rights as a citizen.

The committee's exoneration left Mr. Walgreen unconvinced and he withdrew his niece from the university. In the Illinois legislature the Oath Bill went down to defeat. But the drive is on and a survey indicates that the coming year will see at least five more states requiring a teachers' oath.

THE END



HE LET HIS DOCTOR PLEAD HIS CASE

- - - and he lost

[A FABLE WITH A MORAL FOR YOU]

A man got into a legal tangle. He looked about for someone to handle his case. His logical choice was a lawyer who was noted for his ability and experience. But he said: "I'll get Doctor New-Comer. He did a neat job on my appendix last year and his fee wasn't stiff." So he persuaded the doctor to act as his counsel. The good "Doc," not being experienced in matters of this sort, overlooked a few important technicalities and lost the decision.

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ILLUSTRATION BY COLE BRADLEY

AM I MY

Where Does a Business Girl's Loyalty Belong?—Here, from Experience, Is a Penetrating Look at a Frequently-Met Dilemma

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

TWO girls at the table next to mine were discussing office affairs over their luncheon salads. The first girl toyed with a lettuce leaf, and spoke.

"How is that handsome boss of yours?" she asked. "Is he behaving himself?"

The second girl made answer.

"As far as I'm concerned he's behaving himself," she said a shade regretfully; "but he needs to watch his step. Every time he takes an afternoon off—and he takes plenty—things begin to hum! There's a big movement afoot to shelve him and put another man—a nephew of somebody or other—in his place. He ought to be tipped off that this is the time for efficiency plus."

"Why don't you do the tipping?" the first girl asked. "You're his secretary."

"It's no skin off my nose if he gets fired," the second girl said; "whereas if I told him the facts of life—and it got around that I'd told him—I'd be minus a job too. I'd rather play safe and work for the new man if he makes the grade."

I lost interest about then in the conversation. But long after the two girls had gone I thought of them and of the unfortunate young men for whom they worked.

And I thought, likewise, of Karen Smith and of her particular code of loyalty.

Karen, you see, was also a private secretary. She also knew that there were certain interoffice intrigues against the man who was her chief. But she had no idea of the depth of those intrigues until a gabby little messenger girl let the cat out of the bag.

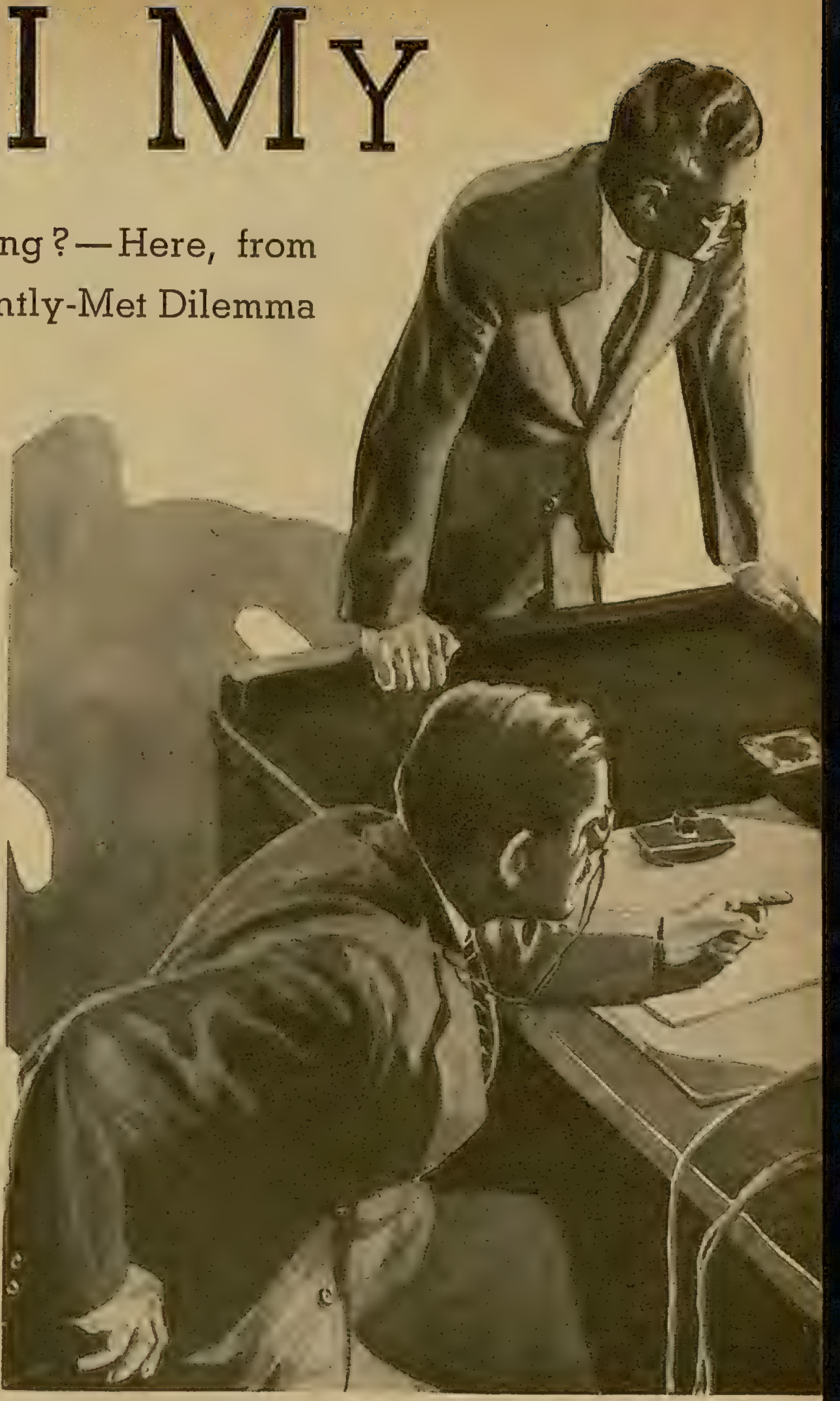
"Better padlock your filing cabinet tonight," the girl whispered to Karen; "there's going to be a raid after hours. The big poppa wants to see some private correspondence between your boss and—" The youngster giggled.

Karen knew perfectly well what papers were in demand, and why. She knew also that they were the private property of the man for whom she worked, and that he would want them kept inviolate.

Karen's first reaction was to get in touch with her chief, but a sober perusal of his itinerary proved to her that she couldn't reach him until the following morning. Padlocking—to take the messenger girl's advice—was impossible because the head of the concern possessed a passkey. There were only two things to be done: shrug and say—as did another secretary—"It's no skin off my nose," or remove the papers. Karen did the latter.

Of course there was plenty to be said the next morning. Karen was put on the carpet in a big way, but she was bland and blank in regard to her boss's private affairs, and so finally she was allowed to return—apparently unscathed—to her own desk. I say "apparently unscathed," for on the next Saturday Karen found a telltale blue slip in her envelope and an extra week's salary in lieu of notice. I'd like to say here and now that upon her chief's return he resigned as a protest, and went with a rival concern and took Karen along. Unfortunately he didn't. He thanked Karen warmly for her protection—and gave her a half dozen carefully phrased letters to a half dozen business houses.

After a couple of months she got another job—not quite as good as the one she'd forfeited.



Karen was put on the carpet in a big way, but she was

"But," she told me, "I'd do the same thing over again tomorrow. I think a secretary owes unswerving devotion to the interests of her boss."

I asked a question: "What if the powers that be had a right to the papers you salvaged? What if your boss had been dishonest, and they were trying to trace his dishonesty to its source?"

Karen's chin was firm. "Then," she said, "I'd do exactly the same thing and force them to make their accusations in the open. But I wouldn't wait to be fired; I'd resign. I wouldn't work for a man I didn't trust."

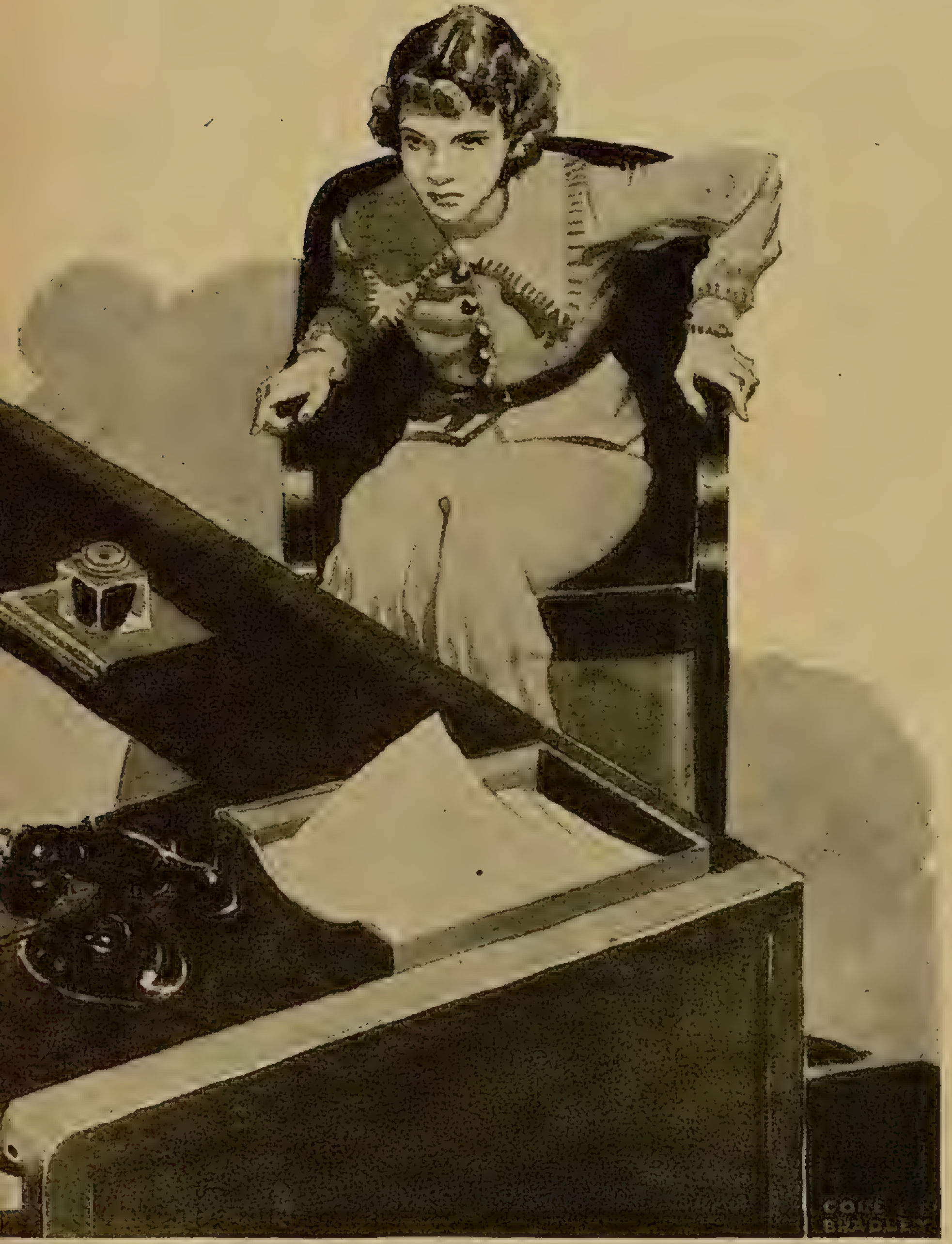
"AM I my boss's keeper?" It's a question that every private secretary has occasion to ask of herself at least once a week! "Am I a paid worker whose job begins at nine and ends with the closing of my desk at five? Or am I a conscience and a spur, an alibi and the voice of experience?"

The private secretary who should be doing some other work answers the question by being a paid worker and nothing else. The private secretary who *is* a private secretary answers the question in ten thousand different ways.

Since the phrase "office wife" was invented there's been a good deal of thought about a secretary's place in the sun and her relationship to some mother's son. Let me tell you this: although the average man regards his

BOSS'S KEEPER?

by MARGARET E. SANGSTER



and and blank in regard to her boss's private affairs.

secretary as a useful and necessary piece of furniture, her place can be nearly as important as the place of a man's one love or his ideal or his mother! A secretary may not stand for tenderness or passion or the well advertised protective instinct, but she does stand very often for the man's future security and for his business integrity. She stands for a lot more, too—*she has to stand for it!*

Because an executive pays his secretary with the firm's money for the work that she does, there isn't any reason why said secretary should get the idea that her time belongs to the firm or that her job is a routine thing which can be paid for by the week. It isn't. A secretary's job is made out of personal emergencies and adversities and a varied assortment of white lies. A secretary has to know instinctively which caller will believe that her boss is really in conference, and which one won't. She has to know whether she should force him to keep an unpleasant appointment or whether he can be allowed conveniently to forget those things that he desires to forget.

Many a private secretary dabbles, too, in the domestic affairs of her boss. By request, I mean! She rents apartments and hires cooks and balances home budgets and checkbooks. She exchanges the coat that was a size too small for Junior, and matches the sample—in that odd shade of blue—for Mrs. Boss. And she must—if she wants to keep her job—do these things without hinting that Mrs. Boss is extravagant or careless or that the shade of blue, even if she can match it, will be unbecoming.

Office wife! The secretary spends more concentrated, high-pressure time with her boss—counted on an hourly basis—than does his legal wife. But this time, from an emotional standpoint—ninety-nine cases in a hundred—is spent in a curiously impersonal way. The ancient wisecrack, "She's not a lady—she's my wife," can be applied to the office wife as well: "She's not a woman—she's my secretary."

Some secretaries carry their zeal almost too far—to, in fact, the saturation point. They are invaluable and yet they have nuisance value as well!

I WAS calling on the president of a company not long ago when the brisk young advertising manager walked into the room. He looked over to the private secretary's empty desk—she was on her yearly vacation—and said:

"This is the time for me to get busy! I have a whole flock of requisitions for you to sign, Mr. Blank, while your wet nurse is away."

The president flushed before he joined in the advertising manager's ready laughter—and mine. He knew what his subordinate was getting at. Useless expenditures and unnecessary requisitions never got past the eagle eye of his private secretary because she kept her keen gaze upon the presidential hand that was all too ready to scrawl an O. K. on a printed sheet. Her boss was grateful to her, yes. And yet he knew that he was being watched constantly and avidly and he knew that his staff knew it. And the knowledge didn't cause him any especial pleasure.

I've heard many a boss say, when invited to join in a contraband golf game or a long luncheon:

"Wait till I see if my secretary'll let me go."

Or "Wait until Miss Brown's back is turned, and I'll sneak out. I'll meet you in the hall by the elevator."

That's being your boss's keeper with a vengeance and with not enough tact. It's apt to have an unpleasant reaction, too. If too many people refer to you as his wet nurse you're apt to be looking for another boss in practically no time at all!

What is the responsibility of a private secretary to her boss? Does her duty end when his correspondence is up to date and his files are in order, or doesn't it?

The girls in the tearoom thought that it did.

Should a private secretary jeopardize her position with the firm, and her own future, to fight her boss's battles when he is absent?

Karen Smith answered that question in the affirmative and took a jolt on the chin in payment. And yet she had the gallantry to say, "I'd do the same thing tomorrow."

Should a secretary ride herd on the manners and morals of her boss?

The answer is—if she can do it with tact and charm and finesse. By guiding instead of driving.

If she knows that her boss is dishonest, should a secretary continue to work for him?

That, boys and girls, is a matter between the secretary and her own soul.

But—make a note of this:

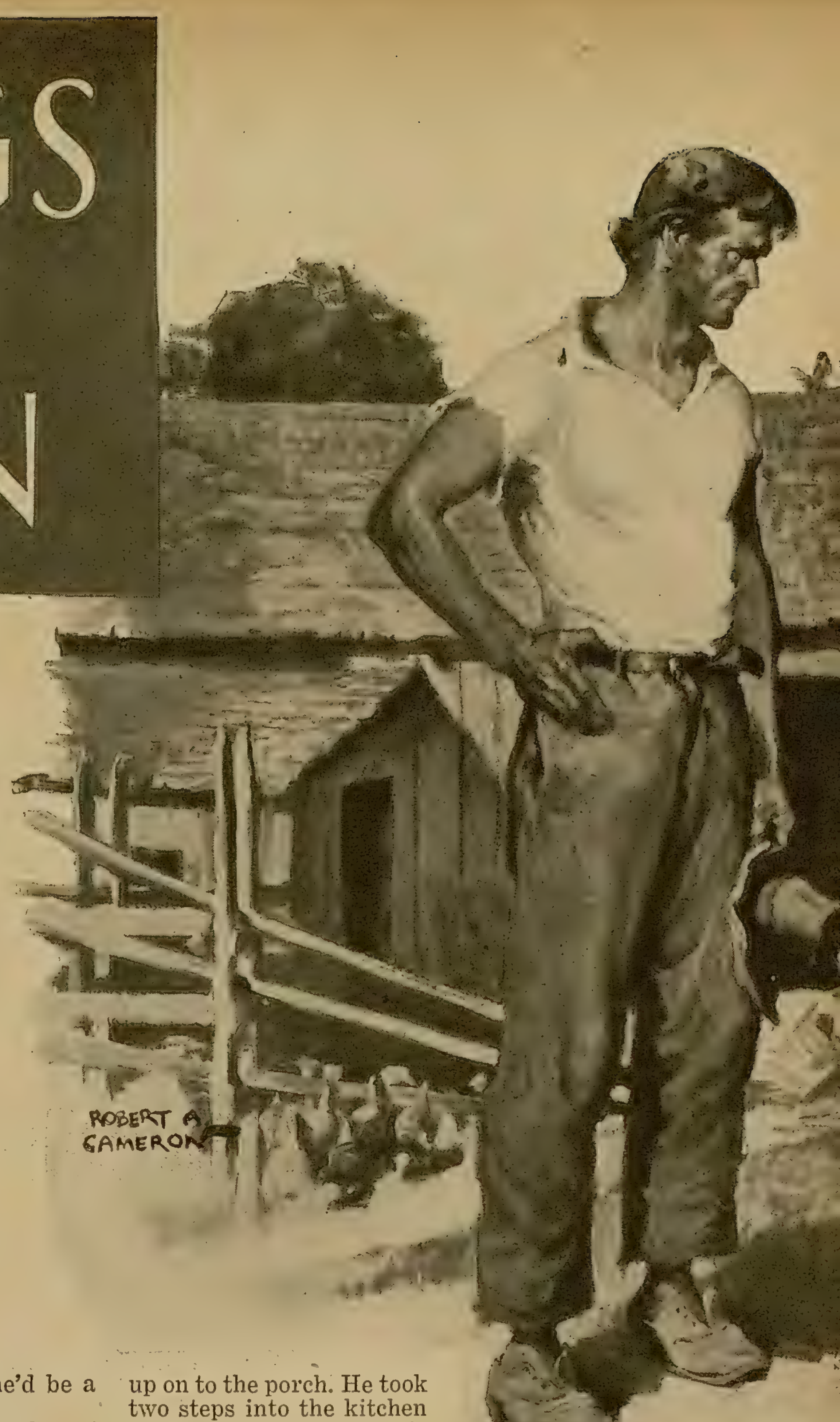
It's sometimes easier to locate a new job than to live with a soul that's in constant need of being shushed!

THE END

FANGS of CAIN

An Arresting Story of Brother Against Brother, the Lure of Gold, and a Girl

READING TIME ⊘ 28 MINUTES 5 SECONDS



THE lonely gravel road was sun-baked and dry. Twenty-odd miles of it had scuffed his custom shoes; his trousers were limp and dusty. From the coat that hung on his arm he had yanked a button and half torn away one pocket. His eighteen-fifty waistcoat—it was far more than a vest—was gone. With it had gone his collar and three-dollar tie and the clocked thread-silk socks. His fine felt hat had been rolled in the dust and rumpled. Ed Dakes was a nifty dresser; but he'd be a fool to attract attention. This way he wouldn't.

The muscles of his legs ached, but he didn't mind.

Ed Dakes was going home; he was nearly there.

In his pockets there were twenty-one cents and a tobacco pouch. He slapped the lump the pouch made on his hip and grinned. All that could be seen through the oilskin of the pouch was the coarse-ground plug. You'd never guess it had been dipped in fish glue and spread on a packet of bills, folded once. The packet of bills was thin—dampened and pressed with a heavy iron until they nestled as snugly as if fresh from the Bureau of Engraving—but there was five grand there, and it just looked like tobacco in a pouch.

It was a neat trick. "Edison" the boys back in Illinois had called him. He grinned again, remembering that.

He turned into a winding rutted lane. After a quarter mile he made a bend that brought him in sight of the house. He stopped. It had never been painted when he had left. It hadn't since. There was a patch on the roof; it looked a little older. That was all.

So Ben hadn't changed either; just as tight as ever. Ed grunted a little, contemptuously, and went on.

He walked around the house toward the back and went up on to the porch. He took two steps into the kitchen and stopped short with his eyes wide, staring at the swellest-looking dame he had seen since he left Cicero. No; better than that. Those repaint jobs couldn't rate with this model.

She was looking at him narrowly, her eyes distrustful, startled but without fear.

"What do you want?" This was Mississippi, but it didn't show in her accent.

"I—'scuse me." Ed was frowning. "I was lookin' for Ben—Ben Dakes. Is he—I mean—"

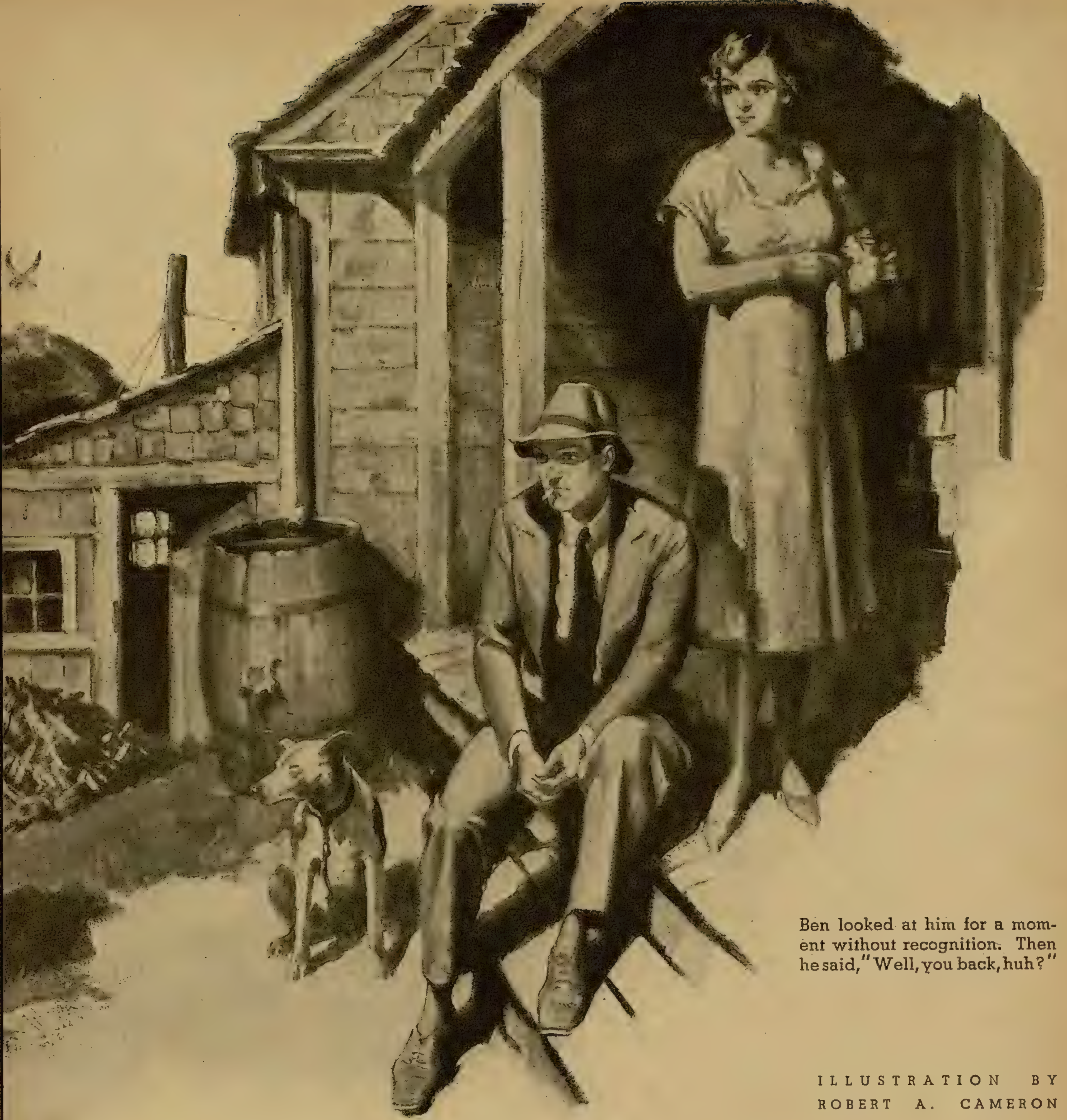
"Oh," she said. She relaxed a little. "He'll be along pretty soon. He won't leave a cornfield till dark."

"Corn?" Ed raised his thin eyebrows.

"You get paid not to plant cotton now." She looked at him curiously. "You—you don't live around here?"

"I used to," Ed murmured. There was no ring on her finger. Maybe she didn't wear it working in the kitchen. Maybe Ben hadn't bought her one; it'd be like him, the big tightwad.

"Here Ben comes now," she said.



Ben looked at him for a moment without recognition. Then he said, "Well, you back, huh?"

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT A. CAMERON

by FRANCIS M. COCKRELL

There was the clank of chain traces and then the lean mules came into sight, walking wearily. Ben walked behind them: tall and lank, his faded overalls flopping about his thin legs.

He went on toward the barn without looking at the porch.

Ed looked at the girl sidewise. She raised her arm and brushed a damp curl of hair back from her forehead. The neck of her cotton dress was unbuttoned and fell open a little; there was a glimpse of the firm roundness of her breast.

He felt his pulse quicken; he shoved his hands down in his pockets. Gee! If this was the missus Ben had really done something fancy.

"Say," he began, "are you—" But Ben was coming up to the house then, and Ed stopped.

Ben looked at him for a moment without recognition.

Then he said, "Oh. Well, Ed. You back, huh?" His eyes drifted to Ed's dirty clothes, his scuffed shoes; they narrowed a little and became defensive. "All right," he said grudgingly. "But you ain't visitin'. The's plenty wo'k you can do foh to pay yuh keep."

Ed was grinning derisively. "Bighearted Ben. Listen. I come home for a rest."

Looking at the girl Ben nodded toward Ed. “He goes off foh seven yeahs and don' even write, and then he comes home foh to rest. Huh!”

“Calm yourself,” Ed told his brother. “I walked away and I walked back. But I got some money—a little. I got enough to pay what I cost you. Damn little that'll be if you're still eatin' like you used to.”

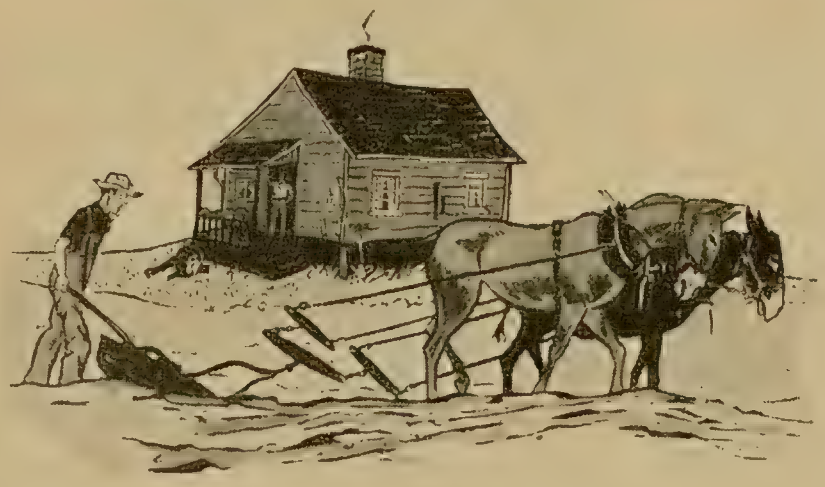
The girl looked from one to the other. “Supper's on,” she said.

Supper was the same, Ed found. Turnip greens and cornbread, with some molasses and a few chunks of salt pork—“white meat.”

Imagine the guy eating like this all his life and didn't even care! . . .

It was after nine when Ed got up in the morning. Ben was in the field of course. Been there since sunup; he'd be there till dark. Ed pulled on his pants and came out of the bedroom and went on into the kitchen. Edna—that was her name—wasn't there. He didn't think she would be.

She wasn't married to Ben. Ben was nuts about her, though; you could tell that. Ed chuckled to himself. That was just tough for Ben. Ed was glad he had decided this was the place to come. Imagine running into a dame like her! Gee, a guy could *do* things for a dame like her! Ed and Edna. It would be swell all right. Later. A month; maybe two; when he had heard from Kitty. He chuckled again, thinking of Kitty. She thought she was going to meet him some place when it was time. Would she burn up!



He looked around the bare kitchen, at the wood range with cold ashes in it. He didn't want to get his breakfast. Well, why should he? He went back to the bedroom and got a blue work shirt from Ben's drawer. He brushed his trousers. He came back and shaved with Ben's straightedge at the spotted piece of mirror on the porch.

He left the house and followed a path that ran at right angles to the lane from the road. After about ten minutes he went through a gate in a white picket fence. The cottage was white too, with green shutters. It looked neat.

She was on the back porch, bending over a washtub. Her dress was unbuttoned at the neck again, and she raised her head to look at Ed without straightening up. Maybe she didn't know how much was exposed to sight, bending over that way. Maybe, Ed thought, maybe she *did* know. Maybe!

“Huh?” he said.

“I said, ‘How's the prodigal this morning?’ Had breakfast? I'll bet you haven't.”

Ed grinned. “You win.”

“Well, come on in.”

HE tilted back in a chair while she started the fire and put the coffeepot on. He didn't offer to help. Women liked to do things for a guy. The more they did the more they thought of him.

“I can't get over it,” he said.

“Why? What do you mean?”

“A swell-lookin' babe like you in a dump like this.”

She laughed a little, pleased. “You should have seen it five years ago.” She had turned to the stove.

“I didn't mean the house,” Ed said quickly. “It's—real nice. I just meant—you know—” He waved a hand to indicate their surroundings.

“I came down with dad. From Michigan. The bank he had his money in went broke. He still had a small pension though, and he had got to reading farm catalogues. And government bulletins. This was the answer. Land's cheap around here.”

“It oughta be!” Ed said. “Ben told me your father di—passed away. That's too damn bad.”

“I don't know. He wanted to go.” She was stirring up some pancake batter and kept her head lowered. “I stayed here about a year and a half. Then I went back North to train to be a nurse. Dad went about the time I was ready to graduate.”

“Tough break. And you're still here, huh?”

She dripped batter on to a hot skillet. “I was sort of waiting for times to get better. I couldn't get much for this place. Ben's been mighty nice. He's working this place and his too. I go over and kind of keep house for him; do what I can; but it don't amount to very much.”

“You goin' to marry him?” Ed asked.

She put a batch of pancakes on the plate. “I'll get some molasses.”

BUT when she had put the pitcher on the table, she said, “I don't know. He's asked—we've talked about it. He—he wants to save five thousand first. So we'll be safe, he says. Secure. You know—kids and all.”

“Five thousand!” Ed snorted. “It'd take you fifty years around here.”

She shook her head. “Some people. Not Ben.”

Ed shoved some pancake in his mouth. “Maybe not. One thing, when that baby takes in a buck it stays in. These're swell, kid. How 'bout another cup of Java?”

She poured it for him. “He's got over thirty-two hundred now,” she said. “The AAA has helped some. He says one real good year will do it. It won't be this one, though. The next maybe.” She didn't sound very hopeful.

“Hell,” Ed said nonchalantly, “five Gs ain't money. I carry that for cigarettes.”

“Dear me,” she said. “You don't tell me.” She laughed a little, plainly convinced he was joking.

Ed grinned at her and pulled the tobacco pouch from his pocket. He removed the outside bill, with the tobacco on it, carefully. He tossed the rest on the table airily.

Her fingers touched it hesitantly. “Oh,” she said softly, “it—it is, isn't it?”

“There's plenty more,” Ed said, “where that come from.” He went on and told her the story he'd figured out. He was a successful inventor up North. Different kinds of gadgets. But he'd been working too hard. Doctor told him to take a rest. He'd come back looking like a bum to see what kind of reception he'd get. Yeah, a kind of test for Ben. Don't tell Ben about the dough. Not yet.

He thought she believed him. It didn't matter. Her eyes were warm and shining now. Excited.

“It—it's wonderful!” She sighed a little. “Ben—he won't—leave here. He says he knows what he can do here. The city—he doesn't know about that. He won't—take chances.”

“No guts,” Ed diagnosed. He stood up. “Listen. A smooth-lookin' gal like you ain't got any business down here. You oughta be makin' the hot spots. Lots of swell clothes. Everything.” He had come around the table and stood beside her. “Think about it, babe.” He put a hand out, almost drew her to him, but checked himself. He patted her shoulder. “Thanks for the chow. It was swell. I'll see you later.”

It was a cinch, Ed told himself, walking home. He'd just take it easy. By the time he could leave she'd be ready to go with him.

He stood on the back porch a moment when he got home. Down at the far end of the field, half a mile away, he could see Ben plowing the waist-high corn.

“So you've saved up thirty-two hundred bucks, huh?” Ed murmured. “Now, ain't that fine! My, my! Ain't that just dandy!” He went on into the house.

It was after supper and he and Ben were sitting on the back porch steps. It was a little cooler out there. Edna had gone home.

“I—I've got a little dough,” Ed said. “Enough—well, I wouldn't want to lose it. The bank in Lorris—is it any good?”

“It went busted oncet already,” Ben said. “*You* can trust it if you have a mind to."

"I thought—well, I thought maybe you could hide it for me—around the house some place. I don't like money layin' around loose."

Ben didn't answer while he stuffed his corncob pipe with tobacco. He lit it. "Well," he said.

Ed handed him the tobacco pouch. "Pretty nifty, huh? Little invention of mine."

If he expected comment from Ben he didn't get it. Ben didn't even examine it. He stood up.

"You set right heah," he told Ed. "I'll put it away."

"O.K." Ed didn't turn around while Ben was gone. He didn't have to. He heard Ben's footsteps sound through the kitchen, into the living room. Presently they came back. Well, that's all he needed to know.

"Guess I'll turn in," he said when Ben got back. "Thanks."

Ben was in the field by five thirty in the morning. He got his own breakfast. Edna didn't come over till about time for lunch. Ed stood in the kitchen door for a moment, watching Ben in the field following along behind the mules between the rows of corn. He was at the near end this morning. The big heel, Ed thought; didn't even trust his own brother.

Ed went back into the house. He wasn't interested in breakfast this morning. He went into the living room and stood in the center, looking around. It was here; he'd find it. There weren't but a few places you could hide anything in this small bare room. He kept an eye out of the window just to be sure Edna didn't show up unexpectedly.

IN about an hour he found it. There was a loose stone in the wide smoke-blackened fireplace. It came out, and there was a cool dark space maybe two feet square, nearly as high. His pouch was there. And a tin box. He lifted the lid on the box, then shut it. He put it back exactly as it had been; he put the stone in again. Well, that was that.

It looked easy. But it wasn't easy. The things about the place that made it a swell hide-out at the same time made this a tough job to figure. He couldn't take Ben's flivver. Ben would hear it start; he'd head for the fireplace first thing, and then for the phone three miles down the road, to call the sheriff at Lorris.

Even if he headed for Halstead, the other way, the law would be waiting for him. Too risky. And he didn't have a chance on foot. Not with only the few hours' start he could get before Ben found he was gone, and found the dough gone.

Maybe when Ben went to town—no, Ben wouldn't leave the money behind. Not Ben. Well, he'd figure this some way. The boys didn't call him Edison for nothing. He had plenty of time.

Three nights later Ed stood on the porch as Ben came from the barn. Suddenly Ben leaped to one side and then grabbed a stick and thrashed

COLDS
go quicker
when you cleanse system
and correct acidity

How SAL HEPATICA does both

... gives thorough laxative action and combats the acid condition that always aggravates colds

IF YOU want to get rid of that nagging cold quickly . . . if you want to stop many colds at the first sniffle . . . you must, authorities agree, do these two things:

Cleanse your system thoroughly . . . and correct the acidity that aggravates colds.

And Sal Hepatica is one laxative specially designed to do BOTH—to counteract acidity and to cleanse the intestinal tract.

At the first sniffle, take two teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a large glass of water. Almost at once the alkaline action of this remarkably different laxative begins to counteract your acid condition . . . to overcome your cold.

In addition, Sal Hepatica gently and thoroughly cleanses your system of poisonous wastes.

Unlike Other Laxatives

These same results cannot, of course, be expected from ordinary laxatives. For while the usual laxative *does* produce laxation, it is not designed to correct your acid condition.

So, at the first sign of a cold, take Sal Hepatica to cleanse your system and to correct acidity—get plenty of rest and quiet (go to bed if your cold is severe)—watch your diet and drink plenty of liquids. That is the scientific way to treat colds successfully.

NOTE! Until your cold is completely under control, take Sal Hepatica as an alkalinizer several times a day. For this purpose many physicians recommend half a teaspoon in a glass of water.

★ ★ ★

TUNE IN! Fred Allen's "TOWN HALL TONIGHT." One full hour of music, drama, sparkling fun. Wed. nights, NBC Coast-to-Coast Network.

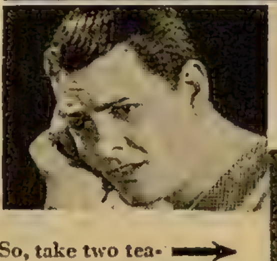
RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS FOR OVER 40 YEARS FOR . . .

Sal Hepatica
Effervescent
Saline Combination
LAXATIVE & CATHARTIC

- COLDS
- HEADACHES
- INDIGESTION
- UPSET STOMACH
- NERVOUSNESS
- UNNATURAL FATIGUE

All these ailments are commonly associated with and aggravated by constipation and an acid condition.

FOR CONSTIPATION



← For real relief from effects of constipation, you must correct acidity and cleanse your system of wastes.

So, take two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a large glass of water. →

← In two hours you'll get gentle, thorough action. You'll feel grand, bright, energetic again.

frantically, crazily at the ground. If Ed had ever seen a man completely in a panic, moved entirely by a frenzy of fear and hate, it was Ben right then.

When Ben got to the house his face was chalky. "Co-copperhead," he said. He stammered a little, his lips trembled.

Ben had always been like that—deathly, horribly afraid of snakes. Copperheads, of course, most of all. The copperhead was about the only poisonous one around there. Hardly ever a rattler, and it was too dry for water moccasins, the copperhead's lowland brother.

Ben went over to the water bucket by the pump. You could tell by the way he gulped water from the dipper that he was still scared popeyed.

Gee, Ed thought, if Ben got bit by one! He'd go nuts. He wouldn't think about money then. About anything. He'd dive into that flivver and head for town and all hell couldn't stop him. A copperhead sting, unless you got treatment in a hurry, was deadly.

But that didn't help much. He couldn't go around catching copperheads, Ed thought. He was as scared of them as Ben. Who wasn't?

Then, abruptly, Ed asked himself: What if Ben *thought* he'd been bit by a copperhead?

THAT night, all the next day, Ed thought about that. The next day he got to work. He worked patiently, carefully. A needle, a whetstone, a big cork, some black thread, a piece of old door spring, a foot-long green springy stick about the size of a finger. Those were his materials.

He worked only when neither Ben nor Edna was around. He didn't finish that day; but the next morning about nine he was through. He carried his contrivance away from the house, keeping the house between himself and Ben, and dropped it into some tall weeds. It wouldn't be found there, or even if it was found no one would suspect its purpose. He wasn't ready to use it yet.

It was about time for the mail and he went down the lane toward the road. Well, he was all set. He could take it easy now until he heard from Kitty. All he had to do was figure out some story for Edna; how it was best for them to leave while Ben was gone, and avoid a scene. Something like that. There was no hurry. There was plenty of time.

Then, suddenly, there was not plenty of time. Ed Dakes stood by the mailbox and tore open an envelope with a Chicago postmark, addressed to Ben; inside it was a smaller one addressed to him; and as he read the letter it contained his lips went dry, muttering, and the skin along the back of his neck pulled tight.

> I'm the Big Boy's girl now. You didn't send me nothing like you promised and a girl has got to live. I must have got cockeyed the other night and spilled it. Anyhow he knows where you are. I guess you shouldn't of told me, but you wanted me to tip you when things cooled off. Well, they ain't going to cool off. Some things are O. K., but when you nailed that copper you made a big mistake, pal. Them dicks haven't forgot and they ain't going to. They had the Big Boy up a couple of times already. He says they put the whacks on him. I don't know whether he ratted on you or not, but if you take my advice you'll blow and blow sudden. Cause you're sure headed for old smoky if you don't. Don't tell nobody I told you.
>
> KITTY.

"Damn all dames!" Frantically he struck a match, held it to the letter. "The little snitch! Damn her! Damn her!"

He was running up the lane now. It was hot and the lane was dusty. He didn't notice. All that trouble; no one knew. He had even walked out that twenty-eight miles from Lorris, didn't hire a car or try to hitch a ride, just so he wouldn't have to talk to any one. And then the damn broad gets lushed up and spills the beans.

Well, to hell with her. He couldn't think about her now. Edna either. Maybe he could send for *her* later. But he couldn't stop now. He gave a quick look at his watch. Ten. Ben wouldn't be in for two hours. Edna wouldn't be over today till suppertime she had said. Two hours. He could try. If it worked, O. K. If it didn't he'd just have to leave anyhow. He couldn't take chances. If the Big Boy had ratted the dicks might even be on their way right now.

He had got his contrivance—his little invention—from the weeds and was in the living room with it now. He worked feverishly. He pulled the stone out. He reached in and jammed a peg between two stones just above the opening into the cache. The green springy stick had the cork bound tightly with tape to one end, like the head on a tomahawk. From the bottom of the cork, close together, two infinitely sharpened tips of needle barely protruded.

He put the stick in the hole, jamming one end against the right wall at the bottom, resting the end with the cork on the peg over the hole. He anchored the door spring at the top of the hole, on the right, and lowered the stick and tied the other end to the stick a few inches above the floor of the cache. He had to work by feel, for it was dark in there and the opening was small. Sweat ran down his face, got in his eyes, but he kept on. It was slow. He tied black thread around the stick just below the cork, then put the stick back on its perch over the opening. He set the tin box on the other end of the thread.

He stepped back and wiped his brow. Then he stuck his hand in. It wasn't heavy enough. He got the tire tape from the kitchen, and four spike nails. He laid those along the stick just below the cork and taped them there tightly. He put the stick back on its perch and tried again.

It worked! It was perfect. The thread couldn't be seen in the darkness of the hole, but the slightest touch on it dislodged the stick from its hair-trigger perch and it fell sharply, heavily on the back of that hand that had touched the thread. And the door spring, stretched a little, snapped the stick back up, so that the cork on the stick hadn't fallen on the hand, but had struck a sharp hard blow. Thus did a copperhead strike. He looked at his hand and grinned briefly at the two tiny red dots the needles left. Fangs!

And it was dark and cool and damp in that hole. Just the place a snake would crawl into in the daytime if he could find a chink.

Ben wouldn't stop to think; Ben wouldn't stop for anything. Ben would be long gone.

But he wasn't through. Ben wouldn't be in for half an hour yet. Ed hurried into the yard, to the flivver. He measured the gas, and drained through the carburetor all but one gallon. He carried it away in a bucket and poured it out. He dropped a tiny handful of fine dust in the tank. Gravity feed, and that dust would go down into the carburetor, eventually clogging it. But even if it didn't, there wasn't enough gas to get to Lorris, and that would mean delay on that lonely road.

HE was on the porch when Ben came in.

"What was you doin' by the cah?" Ben asked. "You ain't goin' no place in it," he stated.

"Naw. I was just fixin' it up a little for you. I cleaned the plugs."

"Oh. Well, it ain't been runnin' very good lately. I don't know much about autos, myself."

"You'll learn," Ed said, and kept himself from chuckling.

Ben went on into the house. Ed heard him go into the living room. He always did when he came in. Went and looked at his dough. The tightwad.

Ed sat very still.

Then from within came a muffled sound that was half gasp, half shriek. Footsteps pounded through the kitchen and Ben was on the porch.

"Snake!" he was yelling. "Snake!" He was holding his hand up in the air, his face working pitifully, his eyes glazed with insane fear. "Snake!"

"You got to get to town," Ed said. "You got to hurry."

"Yeah. Town. Yeah. Git to town. Hurry." Ben was running toward the flivver.

"Wait!" Ed ran after him, tearing a strip from his shirt. He wrapped a crude tourniquet on Ben's arm and cranked the flivver for him.

Then he stood watching, controlling himself, as the flivver swung around and headed down the lane, bouncing crazily. But he needn't have waited to laugh. Ben hadn't looked back.

Ben was out of sight now, and Ed stood a moment, remembering how he had looked and weak with laughter at the thought. Boy, had it worked!

Then his face sobered and he hurried into the house. He had at least six hours, even if the carburetor by some chance could take all that dust and not clog. Ben would run out of gas; he'd have to get a ride in; he'd have to see the doctor; he'd have to get back. Six hours at the very least. Probably more, for the carburetor was nearly sure to choke, and Ben knew nothing about cars. If he waited to get it fixed he wouldn't be home till midnight. Maybe not till morning. But even that didn't give Ed too much time. You couldn't have too much time on a play like this.

So he hurried. He got his coat and darted into the living room. The stone was still out of the hole. He reached in and got the pouch and tin box in one grab. As he did, there was a sharp blow on the back of his hand, a little sting.

As he opened the box he chuckled. Was he some inventor or not! When it had come down and hit Ben, with the little jerk of Ben's hand to add impetus, the door spring must have pulled the stick back up on to its perch again. Pretty neat. Even if Ben had reached in twice it would have worked both times—hit him again.

THE bills in the box were mostly small ones; they made a big wad. Hastily he lowered his trousers and took tape and bound the loose money against his thigh. He shoved the tobacco pouch into his pocket with a few small bills from the box. He was going out the door.

He was in the lane. He began to trot a little. Better hurry all he could. Couldn't have too much time. It was hot. It was hotter than the brass gates of hell. But it didn't matter. He could take a little heat for three grand.

Three and five was eight. Nice. Very nice. It was thirty miles to Halstead. Maybe he could flag some farmer and get him to ride him in.

It wouldn't matter now. He could grab a train there and jump it the first chance he got and grab another. Mix up his trail.

It was hot. And dusty. Every little breeze lifted dust into the air and held it there to choke you. Well, he could take a little dust too. For three grand.

He glanced at the red dots on the back of his hand. He'd slap some iodine on them in Halstead. You couldn't tell where you might get an infection. Even from a needle.

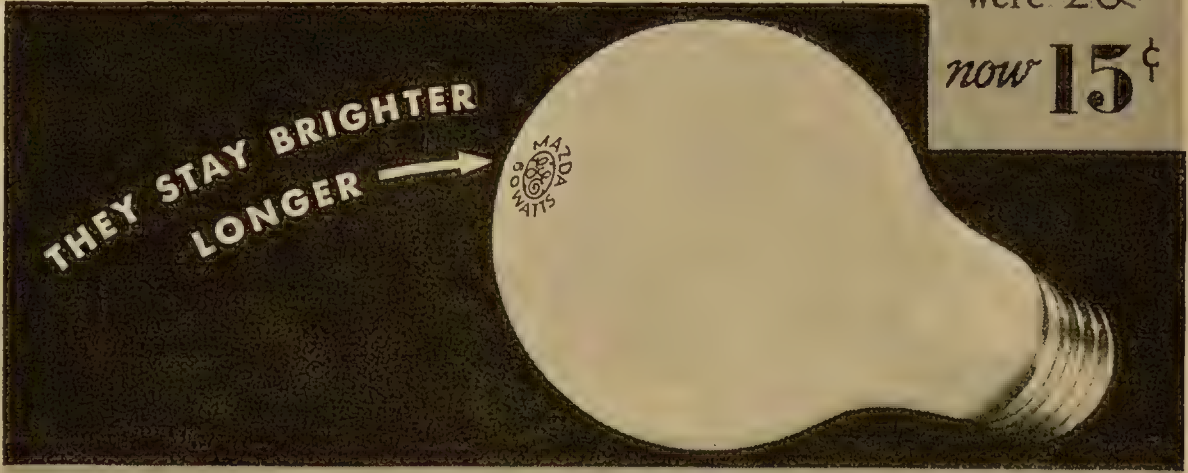
He kept on trotting. His feet stirred the dust and the breeze carried it with him. His hand felt sort of—sort of cool on the outside. Funny. Kind of like it had been asleep.

It was hot. Well, tomorrow—maybe next day—he'd be in New Orleans, safe. The town was full of hide-outs. It would be swell. He thought about it. Just sitting in a room with a fan going and plenty of ice and limes and

I'M A BARGAIN HUNTER . . . BUT I WATCH MY STEP WHEN I BUY LAMPS

● SHE'S perfectly right! A so-called "bargain" lamp is almost never a bargain . . . because it wastes current and grows dimmer and dimmer as you use it. Remember, the true cost of light is the price of the bulb *plus* the cost of all the current it consumes during its lifetime. When you use poor lamps you may be paying $1.50 for a dollar's worth of light. Edison MAZDA lamps . . . the kind that stay brighter longer . . . now cost as little as 15¢. Always look for the mark GE on every bulb you buy, and be sure of good light at low cost.

popular sizes were ~~20¢~~ *now* 15¢



EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

gin. Just sitting there drinking rickeys and taking it easy. Thinking about it helped a little now. But not much.

His arm sure felt queer. He guessed the needle points had ticked a nerve maybe. It'd be perfect if Edna was in that room with him. He tried to bring up a picture of them there together; but it didn't come very clear somehow. Well, there were plenty of dames in the world. She was a honey though.

He stopped running. He'd walk awhile. Too hot to run. He had enough time. But you couldn't have too much time. He trotted again. But after a few steps he quit it. Too hot. The sun came down too hard on you and the dust choked you too much. You got dizzy and your head felt funny.

Edna. She was a sweetheart all right. Well, he could figure that out later. Take his time. She was worth waiting for. He had an idea she'd come down to New Orleans if he sent her the dough. If he could figure out some way to be sure nobody else got tipped off.

He looked down at his feet as he walked. Little circles of dust rose at each step. The damn dust! You breathe, but when you breathe you don't feel any better for it. His feet; they didn't seem part of him some way. It was like watching somebody else's feet. They just moved along and he didn't have anything to do with it.

He'd figure out some way to get in touch with Edna. She was worth waiting for. His hand didn't seem to get any different. It was aching a little—sort of a dull ache. He thought it was aching. He couldn't be sure. Maybe he was just imagining it.

One of his feet stumbled a little. "Here, what the hell!" Gee, he had said it aloud. Talking to his feet.

What was the matter?

There was so much dust in the air. Or was it all dust? If it wasn't all dust, what was it? There's no fog when the sun's shining.

The sun was shining all right. Was it shining! If it wasn't so hot and the dust wasn't so thick he'd be all right. Well, he would be all right anyhow.

His whole arm was aching. Funny. Funny, hell! There hadn't been any noise in that hole. He was nuts. It was the heat. Made you feel dizzy; and you couldn't get your breath good, and that made you dizzy too.

Well, he could take it. For three grand. Ben. He laughed shortly, without mirth. Ben was funny. Ben and his skinny mules. They never got enough to eat; Ben never got enough to eat. Just worked like hell for three grand. And then didn't get it. That sure was one on Ben.

His arm felt just the same. Maybe worse. He tried to decide if it felt worse or better. He couldn't. There hadn't been any rustle in that hole. Even if Ben, hit by the cork, had jerked his hand back before a snake could strike, there couldn't have been one. It would have had to come in between the time he set the trap and the time he reached in himself. It couldn't happen in a thousand years. It couldn't. *It couldn't!*

But if one had . . . . but it hadn't. That's what you get for having imagination—thinking things like that—screwy.

His arm . . . whole arm and shoulder too . . . just a big ache. . . . He had come out of the lane. . . . Hadn't he come out of the lane? . . . Yeah, it was gravel here. . . . Just as dusty though. . . .

Dusty . . . hot and dusty and hot and dusty. . . . He'd passed Edna's . . . hadn't he? . . . What of it? . . . He was tired. . . . Why didn't he run straight? . . . He was too tired to run much longer. . . . Gee! He was *running!* . . . When did he start running again? . . . Running. . . . But he was tired. . . . He was running for something. . . . Edna. . . . New Orleans. . . . That was it . . . New Orleans. . . . Old Ben. . . . It sure was one on Ben . . . a horse on Ben . . . team—team of mules on Ben. . . . Hah . . . that was kind of funny.

If he would quit wobbling . . . he ought to quit wobbling . . . unh! . . . See, if he hadn't been wobbling . . . he wouldn't have stumbled. . . . The dust . . . here with your head on the ground . . . wasn't much worse. . . . Rest a minute . . . just a minute . . . hot . . . in a minute. . . . All right in a minute. . . . Ben . . . Ben was all right . . . just . . . just stupid. . . . Sure was a . . . joke on Ben. . . . Go on . . . in a minute . . . just a minute . . . just a . . . a . . .

It was late when Ben Dakes turned into the lane—nearly midnight. It was dark except for the pale glow of a thin moon. He came from the lane and saw light in his house and thought maybe that Ed was waiting up for him.

Then he went into the house and saw Edna there, and the two barrel-chested men in blue suits, and they told him. They told him about Ed. About his dying. And other things; some Ben had suspected, some he hadn't. How Ed's inventions were all toward getting money without working for it. Sometimes including a gun. How he had slipped up on a getaway and killed an officer. And come down here to hide out. "Edison" the boys had called him up there.

They pointed to the contrivance they had found in the hole; they explained it to Ben.

Ben didn't move. He just sat there, listening. He looked at them while they talked, but you could tell he wasn't seeing them. And he looked at Edna, but he didn't see her either.

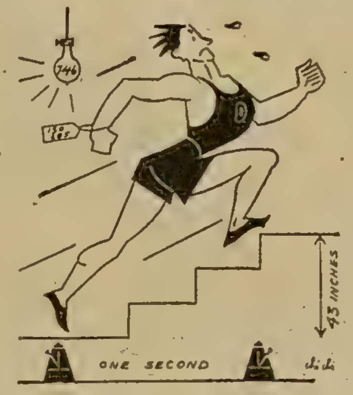
They'd have to keep the money Ed had had, the detectives told Ben. "But you'll get it back. Maybe some of it's hot, but it probably ain't tabbed. You'll have to come to Chicago. Just red tape."

Edna wasn't crying; she hadn't been. But now, look-

Not one in a thousand KNOWS . . .

What a Horsepower Is

by E. G. CONKLIN



IT is just about impossible for you to demonstrate what a horsepower is by your own actions. Try this sometime! A horsepower is the amount of work you would do if you could lift exactly 550 pounds exactly one foot in exactly one second. There have been big guys who could do it, but they don't happen very often.

Here's another way to put it: If you weigh 150 pounds, and if you can run up a flight of stairs at the rate of 43 inches every second, you would be expending your energy at the rate of one horsepower. Don't try it if your heart is weak—because it means that you would have to take three steps at a time three times a second—and that is fast going!

If you can't do it, don't think that you're a weakling. Just realize that the average man's capacity for continuous work is only one tenth of a horsepower.

We'll leave horsepower to horses—and engines, then. If you really want to know what a horsepower is in its most useful terms—electrical terms—here's a definition for you. Take a deep breath!

A horsepower is an activity of 746 watts;

A watt is the rate of doing work to the amount of one joule a second;

A joule is 10,000,000 ergs;

An erg is a force of one dyne tugging along for a distance of one centimeter second;

And a dyne is equal—to come down to something recognizable at last—to approximately the weight of one mosquito, dead or alive.

Is that clear?

Next—Sometimes Air Is Heavier than Water ing at Ben, she turned her head and her shoulders moved just a little.

One of the men came over and put a receipt for the money in Ben's hands.

"Don't take it hard, buddy. We got the tip and we come to get him. It wouldn't have been no different. He was due for the chair anyhow. Maybe this is better."

Ben didn't look up. "Maybe." His voice was toneless. "Maybe. I don't know. He was my brotheh. I don't know. Only—only he was my brotheh. I don't know. We—I didn't neveh—treat him ve'y good. He—he was my brotheh. I don't know."

"Forget it," the detective said gruffly, not unkindly. "That's the best thing. Just forget it. C'm'on, Lew. We might as well get goin'."

"Yeah. Well—" The two men went out.

For a long moment Ben Dakes sat there, not moving, just staring down with unblinking eyes at the slip of paper in his bandaged hand. Better than eight thousand dollars. Three of it had been his; the other five would be now.

He had saved those three thousand. To get married? He would have saved it anyhow. Scrimping, starving—yeh, starving his mules. And himself.

THREE thousand dollars. And now he was trying to think of one single definite thing he had been going to do with the money. And he couldn't.

He looked up at Edna. She was sitting still in her chair. Her eyes were dry now; they held on him.

"I got to go to Chicago." His voice sounded too loud. "I got to go up theah. You—you want to come along?"

She was silent a moment, her eyes questioning. "You—want me to?" It was almost whispered. "Yes—if you want me to."

"We—we don't have to come back," Ben said. "If you—if you want to we can stay theah. Or somewheahs else."

Edna came over to him and sat on the arm of his chair. Her hand gently brushed back the thin hair at the temples of his thin face.

"We'll—do what you want," she murmured. "Come back, or stay, or anything. Whatever you want—that's all."

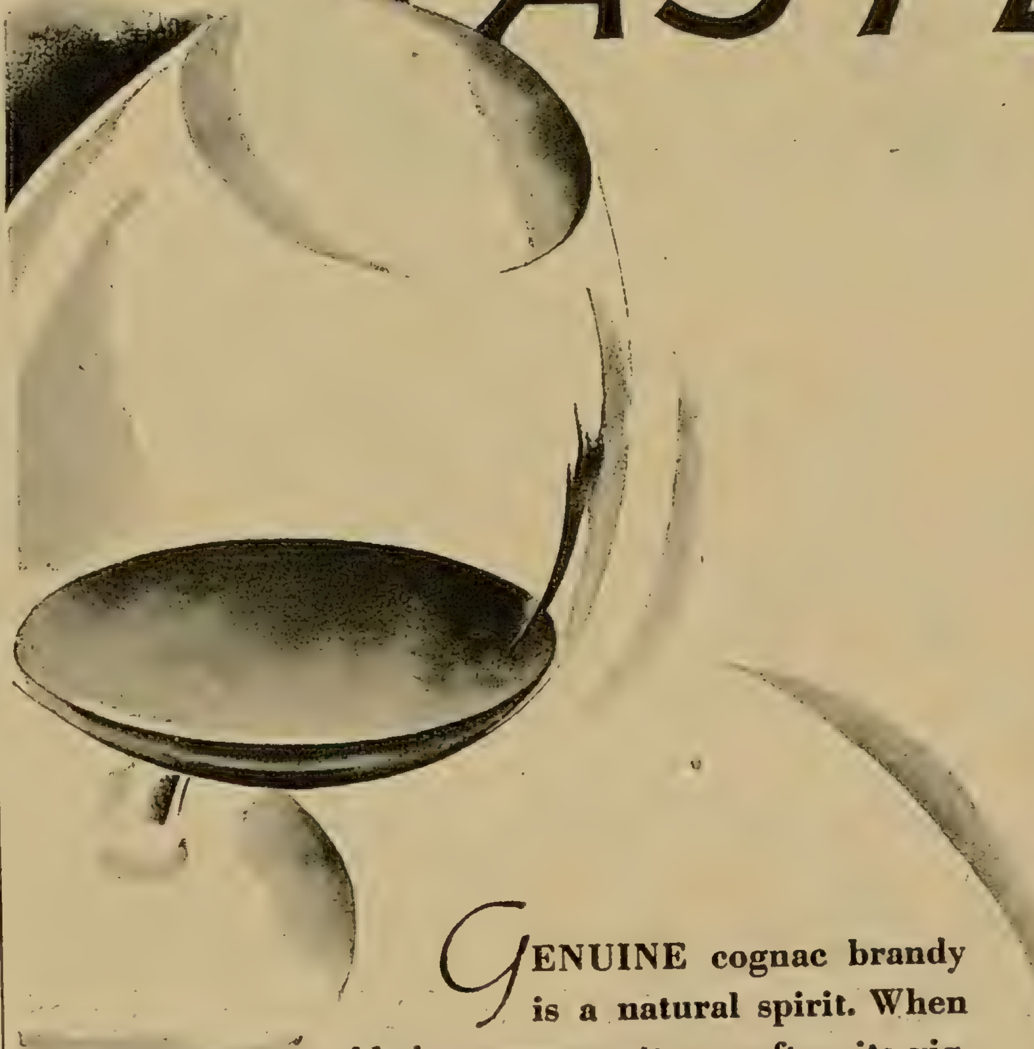
The hand at his temple relaxed him a little. He leaned back.

"I—kinda like it roun' heah. We—we can build us a house. A good one. An' a bahn. Git—git us a 'frigerator maybe. Kids oughta have nice things. Git some hired help. Maybe—we'll drive into town to a show sometimes."

Edna's hand moved to the back of his dark head soothingly. She didn't smile; there was no joy in her eyes right then. But there was a certain quiet happiness behind them, for he was going to have some fun, live a little; and he had waited long enough.

THE END

HENNESSY Cognac Brandy is distinguished by its CLEAN TASTE



GENUINE cognac brandy is a natural spirit. When adulterations are added to sweeten it or soften its vigorous nature, it is no longer good cognac. Try Hennessy Brandy and note its characteristics that immediately certify its genuineness. First warm the glass in the hands to release the exquisite bouquet... "taste with the nose," as the French say. Then sip Hennessy slowly... notice that it does not leave a musty, syrupy taste but that the flavour expands and lingers delightfully on the palate. The "clean" taste of Hennessy makes it the preferred liqueur the world over... Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France.

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★★★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY

"Brass bands played to them, photographers took pictures" as the pioneers boarded the St. Mihiel at San Francisco.

"It was wonderful at first, living in a tent." The mai

THE NEW CAN

Plain Facts About a Modern Pilgrimage to Happiness—The Alaskan Adventure as a Liberty Correspondent Sees It

by EDWARD

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IT was early in March or April that talk of Alaska began to brighten the dreamy farm lands of Minnesota, Michigan, and Wisconsin—talk of almost miraculous fertility, talk of new houses, new barns, new everything.

It wasn't idle talk. Government agents spread it.

"The government will give you everything you need," the agents said, "and give you thirty years to pay for it. There'll be a school for the kids—they're going to spend $150,000 at least on that school. There'll be a community house. There'll be a cannery, a creamery, a commissary where you can get anything you want—on credit."

The promised land! Nearly everybody who heard the talk wanted to go to Alaska. Thousands of farmers wanted to go; but the government didn't want that many.

It decided that only two hundred families should be sent—and these must be carefully selected. Young married couples were wanted; young or early middle-aged. It was a young man's country, a pioneer's.

So, in the latter part of April and the early part of May, two hundred poor farmers sold or gave away everything they didn't need and started for Alaska, 4,000 miles or so away. They were the envy of all their neighbors. They were the chosen people going out of the land of bondage.

There were all kinds among them. There were a bride and groom. There was a woman with a twelve-days-old baby, the talk of all the other women on the train. "Not two weeks even since the baby came, and she's traveling to Alaska!"

"Babies was born in covered wagons on the way to Californy, and the wagons didn't stop. No, ma'am! They went right on. Babies died, and women died, and men was killed. They buried 'em by the side of the road and went right on."

"Yes, but this is different."

There was a family with eleven children. There was a couple whose child was sick. There was a man who didn't believe the government could keep all its promises. "They jest wanted to git us out of the way so's we couldn't vote ag'in' 'em," he said. "Me, I'm jest goin' for the ride."

But most of the people were sanguine. And they were humbly grateful. They were actually on the way to the new Canaan. God was good and the United States government was the best in the world.

For a time, the children who weren't sick were "the only bright souls in the valley."

None of them had any idea that he was a hero until the trains reached the western coast, and crowds met them, and mayors addressed them, and brass bands played to them, and delegations of men and women asked for the honor of being host and hostess, and reporters and photographers came and asked questions and took pictures.

Not until then did they dream they were brave pioneers, or hardy Argonauts, or twentieth-century pilgrims, or modern-day immigrants, or adventurers of 1935.

The praise, the adulation, the sympathy turned the heads of some, who began to grumble. The trains they had come on weren't so good, now they had time to think of it. They might have been all right, it seems, for poor farmers being taken

reet in Matanuska Valley shortly after their arrival.

LAND OF AAN

DOHERTY

Wide World photos

CCC workers, on their way to help the Matanuska colonists get established, leave the St. Mihiel at Seward, Alaska.

to a land where they could make a good living. But for hardy Argonauts, for heroes of the depression, for brave pioneers!

The boats were crowded with men going up to Alaska to work in the Matanuska Valley at one dollar a day, common laborers on relief. These took up so much room that there weren't enough staterooms to accommodate the pioneers properly. Some families had to "double up," the women and little children occupying one room, the men and older boys the other. And such little rooms! Some didn't have adjoining baths. Some were "inside" and didn't even have portholes.

But it was a beautiful trip, up through the inward passage to Seward, with wooded mountains on either side, porpoises playing, and now and then a glimpse of a glacier or the sight of a whale. And now and then one saw populous villages, and groups of Indians and crowds of Filipinos and Chinese standing in front of canneries and watching the boats go by.

Most of the pioneers had never seen the ocean, never traveled on a big steamer. It was a glorious experience. The water was calm. Only in crossing the gulf did the sturdy Argonauts encounter any rough seas.

There was good food and plenty of it, and the sun shone, and it was good to sit in a deck chair and watch the kids playing. And about the time they got to Cordova everybody noticed how long the days were getting.

Still, that hardly made up for the stiff gales and the heavy seas encountered in the gulf.

When they arrived on the St. Mihiel five children had broken out with measles. Dr. A. D. Haverstock, Seward health officer, had them taken to the Seward General Hospital and quarantined the ship. The passengers were kept on board for a time and the children of Seward were forbidden to board the vessel.

The transient workers, however, were allowed to land. "They let them fellows off but they keep us cooped up here—just because of a few mild cases of measles! There was plenty German measles in Minnesota when we left, but nobody quarantined us. There's something back of this—something that ain't right!"

But finally the quarantine was lifted. They went ashore. Seward took them to its sourdough heart, made them welcome, promised help, gave advice.

They piled into coaches finally. The engineer whistled merrily; the crowds shouted; and the train pulled out for the Matanuska.

THERE was a stop at Anchorage, 125 miles from Seward, and here were more crowds, and piles of sandwiches and gallons of hot coffee. And everybody wanted to know "How do you like Alaska?" And everybody wanted to pet the children and give them candy and cookies.

The pioneers had passed through some of the most majestic scenery in the world. They had seen more wild flowers than they had ever seen at home. They had seen moose feeding near the tracks. One had seen a bear. They had met with a hospitality that dazed them. They loved Alaska!

Of course the cars were stuffy and the train was slow and terribly crowded—but it had been a nice trip. Now in a few hours they would be in their new homes! It was wonderful.

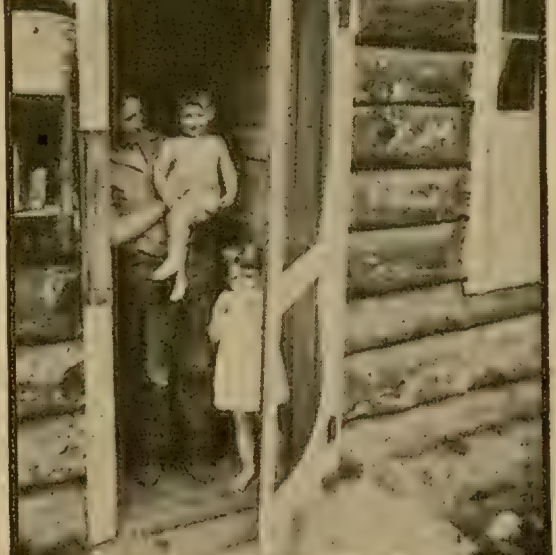
And so it was at first, living in a tent, not having to get up at four o'clock and milk the cows and clean out the barn and get breakfast and collect eggs and feed the livestock.

But the feeling of wonder soon wore off.

Some of the stoves were no good. There were a lot of things the commissary didn't have—cake flour, canned fruits, cookies, baked beans, ground coffee.

The Domestic Science Department of the FERA in Washington had furnished the commissary with emergency supplies for two months —and such supplies!

There were, for instance, tons of coffee beans—and only one old-



"We're going to stay!" said Mrs. Tony Vickaryous as she gave little Geraldine a bath.

fashioned square-style grinder. There were five barrels of pork, but nobody wanted pork without beans. And there were no beans. There were heaps and heaps of dried fruits, but nobody wanted dried stuff. There were no invoices with the rations. Charles E. Warter, head of the commissary, didn't know what anything cost. The policy was to sell all goods at cost plus freight. He didn't even know what the freight had cost. Naturally there was confusion. Naturally there were protests.

There was plenty of bread. A bakery in Anchorage sent up five hundred fresh loaves a day. There was plenty of milk. Colonists milked every morning and took the milk to the commissary, where it was sold for fifteen cents a quart.

Some of the farmers kicked about that—especially those who did the milking. They believed they should get the milk much more cheaply than their neighbors. Others declared it was mighty poor milk.

"You know what them fellows in the commissary are doing?" one asked another. "They're skimming the cream off the milk and making ice cream out of it for themselves—and making us pay for what they don't want. Fifteen cents a quart!"

"My bill was a hundred dollars this month," one complained. "Can you imagine that? For a family of four! One hundred dollars! Say, I could live for a long time on a hundred dollars back in Minnesota."

Warter listened patiently to complaints, defended himself hotly against accusations, supplemented the supplies with goods from Anchorage, and did what he could to straighten out the bills. But the colonists raised so much trouble that he was removed. An investigation was made, and he was exonerated.

EVERYTHING was wrong. One hundred and fifty horses were shipped up to Matanuska. But not a wagon came with them. There were five tons of paper towels, of no value to anybody. There were eighteen solid miles of mosquito netting. There were sacks and sacks of cement—long before the colony was ready for cement—and there was only one cement mixer, and that wouldn't take more than half a sack a load. There were retorts for a cannery. But there was no time to build one.

There were radiators for the schoolhouse. But there was no intention of putting up a school this year.

Don Irwin was in charge when the colonists arrived. Or he seemed to be in charge. Frank U. Bliss also seemed to be in charge. It appeared that Irwin was in authority over the colonists, and Bliss over the transient workers. But nobody could be sure. Both issued orders. Often the orders conflicted.

The colonists liked Irwin. He was a practical farmer and knew Alaska. He had been in charge of the experimental farm for a number of years. He had already planted several hundred acres of garden truck for the community. He had advised Washington to hold the colonists back until things were ready for them, but Washington hadn't listened. He was doing his best, but he seemed to have a hard time doing anything.

He wanted to put up schools, but had no authority to do so. Bliss didn't know anything about schools either. His job was to build houses—and he had a gang busy as soon as possible, putting up a model house.

An excursion came out from Anchorage. They brought their automobiles—on flatcars. They brought a band. They brought tubs of ice cream, hundreds of pounds of fried-chicken sandwiches, and more watermelons and pies and cakes than a thousand people could eat. They visited all the camps, asking questions.

"How do you like it?"

"We like Alaska," was the general answer, "but we can't seem to get started. We may not even have houses. They just started work on two of them."

"WHY don't you build your own houses?" the sourdoughs asked.

"We did. It ain't hard."

"No, it ain't hard. But you had it easy. You could pick your own sites. We have to wait until we get our tracts—and we pick them out of a hat. We take what we get. We don't move anywhere until we're told to move. You built your houses any way you liked. We have to do as the government says—square the logs on three sides, use certain kinds of timber, use government plans. Some tracts have poor timber and you got to get logs from miles away—bring 'em in with tractors."

"Do they pay you for helping build your own houses?"

"If they don't we won't build 'em. And we won't work for a dollar a day like those fellows do. And we don't even know yet whether we get paid at all. Nobody knows. Everything's a mess!"

Irwin got tired of hearing complaints.

"Why don't you appoint a man and a woman in each camp to take up these things with the officials?" he said. "Maybe we could get together that way."

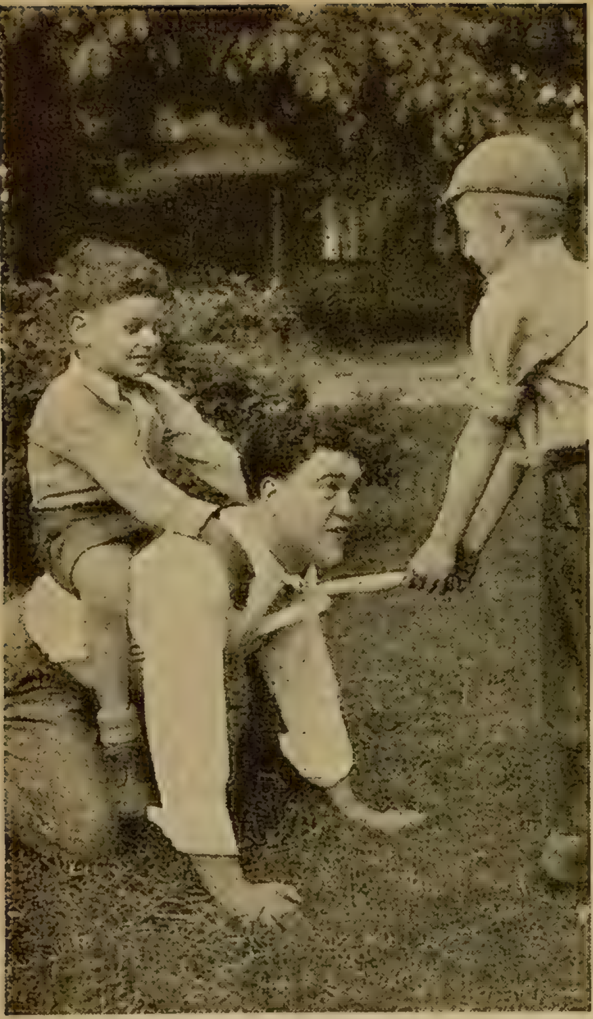
The colonists elected two representatives from each camp. Headquarters camp, being the biggest, was allowed four. They met every week in a tent.

"Something's got to be done about all these here dogs runnin' around barkin' at the midnight sun, keepin' folks awake," a representative asserted.

"Second that motion!" cried another. "Them dogs should be tied up by nine or nine thirty, so a body could git a wink o' sleep."

"And now that's settled, what about garbage?"

It was finally decided each camp should dig its own garbage holes. The camp representatives dispersed, beaming, proud of having done some-



Chas. W. Kniseley of Salem, Ohio, and two little friends.

One way to save money

Gentlemen:

Last Summer, three buddies and I took an 1,875 mile motor trip. We were splitting the expenses and didn't have any too much money to go on. When we settled up at the end of the trip, we found we had money to spare for one last good feed. And we owe that meal to Quaker State because we only had to buy one quart of oil on the whole trip.

It couldn't have been just luck, either, because we drove like the deuce and our car was a 1929 Essex with 78,000 miles on the speedometer.

So you've got three happy new customers. I sincerely believe if every person would try Quaker State, there would be very few people dissatisfied.

Sincerely yours,

Chas. W. Kniseley

"First choice of Experience"

Quaker State Motor Oils

35c per quart

Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

thing for their communities. They failed, however, in their major problems—speeding up the home-building, putting up schools, getting credit or pay for the work they did.

Work went ahead slowly or didn't go ahead at all.

Transient workers, feeling abused and cheated, grew surly, got drunk, botched work, refused to work, quit.

A spirit of lassitude and despair gathered over the colonists. Men went fishing or panning for gold in the Matanuska River. What was the use of doing any work? Nobody else was working. The children who weren't sick were the only bright souls in the valley. They loved this new land. Some camps organized Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts. Some had Sunday-school meetings under the trees. Some went in for ice-cream socials. Now and then some woman gathered a batch of children about her and read to them or tried to teach them their ABCs.

All in all, the women of the camp stood it best. They baked their own bread. They cooked the meals. They washed the clothes and hung them out between the tents to dry—in the dusty winds. They fetched their own water from the wells. They scrubbed the board floors of their tents. They looked after the children constantly. There was always something for a woman to do while her husband was out hauling logs, or helping to put up a house, or fishing, or going to a dance at Matanuska or Wasilla.

AND the women didn't wear mosquito veils. They couldn't be bothered. Some dressed in pants or overalls. It was handier. But most of them dressed as they had at home.

Mrs. Tony Vickaryous is one of those who wear pants. She and her husband and their two little girls were fortunate enough to get the use of a log house already built while waiting for their own home. They take care of the place and enjoy it rent free.

Mrs. Vickaryous had just finished bathing her younger daughter, Geraldine, when I came to see her.

"I think every farm woman should wear overalls," she said. "You can do twice as much work in them as you can in skirts; and the Lord knows a woman has to work in this country."

She dried the little girl with a clean new towel. Both Geraldine and Rose Marie were barelegged. Their legs were full of mosquito bites. But they didn't mind.

"How do you like it here?" I asked.

"I like it," she answered. "I'm going to stay here the rest of my life. It's the best farming country we ever saw. Tony's nearly frantic with all the blundering up here, all the delay and confusion and not knowing what to do. But we're going to stay."

THE END

EDITOR'S NOTE: A further eyewitness account of these Alaskan pioneers by Mr. Doherty will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

KILL A COLD AS YOU WOULD AN OCTOPUS!

THIS IS THE COLD
HEADACHE
CHILLS
FEVER
SNEEZING
STUFFED HEAD
RUN DOWN FEELING
ACHING BODY
COUGHING
THESE ARE THE SYMPTOMS

Strike at the Cold Itself—Not Merely at the Symptoms!

YOU'VE read about that dread sea-creature—the Octopus!

If you should ever be so unlucky as to meet up with one, you wouldn't get very far by hacking off his arms. You'd have to strike at the creature itself—at that evil-looking, rubber ball-like body.

The same holds true for COLDS!

You won't get very far in your treatment of a cold, if you concern yourself merely with the symptoms. You must attack the *cold itself*, which is an infection in the system.

Internal Infection

Obviously, this calls for an internal treatment. Surface applications may allay the symptoms temporarily, but they won't reach the seat of the trouble. And, as long as any of the cold remains in the system there is danger of complications.

To put it in a nutshell, a cold calls, first of all, for a *cold* treatment, and not a preparation only incidentally good for a cold. Secondly, it calls for internal medication.

The requirements are met in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets are made expressly for colds and nothing else. They are distinctly a cold treatment.

Furthermore, they are internal in effect. They work within you and they do four important things:

First, they open the bowels, an admittedly advisable step in the treatment of a cold.

Second, they check the infection in the system, a particularly vital step.

Third, they relieve the headache and fever.

Fourth, they tone the system and help fortify against further attack.

These are the four effects you want in the treatment of a cold and, in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine, you get them all in the form of a single tablet.

The proof of the pudding, so far as Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is concerned, is that these are the largest selling cold tablets in the world and for more than 40 years have been the stand-by of thousands in the treatment of colds.

Let No Cold Get Started

Let no cold "put the finger" on you. According to recently published newspaper reports, there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traceable to the "common cold."

At the first sign of a cold go right to your druggist and get a package of Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets. Begin taking the tablets immediately, two every four hours until relieved. Prompt recourse to Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine will often stop a cold in 24 hours.

Ask your druggist firmly for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets and accept no substitute. The few pennies' cost may save you a lot in worry, suspense and expense.

Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

Socko Panics a Party as He and a Fire Are Both Put Out

Words and Picture by

BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

SPECIAL DELIVERY

Miss Ginger Ryan,
Highland Avenue,
Hollywood,
Califilmia.

Dear Ginger,

In my last letter I told you I was going to a swell pent house party on Park Avenue thrown by Fifi the french widow, so please don't start beefing. Gosh, Ginger, this is the first chanced Ive had to mingle with the 400.

Listen, Sweetie, when it comes to putting on the dood clothes, my Emilys Post has been sadly neglected. There's nobody around my neighborhood I can ask about trick clothes. These eggs never went to a snooty party in their lives. The biggest thing they ever attended is the annual ball thrown by the Hod Carriers League, or something like that. My pal Tim Donnovan says the only time a tux or claw-hammer should be worn is when youre either going to aisle it or else be stretched.

So please Ginger tip me off as I know youre hep to all that society stuff being that youre in the movies. You better WIRE me the dope as soon as you get this letter because the party comes off next Saturday and Temus Figgits.

Onced I crash the pent house, I'll write you all the news.

With loads of love. Your ever loving pal,
Socko.

WESTERN UNION

SOCKO OBRIEN
BROOKLYN SPORTS AND CARNAGE CLUB
BROOKLYN NY
AM I LAUGHING STOP WHERE DO YOU GET OFF TO ATTEND PARK AVENUE PARTY STOP WEAR FULL DRESS STOP STIFF SHIRT WHITE TIE PUMPS BOUTENEER AND TOP COAT STOP GOOD LUCK GINGER

POSTAL TELEGRAPH

MISS GINGER RYAN
HIGHLAND AVENUE
HOLLYWOOD CAL
WHAT DO YOU MEAN PUMPS AND BOOTS IN THE EAR STOP QUIT CLOWNING SOCKO

WESTERN UNION

SOCKO OBRIEN
BROOKLYN SPORTS AND CARNAGE CLUB
BROOKLYN NY
SHOES DUMBELL PATENT LEATHER SLIPPERS STOP FLOWER WHAT YOU SMELL FOR BUTTON HOLE GINGER

POSTAL TELEGRAPH

MISS GINGER RYAN
HIGHLAND AVENUE
HOLLYWOOD CAL
DONT SMELL NOTHING STOP WHAT ABOUT SPORT DOGS HAVE NO PATENT LEATHER SHOES OR TOP COAT STOP WHAT ABOUT RAIN COAT STOP CAN I WEAR BROWN DERBY SOCKO

WESTERN UNION

SOCKO OBRIEN
BROOKLYN SPORTS AND CARNAGE CLUB
BROOKLYN NY
YOURE IMPOSSIBLE STOP SPORT DOGS RAIN COAT AND BROWN DERBY POSITIVELY OUT STOP WEAR SILK HAT GINGER

POSTAL TELEGRAPH

MISS GINGER RYAN
HIGHLAND AVENUE
HOLLYWOOD CAL
SILK HAT MY EYE STOP WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM A PANSY SOCKO

WESTERN UNION

SOCKO OBRIEN
BROOKLYN SPORTS AND CARNAGE CLUB
BROOKLYN NY
NUTS TO YOU STOP USE YOUR OWN JUDGEMENT GINGER

Brooklyn Sports & Carnage C.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Ginger:

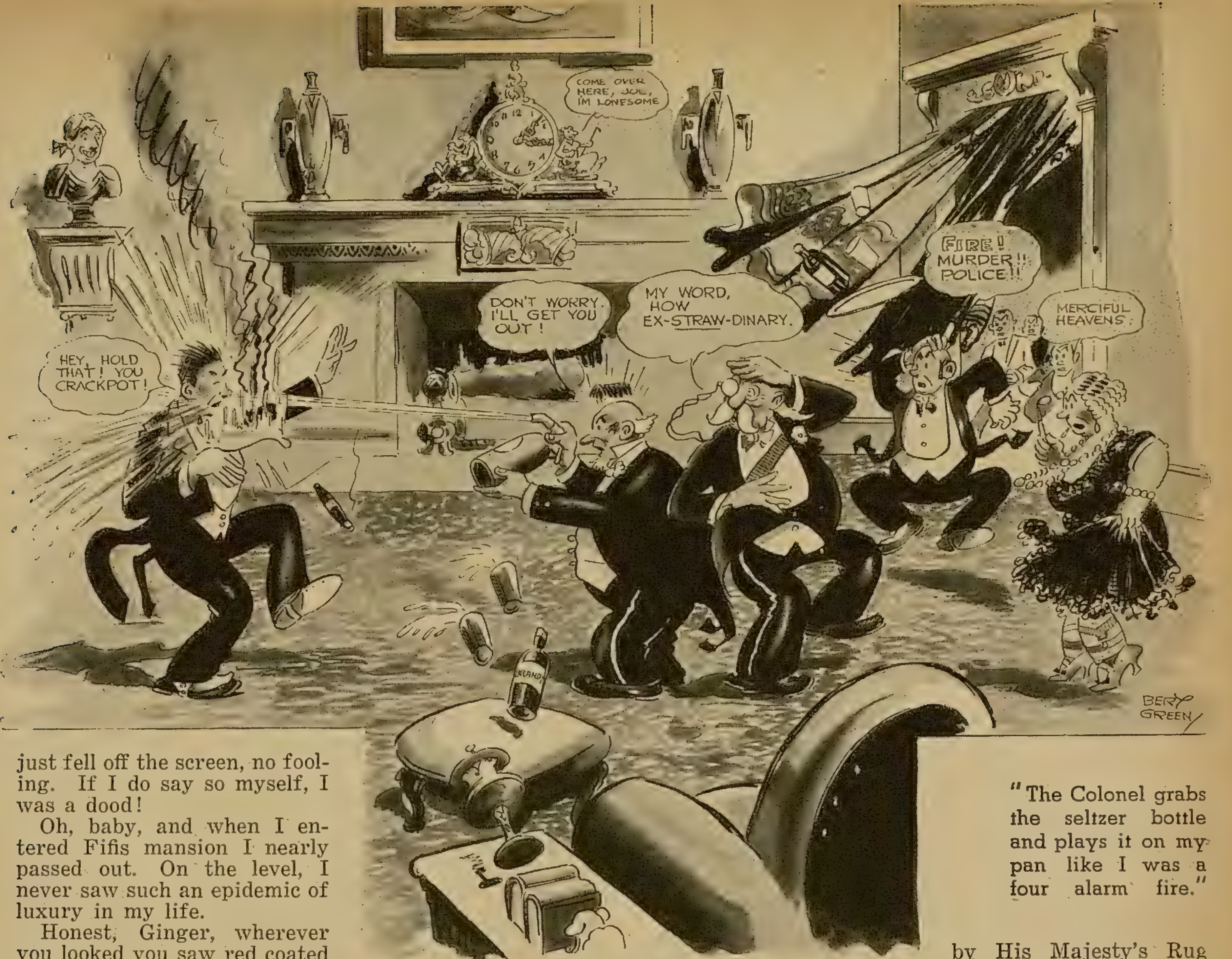
Listen, kid, if you dont think I had my troubles getting ready for that Ritzy party, youre coo-coo! Heres what all happened:—

In the first place, I couldnt find a tux to fit me so I borreyed a Thurston from Tim Doyle who is head waitor in the Stumble Inn. Tim didnt have a dress shirt to spare so he loaned me one of those new fangled affairs called a "dickie." It aint really a shirt, Ginger, it just looks like one. The collar and tie is screwed to the *celluloid* shirt front. You just clip the thing behind your Adams apple and thats all they is to it. Tim says he never has to send it to the laundry. When it gets black he just turns the hose on it and thats that!

When it came time to buy the patent leather pumps, I lost my nerve. Instead, I bought a pair of black army shoes for a buck-twenty, they were the knobs.

I rented a two gallon opry hat for 50¢ that musta belonged to Houdini. The topper had a main spring in it and when you wasnt looking, the darned thing would fly open like a folding bed.

Well, Toots, when I finally got dressed, I looked like I


COME OVER HERE, JOE, I'M LONESOME
HEY, HOLD THAT! YOU CRACKPOT!
DON'T WORRY. I'LL GET YOU OUT!
MY WORD, HOW EX-STRAW-DINARY.
FIRE! MURDER!! POLICE!!
MERCIFUL HEAVENS
BRANDY
BERT GREEN

"The Colonel grabs the seltzer bottle and plays it on my pan like I was a four alarm fire."

just fell off the screen, no fooling. If I do say so myself, I was a dood!

Oh, baby, and when I entered Fifis mansion I nearly passed out. On the level, I never saw such an epidemic of luxury in my life.

Honest, Ginger, wherever you looked you saw red coated butlers in plus fours and riding boots servicing the customers. They were handing out trick drinks called Newport Nifties, Self Starters and Camels Breaths.

As for *me*, I felt about as popular with that mob as I would be sleeping with King George,—nobody seemed to pay no attention to me.

At last, Fifi came over and gave me a knock-down to a bunch of swells. First I met Benjamin Throckmorton Bungstarter of Southampton, Cannes and points West on the B & O. Then there was a Major Alms—who had a slight touch of St. Vitus Astairs in one of his lamps. Every now and then he would wink at me like he was kidding. Also I met a Miss Virginia Downdraft,—an ex-stayout of about 55.

Then came Lord Leftover,—a pal of Fifis. He was the nosy old bird that asked me so many questions the night I got lumped up by the sailor. I told him I was in the *sock* business and he's been following me around ever since.

Gosh, Ginger, I dont know what was in those potent cocktails, but they sure sneaked up on me. All the Social Registers seemed to go haywire all at onced and the joint was a riot. Honest, Ginger, I wished I had a sense of humor so I could tell you about it.

To top the fun, *I* ruined a perfectly swell evening by pulling a scull move which Ive been sorry for ever since. Heres what happened:—

Lord Leftover, Colonel Gangreen and me were sitting in the bacca-rat room trying to kill a headache with a quart of brandy. Well, everything was peaceful until Lord Leftover pulled out a big cigar and began blowing it up.

"My word, that's a fine smelling cigar," cuts in Colonel Gangreen.

"It should be," I says,—kidding like—"they're made by His Majesty's Rug and Carpet Works."

"That's a hot one," roars the Colonel.

"Have one?" asks Lord Leftover, handing me a cigar with the goofiest of grins.

"Sure!" I says. So, I takes the perfecto and sticks it in my trap. Just as I'm reaching for a match, Lord Leftover pulls out his fancy cigar lighter and makes a pass to touch off my rope.

I dont know whether he did it on purpose or not, Toots, but the flame hits my celluloid dickie and in the flashed of an instant, *me*, the *dickie* and my borreyed *claw-hammer* is a burst of flames.

Holy mackerel whata panic! Butlers, waitors and high hats were running hither and yon yelling: Fire! Murder! Police!

To make matters worse, the Colonel grabs the seltzer bottle and plays it on my pan like I was a four alarm fire. Without thinking, I lands a stiff right to Lord Leftovers button and left cross to the Colonels ear and they both fold for the count. What happened after that is a mystery.

When I came to I was streeted. Not only that, but I had two black lamps and my claw-hammer was burned in half.

So now Ginger, what am I going to do to square myself with Fifi? Please let me know.

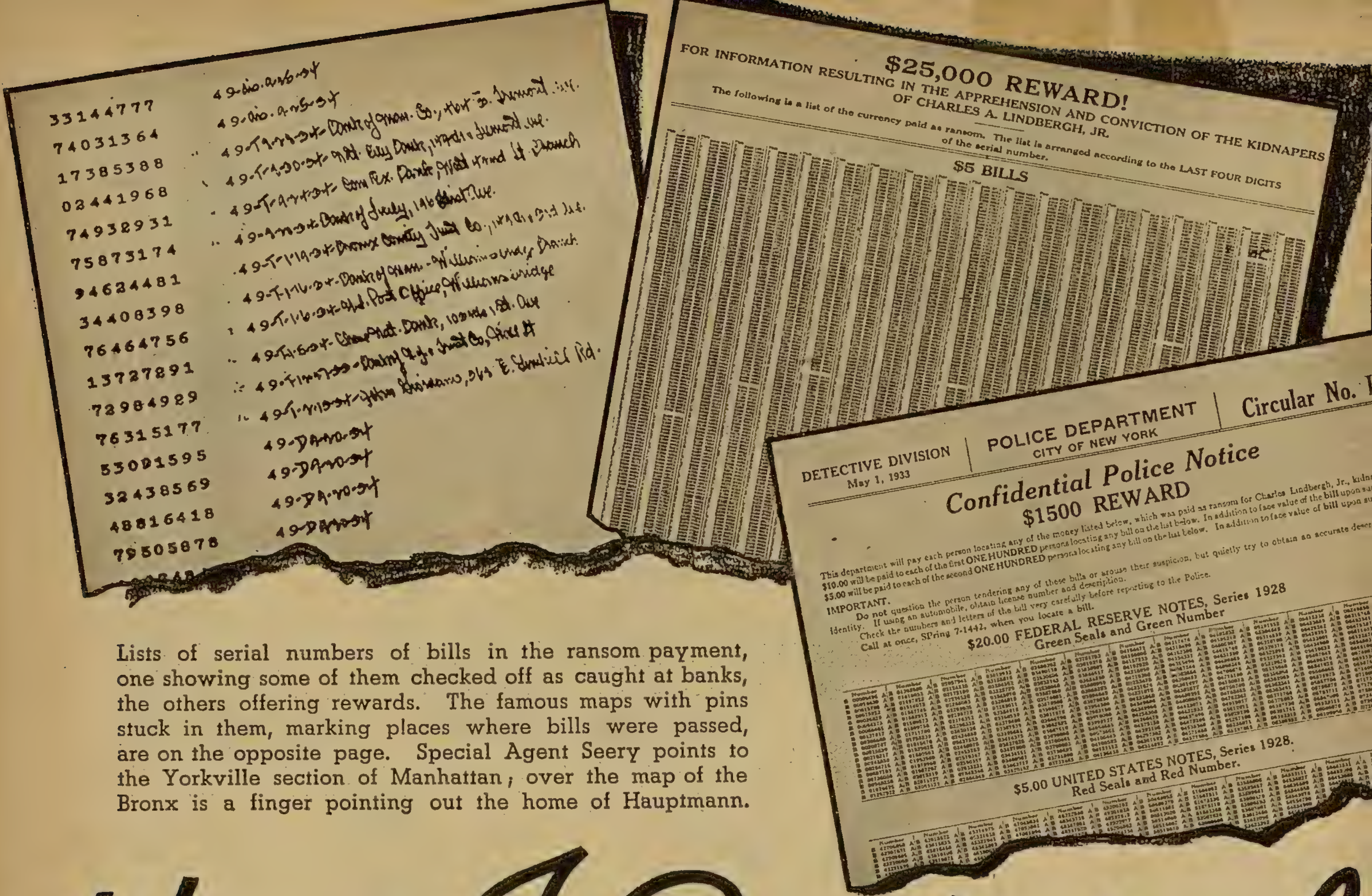
Your ever loving pal,

Socko.

WESTERN UNION

SOCKO OBRIEN
BROOKLYN SPORTS AND CARNAGE CLUB
BROOKLYN NY
ONCE A SAP ALWAYS A SAP GINGER

More of the very personal correspondence of Socko and Ginger will be published soon.



33144777
74031364
17385388
02441968
74932931
75873174
94624481
34408398
76464756
13727891
72984929
76315177
53001595
32438569
48816418
79505878

$25,000 REWARD!
FOR INFORMATION RESULTING IN THE APPREHENSION AND CONVICTION OF THE KIDNAPERS
OF CHARLES A. LINDBERGH, JR.

The following is a list of the currency paid as ransom. The list is arranged according to the LAST FOUR DIGITS of the serial number.

$5 BILLS

DETECTIVE DIVISION
May 1, 1933

POLICE DEPARTMENT
CITY OF NEW YORK

Circular No.

Confidential Police Notice
$1500 REWARD

This department will pay each person locating any of the money listed below, which was paid as ransom for Charles Lindbergh, Jr., kidna
$10.00 will be paid to each of the first ONE HUNDRED persons locating any bill on the list below. In addition to face value of the bill upon su
$5.00 will be paid to each of the second ONE HUNDRED persons locating any bill on the list below. In addition to face value of bill upon su

IMPORTANT.
Do not question the person tendering any of these bills or arouse their suspicion, but quietly try to obtain an accurate descr
identity. If using an automobile, obtain license number and description.
Check the numbers and letters of the bill very carefully before reporting to the Police.
Call at once, SPring 7-1442, when you locate a bill.

$20.00 FEDERAL RESERVE NOTES, Series 1928
Green Seals and Green Number

$5.00 UNITED STATES NOTES, Series 1928.
Red Seals and Red Number.

Lists of serial numbers of bills in the ransom payment, one showing some of them checked off as caught at banks, the others offering rewards. The famous maps with pins stuck in them, marking places where bills were passed, are on the opposite page. Special Agent Seery points to the Yorkville section of Manhattan; over the map of the Bronx is a finger pointing out the home of Hauptmann.

How I Captured

Step by Step, Clue by Clue . . . The Complete and Authentic Inside Story, Never Told Before, of the Greatest Man-Hunt of Modern Times

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

FOR a time, early in the hunt, more than one supposed clue seemed to point to Jafsie Condon. A private detective and self-styled secret service agent went to the public library to look up the symbol on the ransom notes. In a book he found a symbol somewhat like it, and he got hold of a library slip for this same book, a slip dated a week before the kidnaping and signed—it was sensationally asserted—with Jafsie's name. The signature soon proved to be that of John Condax, a Philadelphia lecturer on art who had nothing whatever to do with the case. The Faulkner deposit slip, as a clue, turned out to be equally worthless, and good reasons for Jafsie's entrance into the ransom negotiations and his subsequent maneuvering appeared. Lieutenant Finn himself had not once suspected the old Bronx schoolmaster. In last week's installment he included Dr. Condon's verbal reproduction, never before made public, of his parleys in the two Bronx cemeteries with "John," to whom he tossed the ransom money.

Colonel Lindbergh was not at all disposed to haggle with the kidnaper; on the contrary, he was prepared to pay even more than the $70,000 he and Jafsie took with them. Cutting the amount down to $50,000 was Jafsie's own thrifty idea.

Publication of the news that the baby's body had been found may, Lieutenant Finn feels, have kept "John" from betraying himself long before Hauptmann did so. At any rate, it took off precautionary restraints and freed the investigators to follow the "money trail"—trace the ransom bills as they should appear.

PART THREE—THE MONEY TRAIL

THE Lindbergh slayer could have covered his tracks and got away with at least $30,000 of the ransom money if he had acted swiftly and boldly when the President called in the gold in 1933. Instead he did the conservative thing and fed out his bills one by one—and got caught.

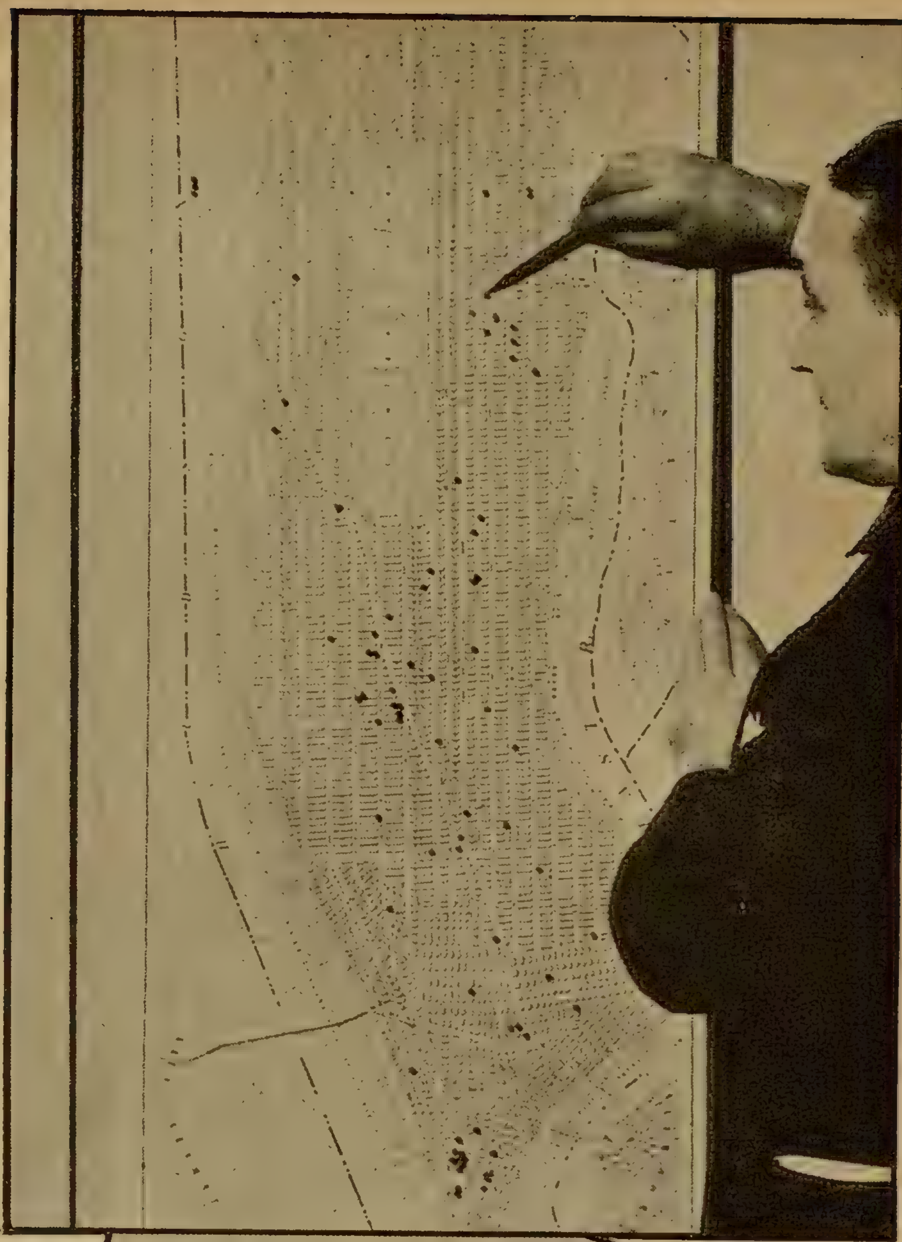
Let us look at the situation as it existed in the late spring of that year.

The man who got the $50,000 from Jafsie had gone into the silences. And as the months went by, and all efforts to get in touch with him again produced no results, it became increasingly evident that he intended to stay there. But we old-timers at headquarters knew that if the criminal himself wouldn't talk, his money might.

Money is said to talk; and dishonest money, when its identifying numbers are registered in a little black book, is the noisiest thing a man can have on his person. Maxim never invented a silencer that would hush a ten-dollar bill—when its number is up.

You have already seen in the Faulkner matter how

RIVER
LONG ISLAND



Acme photos

HAUPTMANN

by LIEUTENANT JAMES J. FINN

of the New York Police Department

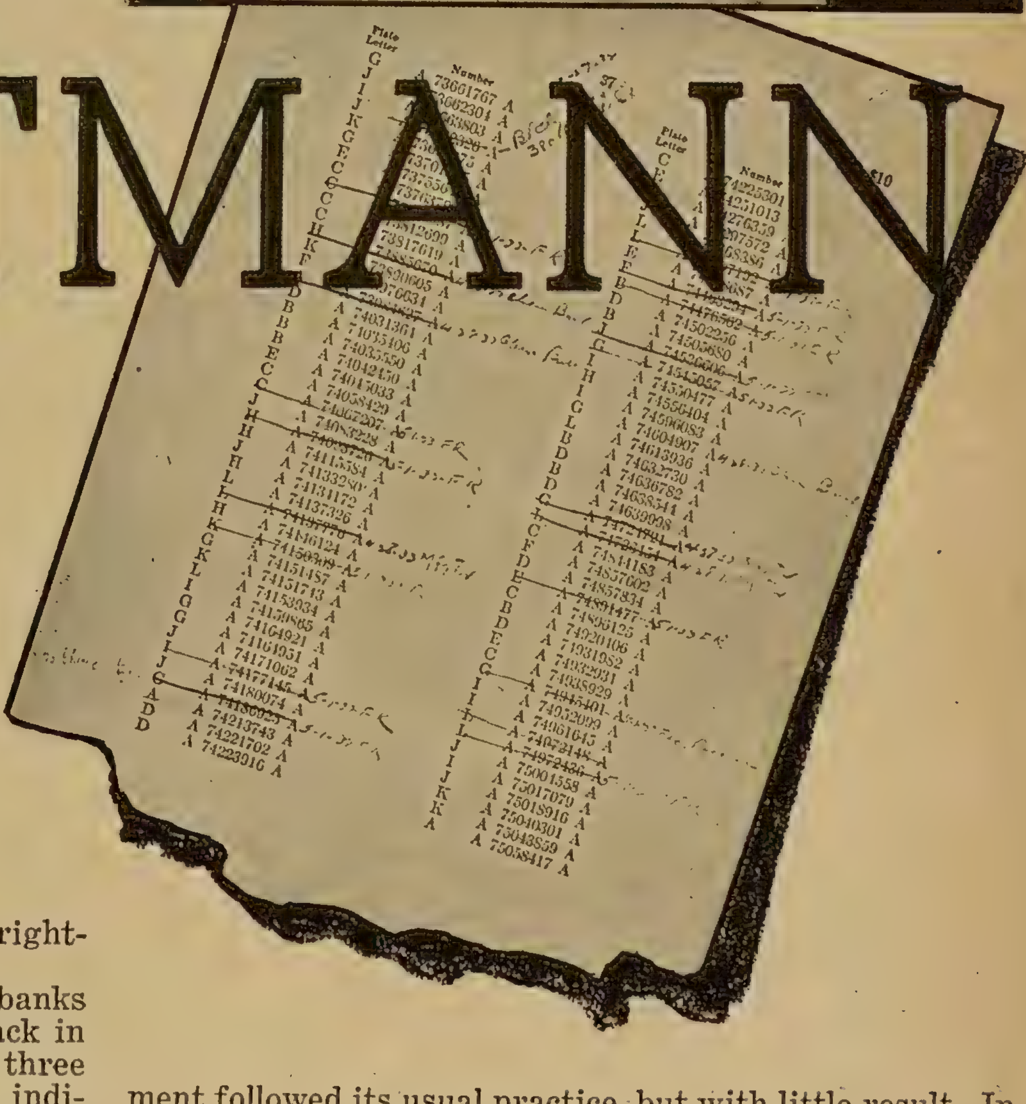


Plate Letter
Number
73661767 A
73662304 A
73663803 A
73812699 A
73817619 A
73890605 A
74031361 A
74035406 A
74035550 A
74042450 A
74045033 A
74058429 A
74067207 A
74083228 A
74115584 A
74133280 A
74134172 A
74137326 A
74146124 A
74150309 A
74151457 A
74151743 A
74153934 A
74159865 A
74164921 A
74164951 A
74171062 A
74177145 A
74180074 A
74213743 A
74221702 A
74223916 A

Plate Letter
Number
74225301 A
74231013 A
74276359 A
74297572 A
74468294 A
74476562 A
74502256 A
74505680 A
74526606 A
74545057 A
74550477 A
74556404 A
74596083 A
74604907 A
74613936 A
74632730 A
74636782 A
74638541 A
74639998 A
74841183 A
74857602 A
74857834 A
74891477 A
74896125 A
74920106 A
74931952 A
74932931 A
74938929 A
74945401 A
74952099 A
74961645 A
74973148 A
74972436 A
75001558 A
75017079 A
75018916 A
75040301 A
75043859 A
75058417 A

closely we police dogs are trained to follow a money trail. But unless you are familiar with the machinery which must be set up to make such trailing possible, you have no idea of its extent or of its intricacy.

The rapidity with which money turns over in a community of earners and spenders is almost frightening.

Substantially every dollar that the New York banks pay out in pay rolls on Friday and Saturday is back in the banks on Tuesday. A complete turnover every three days—a complete trip of every bill from bank to individual to tradesman to bank—perhaps to many individuals and many tradesmen as change is made and additional transactions entered into and completed.

With due consideration for this situation, the Treasury Department of the United States furnishes banks with printed lists of counterfeit and other suspicious money for which they should be on the watch. These lists hang in the tellers' cages. You may have seen your man glance up at them after receiving a deposit. In the case of the Lindbergh ransom money the Treasury Department followed its usual practice, but with little result. In the sixty days following the issuance of the Treasury list only six of the 4,750 ransom notes had been reported by the banks.

This slow progress might have meant simply that the extortioner was lying low and not spending his new wealth. On the other hand, the fact that three of the six notes were in deposits from restaurants indicated that their possessor was using them to defray living expenses and was in all probability passing a good many more that weren't being caught. However, the situation remained substantially unchanged until the spring of 1933.

April of that year was the period in which he should have been getting rid of his guilty roll in wads of $100 each at every bank in the Greater City.

He might thus have managed to get rid of a good portion of his contraband money in exchange for ordinary unidentifiable currency and thus made his capture by the money-tracing method practically impossible.

Acme photo

Mrs. Hauptmann. Lieut. Finn believes that she knew nothing about the crime.

This is the way it would have worked. Upward of $30,000 of the $50,000 was in these gold certificates required by law to be turned in to some bank and exchanged for regular currency by May 1. Anybody could turn in certificates to any bank, and, unless the amount was in excess of $100, no signatures were required and no questions asked. The reason the Faulkner transaction, which occurred on May 1, required a signature was because it was in excess of the specified amount.

Now, there are several hundred banks in New York City. The business in all of these banks, just prior to the final day for turning in gold notes, was terrific. Tellers had no time to be consulting fifty-seven-page books for possible ransom notes, and as a matter of fact did not consult them. It was an open season for counterfeiters and all kinds of crooks. The banks simply took the money that was shoved over the counter and gave out ordinary—and therefore unidentifiable—money in exchange. Unless the amount was over $100, the harassed man behind the brass wickets didn't even look up, but attended to the next customer.

That was the extortioner's opportunity. With his trusty automobile he could have made the rounds of a couple of hundred banks during the last three or four days of this rush and, with almost no risk at all, dumped $30,000 of his loudest money.

I made a personal investigation in order to be sure that the banking institutions were co-operating to the best of their ability, and found that whereas most New York banks had from two to ten tellers on duty at the same time, the Treasury Department had furnished only one list of ransom notes to each bank. This mistake was immediately corrected. Every teller had a list. But the results continued to be disappointing.

FROM the State Banking Department I secured a list of all persons who had rented safe-deposit boxes during the first three weeks after the passing of the ransom money—and such information concerning the identity of those persons as the files might disclose. These names and addresses were carefully examined. But we were balked again. The man who had received the money and was now spending it would seem to have it still in his possession, inasmuch as he had neither deposited it in a bank nor laid it away in a safe-deposit box; a deduction which was later shown to be correct.

Of course we had not forgotten the Federal Reserve Bank through which all the money from member banks ultimately passes on its way to retirement in Washington. At the very start Secretary of the Treasury Woodin lost no time in issuing the instructions I requested, and the officials of the bank took on the big job in the best of spirit.

Perhaps I had better let Mr. McCahill, head of administration of the New York branch of the Federal Reserve Bank, tell just what happened:

> On April 5, 1932, shortly after the Lindbergh ransom money was paid, Lieutenant James J. Finn, of the New York Police Department, called [in the company of Lieutenant Keaten of the New Jersey State Police and Frank Wilson of the Treasury Department] at the bank to ask for my co-operation in locating the money that was paid to the kidnaper of the Lindbergh baby at St. Raymond's Cemetery. He showed me a list of the numbers of the bills that were paid in the $5, $10, and $20 denominations.
>
> I explained to him that this was a tremendous job. . . . I told him, however, that we would co-operate with him fully and I conferred with one of our officers and Mr. James J. Logue, one of the supervisors of the Money Division.
>
> Mr. Logue was asked to suggest some practical method of checking the serial numbers on the ransom notes, in view of the fact that an average day's receipts in the denominations mentioned above are in the neighborhood of $5,000,000, representing over 700,000 pieces a day.
>
> On April 7, 1932, the first book of serial numbers issued by the Treasury Department was received and it consisted of fifty-seven pages, with two columns of numbers on each page. It can be readily seen that the checking of this array of numbers would take a long time.

HERE, of course, was the great reason why the banks hadn't been able to locate the bills. A busy teller, no matter how much he might sympathize with the Colonel and his wife, couldn't stop during rush hours, with a line of depositors reaching to the door, and glance through a book of fifty-seven pages. The procedure which was O. K. for lists of a dozen or twenty counterfeit notes was no good for nearly five thousand notes.

As a result the fifty-seven-page book was going under the counter and into the back of drawers and the tellers were going about their regular work without thought of the Lindbergh money or the Lindbergh baby. Something had to be done. But let Mr. McCahill tell it:

> Later on in the month of April another list of serial numbers was issued by the New Jersey State Police, and this was arranged differently from any list so far received. This list had 4,750 numbers printed on one sheet of paper and measured 17 x 28 inches. I sent for Lieutenant Finn, in company with Mr. Logue. We again conferred as to a further method of locating these ransom notes, and the outcome was that a new list of numbers was made up by Mr. Logue, as I felt, from his experience, that he knew the best way to secure the ransom notes.
>
> The result was that 40 per cent of the $20 gold certificates and 25 per cent of the $10 denominations were eliminated from the search by the use of a new list made up by Mr. Logue, which consisted of an arrangement of the last three figures of the ransom serial numbers. A copy of this arrangement was given to Lieutenant Finn, who had 15,000 circulars struck off by the New York Police Department and distributed to all banks, brokerage and business houses.
>
> Although Lieutenant Finn called daily at the bank, it was not until after the bank holiday in March, 1933, that the ransom notes began to pour in in deposits from outside

banks. The persistent work of Lieutenant Finn was beginning to show results. During the months of April and May, 1933, 403 ransom gold certificates of the $10 denomination and one $20 gold certificate were found by the counters of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York.

As an added inducement to the tellers, Colonel Lindbergh accepted the suggestion of Special Agent Frank J. Wilson and myself that he offer a reward of two dollars for each ransom note. Other rewards were later offered by the Police Department of the City of New York to help check the very natural dips in the interest of the bank employees as weeks and months went by with no apparent results from their work.

After the May 1 rush the President's calling in of the gold undoubtedly worked to the disadvantage of the extortioner, because after that date every gold certificate which appeared was open to suspicion.

THEY were also becoming increasingly rare and easier to trace. Moreover, the new system of listing the numbers began gradually to show results. The heads of the banks welcomed the saving in time and labor and co-operated to the limit. Here is a sample of the confidential instructions issued to their employees:

Inter-Office Correspondence
CENTRAL HANOVER BANK AND TRUST COMPANY
Main Office—New York, N. Y.
Private and Confidential

July 28, 1933.

Herewith you will find a list of the numbers of the currency paid as ransom for the return of Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr.

This list bears the same numbers as the previous list which you have, but has been rearranged serially, according to the last four digits, in order to make for easy reference. For your information, several of these bills have been appearing in Manhattan.

You will notice that there is a reward offered, but we feel sure that your own inclinations will lead you to lend your best efforts to the apprehension of the culprits.

In the event that any of these bills should appear in your office, phone:

Inspector John Lyons, Canal 6-2000,
or
Lieutenant Finn, Canal 6-2051,

and merely mention that you have a bill, which will be understood. At the same time, notify the office of the undersigned.

If you do find a bill bearing any of these numbers, it is perhaps needless to say that the fact is to be kept secret for obvious reasons.

(*Signed*) F. A. BUCK,
Assistant Vice-President.

Canal 6-2051! They say that there is a G-man number down in Washington, National 7117, which is known as the "kidnap number," and that they're going to make a movie with that number as the title. Well, for two and a half years Canal 6-2051 was the Lindbergh kidnap number—and the busier it got the better we liked it.

The procedure following one of these calls, if it came from a bank, was simple. Jimmy Finn put his hat on his head and started uptown or downtown or to Brooklyn or to Cherry Valley or what have you. One came in from the Hong Kong branch of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China, and that's about the only one that the writer didn't personally attempt to trace to its source.

AT first the federal people were in on the hunt, and one of their men usually accompanied me on our investigations; but they dropped out after a while and didn't come in again until August, 1933. Along toward the end, when the trail began to get hot, the New Jersey State Police were also represented, usually by Corporal Horn. Between times I went alone.

The manager of the bank would be interviewed, the bill examined and taken over for safekeeping, the teller or counter who discovered it carefully questioned, and, if possible, the name and address of the depositor obtained. The depositor was usually a tradesman in the neighborhood, a grocer or butcher or filling-station man. Sometimes he was the manager of a burlesque house, for the kidnaper seemed to have quite a fondness for the ooh-la-la. But whoever or whatever the depositor was, I made him an immediate visit. But not until December 5, 1932, over seven months after the paying of the ransom, did we get anything like a description of the passer of the Lindbergh blood money. Here is my official report on that case:

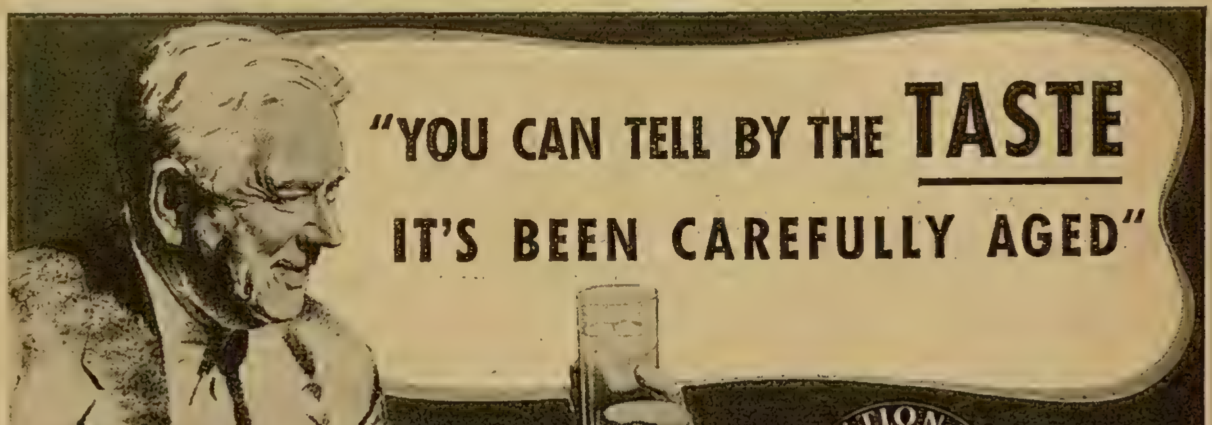
POLICE DEPARTMENT
City of New York

December 6, 1932.

From: Act. Lieutenant James J. Finn
To: Inspector John A. Lyons.

SUBJECT: $5 UNITED STATES NOTE B50669762A IN LINDBERGH RANSOM MONEY

1. At 10.30 A. M., December 5, 1932, Mr. J. A. Jenkins, Receiving Teller of the Central Hanover Bank, 70 Broadway, reported that he received the above-mentioned bill in a $224 deposit consisting of $200 in U. S. Currency and a check for $24 from the Edwards Sport Shop of 111 Nassau Street.
2. Upon investigation at the Edwards Shop, 111 Nassau Street [in conjunction with Keaten and Wilson], I found that a salesman, one Charles Browne of 1601 University Avenue, Bronx, employed by this shop, obtained this bill from an unknown man, apparently a foreigner (German accent), about six feet tall, light complexion. Mr. Browne believes the bill was obtained from this unknown man, as he made a purchase and gave him a $5 bill. Of course, at the time he did not know whether or not this was one of the ransom bills,



"YOU CAN TELL BY THE TASTE
IT'S BEEN CAREFULLY AGED"
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Compare!

Yes sir! 15 MONTHS IN THE WOOD MAKES IT THE SMOOTHEST WHISKEY AT THE PRICE!

On taste alone, this fine Bourbon will win your friendship. When you consider also its amazingly low price, when you compare its age, you will agree that Windsor is one of the greatest straight whiskey values in America!

WINDSOR STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

PENN-MARYLAND CORP., *A Division of* National Distillers, *Executive Offices:* N.Y.C.

but feels that this unknown man had it. The unknown man took a large wallet from his coat pocket and placed the change therein which he received from the salesman.

3. Mr. Browne was not informed that this was part of the Lindbergh money, but that from this bill there was a number of counterfeit bills made and I was making a check. Mr. Browne agreed that should this person come into the store again, he would endeavor to detain him and notify this department, so that we may question him as to how he obtained this bill. The $5 bill in question will be turned over to Mr. McQuillan of the U. S. Treasury Department for investigation.

(*Signed*) JAMES J. FINN,
Acting Lieutenant.

Weeks passed, and months. We kept stubbornly at our task. But not until March 3, 1933, did we get another vicarious glimpse of our man:

POLICE DEPARTMENT
City of New York

March 4, 1933.

From: Acting Lieutenant James J. Finn, M. O. D.
To: Inspector John A. Lyons.

SUBJECT: LINDBERGH RANSOM BILL $10 CERTIFICATE A13447722A

1. At 11 A. M., March 3, 1933, I was notified by Mr. George Widemeyer, Vice-President of Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, that Assistant Teller William Allen of the Main Branch of the Guaranty Trust Company, found in a $50 deposit of United Cigar Store No. 492, 504 Third Avenue, New York City, the above bill.
2. Investigation made at United Cigar Store 492 revealed that Mr. Philip Alsofrom, 181 Clinton Street, New York City, Manager of said store, received this bill on March 1, 1933, between 12 and 1 P. M. Mr. Alsofrom stated that to the best of his knowledge he received it from an unknown man apparently about six feet tall, forty years of age, light complected, long thin face, who wore a soft hat and dark clothing. Further, that he would like to reflect further on the identity, and requested me to call around at three or four o'clock today, so that, should he recall further information on the description of this man, he will advise me.
3. The bill was turned over to Hugh McQuillan, U. S. Treasury Department, for disposition.

(*Signed*) JAMES J. FINN,
Acting Lieutenant.

THESE descriptions were not much in themselves, but taken together they did tend to support the Condon and Perrone account; and to strengthen our belief that the man who took the Lindbergh money was playing a lone game, and that he, and only he, was spending it; and that when we got the passer of the notes we'd get the murderer of the Lindbergh baby.

There was another flurry of interest when we traced one ten-dollar gold certificate to a poultry-and-meat dealer at 2152 Broadway, whose cashier remembered that she had received it from an unknown woman, apparently about thirty-five years old, of medium height and complexion, *who spoke with a German accent.*

Could this have been Mrs. Hauptmann?

Possibly but not probably. No. 2152 Broadway is on the West Side of Manhattan, not far from the Hudson River, in the West Seventies. The Hauptmanns lived up on the east side of the Bronx, on East 222d Street. The cool and calculating Hauptmann was careful to scatter his own appearances with the ransom money over a considerable territory; but even he would hardly have sent his wife, on her one appearance with the wanted bills, from the Westchester line to the Hudson River just to cash one ten-dollar note or to buy the family a mess of chicken livers. Anyhow, the woman never showed up again at Adams's meat market or anywhere else. In fact, there was nothing in our long search for the ransom money to connect Anna Hauptmann in any way with the Lindbergh crime.

Personally, I don't believe that she knew anything about it. I have told you of her remark right after the arrest: "Richard, why don't you tell them what they want to know?" This sentence alone would not prove my contention, but, taken with other things he and she said and her demeanor that first day and after, it is certainly significant.

When Hauptmann told her to keep her mouth shut—"*Maul halten!*" was what he said—she did so; but she continued to hang around, her German housewife's pride in the neatness of her establishment doubtless outraged by the thorough ransacking our boys were giving the premises.

"What are they arresting you for?" she asked.

"*Spielen,*" he replied.

Spielen is apparently a German expression for gambling. Anyhow, Mrs. Hauptmann seemed to accept the explanation and went meekly out. The incident was significant of her husband's obvious anxiety that she should not know why he was under arrest. And her reply, when we finally told her that we had picked him up for the murder of the Lindbergh baby, was the most significant thing of all.

"Why," she said simply, "he has a child of his own."

I HAVE observed Mrs. Hauptmann for many hours and under many conditions, and my conclusion is that she is too simple a person to act the part of an accessory to a crime. I don't believe her husband would have risked making her one—and I think he would have been right.

The bill that was passed in Mr. Adams's West Side poultry shop was probably what we call a "drifter," like the one that went to China and the few that were picked up on Long Island and in upstate New York. It had passed from the kidnaper to some tradesman and back from the tradesman to a customer—with how many repetitions of this, nobody knows—until an unsuspecting woman with a German accent, of whom there are many thousands in New York City, went out to buy her evening meal.

While all this leg work had been going on the boys in the laboratories, both in New York and Washington, had been having a lot of fun with the ransom bills. You ought to see them now. Most of them came back from the labs looking like bleached rags. These laboratory tests applied to money and other papers are matters of never-ceasing wonder to me. For example, in June of 1934 we sent four five-dollar ransom bills to our own laboratory, and received this report:

Report of New York Police Department Technical Research Laboratory examination of $5 ransom bills No. B29350419, No. B48929828, No. B48107345 and No. B51662391.

1:—Five-dollar bill in United States currency—No. B29350419A contains the following:

On face of lower right-hand corner above numeral 5 is the number 14 with the numeral 4 written similar to the letter A.

On back lower right-hand corner is the letter H.

Microscopic examination of this bill shows:

A number of gold or brass dust particles;

Red metallic substance;

Red ink spots apparently from red ink used in the bill;

A fatty substance apparently oil or grease;

This bill has been photographed and you have received photographs.

2:—Five-dollar bill in United States currency No. B48929828A contains the following:

Back of bill, left side, contains the words Tuck Tab or Tag in purple stamp ink;

Microscopic examination of this bill showed the following:

Burns on the face and back of bill along the top edge of the bill;

Greenish spots which may be from color of ink used in the bill;

Darker green spots apparently from crayon or eye shadow;

Red ink spots apparently from ink used for numerals on bill;

Red metallic substance;

Several blue spots apparently from crayon or similar substance.

3:—Five-dollar bill in United States currency No. B48107345A contains the following:

Microscopic examination of this bill shows:

A pinkish substance which is apparently lipstick;
Blood;
Red and blue crayon;
Red marks apparently crayon;
Blue mark on face of bill apparently in crayon resembling numeral 3 or 5;
Gold or brass dust particles.

4:—Five-dollar bill in United States currency No. B51662391A contains the following:

Red substance apparently crayon or lipstick;
Red ink spots.

5:—All of the four bills apparently fold straight through the center lengthwise and then through the center crosswise and once again crosswise, making a double fold crosswise, resulting in a compact arrangement—apparently to fold them in such a size as to be carried in a vest pocket or a watch pocket.

THE outstanding feature of this report from a human-interest standpoint is the frequent presence of lipstick and mascara. Some of the other reports by Lieutenant McMahon of the laboratory also indicate the presence of blonde, brunette, and red hair. These flashy details do not seem to go with the staid character of the man we know as John nor with the conservative individual we later knew as Hauptmann; but, as a matter of fact, investigation showed that Hauptmann had associated with blonde, brunette, and red-haired persons in the months prior to his arrest. And his automobile, the search of which I personally supervised, contained ten hairpins of different kinds.

Perhaps, after all, he did do a little quiet strutting before the girls!

The most important item in Lieutenant McMahon's reports, however, was the frequent reference to the "fatty substance apparently oil or grease." The explanation which the newspaper boys jumped at, that this indicated the possession of a garage or at least of an automobile, was entirely unwarranted. There was, and still is, a great divergence of opinion as to what these "glycerin esters," as they were called by the scientists, did mean; but the prevailing expert opinion was that they indicated that the man was some kind of mechanic who was in the habit of sharpening his own tools, since particles of a glycerin nature, flying off a grindstone or emery wheel, might easily lodge on his clothes or person. As it turned out, Hauptmann did have a small wheel of this kind in his garage, on which he was in the habit of sharpening his tools.

Another factor, which was particularly evident in the large number of bills discovered at one time, was a strong musty odor, as if the bills had been buried in the ground or in a damp receptacle. Hauptmann, as a matter of fact, did bury the money in the ground under the floor of his garage, in a metal jar.

On August 7, 1934, the Division of Investigation of the Department of Justice at Washington submitted an exhaustive laboratory analysis of all the bills then in their possession, totaling $4,690. After taking up a great many of the notes in the same detailed way that our own experts had done, the report goes on to the always interesting subject of fingerprints:

> Three bills previously described as having portions of fingerprints appearing thereon were closely examined but no characteristic ridge detail was observed which would be sufficient to make the fingerprints of any value. . . . Attempts to further develop these faint fragmentary prints were made but with negative results.
>
> Three hundred and ten of the individual bills were chemically treated in an effort to develop latent fingerprints invisible to the naked eye.
>
> In all, five fragmentary latent prints were developed and on such prints appeared sufficient characteristic ridge detail to permit identification upon direct comparison with fingerprints or palm prints of the person who left them. There was not, however, sufficient characteristic ridge detail to permit a classification of these prints for the purpose of search.

This business of bringing into view by chemical treatment markings and writings which do not at first appear either to the naked eye or to the most powerful microscope is one of the most remarkable feats in the scientific detection of crime. The same general technique is applicable to inks as well as to fingerprints. Applied to writings which have been altered or erased, it has saved the day for many an honest litigant and served many another useful purpose.

There was, for instance, the case of a murdered man's body recovered from a river, with no possible means of identification except a piece of paper in his coat pocket which showed a few pen scratches. The ink, if there ever had been any, had apparently vanished in the water. They put the problem up to Farrar, the Treasury expert, and he promptly restored the ink. The paper then told its story: it was a receipt for money, and on it was the name of the unidentified man.

I give this rather startling example because I know there is a strong prejudice against "expert" testimony in murder trials. I don't like some of it myself. But laboratory analysis is in a different class; and judges and juries are more and more inclined to accept it in preference to direct testimony such as identification. In the Lindbergh case there wasn't too much of this kind of evidence to suit me. There wasn't enough. For, try as they would, the chemists were unable to find anything conclusive on any of the bills.

MEANWHILE the routine door-to-door investigation of each bill as it turned up seemed to be leading nowhere, and with a regularity that was fairly sickening. I was looking at some of those reports the other day. All of them end with "Source Unk"—meaning source unknown. I had begun to feel like taking to the tall timbers with a sign on my back, "Destination Unk." For we were looking bad now, and the cranks were charging forward again, each with his theory.

"Over breakfast tables and bootleg liquor," wrote one editor, looking back on this period, "the United States speculated and gossiped. Every one had his own fantastic theory." Some of these theories from irresponsible

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Yes, sir, in Kentucky where they know really *fine* whiskey and make it, Cream of Kentucky is the overwhelming favorite.

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More Winners in Game of Famous Americans

220 PRIZES $5

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(To be continued in an early issue)

INGROWN NAIL

Quick, Sure Relief

A few drops of Dr. Scholl's Onixol in the crevice stops pain of ingrown toe nail. Aids in healing soreness and irritation and in preventing infection. Get this sure relief today. At all drug, shoe and department stores. 50¢ bottle.

Dr Scholl's ONIXOL

people were so fiendish, so grossly disregardful of the feelings of the baby's parents and relatives, as to put the utterers almost on a par with the original criminal.

Our friends the newspapers were riding us, too. For a long time they had been thoroughly co-operative. When we found that references to the appearance of ransom bills frightened the extortioner into long periods of inactivity, we asked them to cut out all such references, and they immediately pledged themselves to that policy. So did all the broadcasting companies. Even to the end, this pledge was never violated except by one newspaperman who is also a radio star. But there is no denying that even the more conservative papers were now warning us to get busy—or else.

Whenever a particularly baffling clue of this kind arises, the police are always blamed, even when, as sometimes happens and did in this case, their hands are tied for eight or ten weeks at the start—the vital weeks in the detection of crime. In reality, as Mr. Mencken has pointed out, crime detection is far ahead of crime prosecution in this country. But we won't go into the whys and wherefores of our being in bad. We were in.

I felt the atmosphere even among the boys of the force. Every time I came into the office in old Greenwich Street, somebody would bitingly suggest that they supposed I had a new clue in the Lindbergh case. On the few occasions when I could truthfully say "Yes," the gang would say "Yeah?"

When I finally walked into old Greenwich Street with Bruno Richard Hauptmann firmly handcuffed to one of my men, I had the laugh on those cops—but for me it was a long time between laughs.

YOU couldn't blame the boys. I'd have felt the same way if somebody else had been handling the case. They call me Hauptmann's Nemesis now. There's nothing to that. There was many a time I wished I was out of the Lindbergh case and on something "interesting." But my job was Lindbergh, and I continued to do it.

I was helped by the knowledge that the long search *was* accomplishing something. It was giving us a pattern into which the murderer, sooner or later, must fit.

Maybe I haven't told you about the map. The story has been printed often, and in many garbled forms, yet in its true version it is both important and exciting. I had a map of New York City hanging on the wall of my office—just an ordinary map showing all the five boroughs. Every time I came back from investigating one of the bills, I stuck a pin in that map to indicate the point to which I had traced it.

The first bill that came in—how I remember the thrill of it!—was discovered in the East River Savings Bank, located at Amsterdam Avenue and Eighty-sixth Street. The next one was from Seventh Avenue and Forty-first Street in the Times Square section. The third was from Wall Street and was traced to 150 Orchard Street in the lower part of the city. The fourth was from the Bowery, the fifth from Herald Square. And so it went. Either there was no geographical pattern in this case or the criminal was taking mighty good care to avoid giving one.

Little by little, however, the bills began to appear most frequently in Yorkville, the German center on the East Side of Manhattan, and in the Bronx near the Westchester line, and along the Lexington Avenue subway connecting these two points. His Bronx purchases were usually at night or in the early morning. His Yorkville ones were in the middle of the day. The deduction was clear. The man lived in the Bronx and, being a German, did some kind of business in Yorkville.

Little by little, the pins on my map were pinning down their man.

THE map told us other things besides where he spent his days and nights. It told us he was a methodical and careful man. His purchases along the line of the subway were invariably within a block of a subway station, from which he had emerged presumably for the purpose of cashing his bill and to which he could return promptly in case he needed a quick getaway. There were other evidences. The fold in the bills, to which the laboratory experts referred, was one of these. He carried his money neatly, not in a loose wad.

The sizes of the purchases he made, often ridiculously small for the size of the bill he proffered, indicated a thrifty nature, and his average cashings did not exceed thirty dollars a week. The type of purchases, household necessities and a fair allowance of gasoline for his automobile, confirmed the impression that he was a conservative sort of citizen.

In spite of the mascara and the hairpins, he was not a man who was spending his substance on women. He did buy one pair of women's shoes in the Bronx, but these might well have been for a wife or daughter. They were, as Hauptmann subsequently confirmed, for his wife.

This man was no gangster with a moll, and the presumption was that he was no professional killer. He was a family man of regular habits.

Yes, we knew a lot about this man. Our only trouble was that we couldn't lay our hands on him.

Then, on November 27 of the second year of our search, the break came!

It came when the unknown changed a ransom bill so insolently that the quick-thinking woman cashier of a movie theater took special notice of him. It was clinched when he changed another with open arrogance — and then a third betrayed him. An enthralling story! Lieutenant Finn will tell the facts of it next week.

STUPENDOUS, SAPIENT, SLY

Entertainers (with Elephants) Come to the Screen in Practically Endless Array; Perry Mason Knowingly Confronts Some New Matters of Murder, and a Tongue-in-Cheek Farce Laughs Its Way Through a Lively Criminal Episode

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
2 stars—Good
3 stars—Excellent
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1936

THE PLAYERS: Jack Oakie, Bing Crosby, George Burns, Gracie Allen, C. Henry Gordon, Ray Noble, David Holt, Sir Guy Standing, Ethel Merman, Ina Ray, Wendy Barrie, Lyda Roberti, the Nicholas Brothers, Mary Boland, Charlie Ruggles, Virginia Biddle, Henry Wadsworth, Vienna Boys' Choir, Benny Baker, Amos and Andy, Bill Robinson, and others. Directed by Norman Taurog. Story by Walter de Leon, Francis Martin, and Ralph Spence.

PARAMOUNT has loaded The Big Broadcast of 1936 with what can only be called the works. Everything that might at all be labeled entertainment is thrown into the film, and most of it turns out to be really entertaining. Whatever else it may be, this collection of radio and stage acts is certainly colossal. Any skeptics who may doubt this are reminded that the film shows, among other dazzling things, a whole chorus of dancing elephants.

The almost endless string of sketches is held together by a story that is, of necessity, loosely fashioned. Still, the plot—which has Jack Oakie trying to win a prize for the best air program of the year—serves its purpose. Which is to make room for the many performers and their specialties.

Jack Oakie, Lyda Roberti, and Henry Wadsworth in a scene from The Big Broadcast of 1936.

George Burns and Gracie Allen do their silly routine through the tale, while Lyda Roberti, C. Henry Gordon, the Nicholas Brothers, Henry Wadsworth, and Wendy Barrie give them able assistance. The story, though frequently hilarious, is not as important as the acts which are spotted throughout the picture.

The best of these turns are Bing Crosby's rendition of I Wished on the Moon, a jungle number by Ethel Merman, Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland in a comedy skit, the antics of three goofy carpenters, and—although it seemed quite out of place—a terse dramatic piece with little David Holt doing a touching bit.

Other items offered for your astonishment or amusement are presented by Bill Robinson, the dark king of tap dancers, Amos and Andy, the Vienna Boys' Choir, Ray Noble's smooth music, and Benny Baker.

You may not care for all of The Big Broadcast of '36, but I don't see how you can ignore it.

VITAL STATISTICS: Jack Oakie doesn't confine himself to his scripts for laughs. Improvises as he goes along, usually personal slightly sadistic jokes which embarrass the victims but don't burn them up. Remains unmarried and insists he always will. Says he wants to be single so's he can remain friend of man—and ladies. . . . Lyda Roberti, dotter of the Continental circus clown Roberti, is a sort of Polish Fannie Brice and has been kicked around the world considerably. In Los Angeles she debutted as a non-English-spikkink chorus girl under Rube Wolf. Her gallumphing humor made her a chorus standout, so she became a brukken-Henglish Hem Cee, and Lou Holtz caught her on the upscend and put her in You Sad It! . . . George and Gracie Allen will adopt another baby as stooge to Sandra Jean, now about a year old. They hope it's a boy. . . . Because of a passport error, Wendy Barrie has to leave these yere United States and re-enter from Vancouver, British Columbia, after a London vacation. She got a visitor's instead of a movie-contract entrance ticket. Wendy's Hong Kong born and is a bit of a mystic on the side. . . . Well, it turns out that Bing Crosby's choice in gals is the mother type. . . . Virginia Biddle, ex-Ziegfelder, relative of the Biddles of Philadelphia, has just recovered from injuries on Harry Richman's yacht, which exploded and killed Helen Walsh, another show girl. . . . Amos and Andy did their bit in New York, as did Ray Noble, picture costing comfortably over a million. . . . The mythical island of San Clemente is Catalina.

★ ★ ★ THE CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS

THE PLAYERS: Warren William, Genevieve Tobin, Patricia Ellis, Lyle Talbot, Allen Jenkins, Barton MacLane, Peggy Shannon, Porter Hall, Anita Kerry, and others. Directed by Archie Mayo. Story by Erle Stanley Gardner.

LIBERTY'S own Erle Stanley Gardner gives the films material for another excellent murder mystery. And Warners have done ample justice by it in the latest of the Perry Mason thrillers.

The Case of the Lucky Legs might be called a typical Warner Brothers picture. This means that it is fast, hard-boiled, full of good low comedy, and armored with a brass cynicism.

When this rugged blend comes off—as it certainly does in this energetic offering—it makes for entertainment that surely appeals to men and perhaps to a large proportion of the hardier women.

Romance may remain an unknown formula to Warners,

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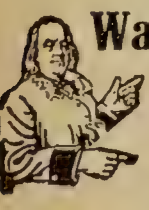

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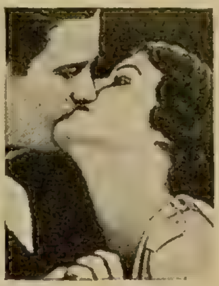

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Modern successor to old-fashioned cough syrups . . . more convenient . . . less expensive . . . lingers longer in the throat.

but I doubt if there is another lot that can turn out better pieces of this tough and ribald type.

The Case of the Lucky Legs centers on an enterprising young racketeer who goes about the larger cities running a most beautiful leg contest—the winner to receive $1,000. The hitch in the contest is that the winner never receives the prize, for by that time the promoter has vanished. This isn't the sort of thing to make a great many friends for the promoter. When he works his sly deceit on winner Patricia Ellis and is found dead a few days later, it comes as no great surprise. But it gives busy Perry Mason another case and sets the scene for a film that has, as the saying goes, never a dull moment.

While The Case of the Lucky Legs goes adroitly through the business of finding the killer, it is filled with enough bright directorial bits and comedy situations to stand on its own as straight movie fare. Allen Jenkins and Genevieve Tobin are effective as the lawyer's helpers, and Warren William, showing an unsuspected comedy flair, is a flawlessly suave Perry Mason.

VITAL STATISTICS: Erle Stanley Gardner is medium height, tanned. Formerly a small-town lawyer, he never went to law school. Just decided to practice law. Worked in attorneys' offices for nothing. Finally took California bar exam and at twenty-one started practicing rough-and-tumble criminal law in Ventura. Perry Mason was born in Gardner's office during dull times. Talked his firstie, The Case of the Velvet Claws, into his dictaphone. Finished it in two days. Sold it to the wood-pulps. Took in his shingle and decided to write to unconfine himself and so travel. Thinks Warren William is Perry Mason and now writes 'em all with Warren in mind. . . . Perfectly the lawyer, Warren William's never been inside a courtroom, yet Gardner claims he's more lawyerish than most lawyers. An inventive fellow offstage, he recently locked himself out of his own patented intruder-proof gate on his Encino estate. . . . Patricia Ellis Leftwich's lovely lucky limbs were stung by an errant bee which wandered on the set—which goes to show how unintelligent the insect world really is. . . . Bachelor-miss Genevieve Tobin commutes to Hollywood from Montecito, a fashionable suburb of Santa Barbara. Gardens and writes movie originals when not working. . . . Lyle Talbot, who used to be the playboy of Hollywood's Whitley Heights, has suddenly moved and become the recluse of Bev Hills. Hopes some day to become a scientific wheat farmer and cornhusker of Nebrasker. . . . Allen Jenkins and Jimmy Cagney were chorus boys together.

★ ★ ½ THE BISHOP MISBEHAVES

THE PLAYERS: Edmund Gwenn, Maureen O'Sullivan, Lucille Watson, Reginald Owen, Dudley Digges, Norman Foster, Lillian Bond, Melville Cooper, Robert Greig, Etienne Girardot. Directed by E. A. DuPont. Play by Frederick Jackson.

FLAVORED with a nicely photographed English background, The Bishop Misbehaves is a distinctive little farce done in a pleasant tongue-in-the-cheek manner. The film introduces Edmund Gwenn, who, in the title role, gives a delightful performance and who should have an interesting cinema future.

The bishop is a mystery-loving clergyman always hoping for adventure and never finding it until, one stormy night, he wanders into a pub. When he stumbles over three bound and gagged people and learns that they have been held up, adventures follow in abundance. Mysteries follow too, and the mild bishop, raised on detective stories, attempts to put to work many of his pet criminal theories.

Though its overlength causes the picture occasionally to lose its spoofing charm, those scenes wherein the bishop expresses amazed delight at each gory development are gems of their sort. Maureen O'Sullivan, as the amateur burglar, and Norman Foster take care of the romance, while Dudley Digges, Reginald Owen, Lucille Watson, Lillian Bond, and that meek little Etienne Girardot are all excellent in smaller parts.

The Bishop Misbehaves is an unusual film both in its treatment and frankly kidding mood. It certainly deserves a trial from those seeking something different. E. A. DuPont has directed the affair with a fine feeling for farce and chills, and though he never takes the slight thing seriously, he makes it easy to take. And that's a great deal more.

VITAL STATISTICS: Edmund Gwenn was born in London. He was twenty-seven when George Bernard Shaw caught him in a one-act play and offered him the lead in Man and Superman, about to go into production. Gwenn shot high in English public favor, where he's remained comfortably since. This is his Hollywood debut. . . . Norman Foster Hoeffer is five feet eleven, weighs 150, has dark-brown tresses, blue-green eyes. Was born in Richmond, Indiana, son of a railroader; educated at Carnegie Tech. First film was Gentlemen of the Press. Has finally been divorced from Claudette Colbert and will marry Sally Blane, Loretta Young's sister. . . . The romance of Maureen O'Sullivan continues happily with writer John Villiers Farrow, Australian, and Muggum expert on Tarzan, His Life and Habits. No wedding date's been set. Maureen yet hopes to write the great Hollywood novel but feels writing is something you learn by writing.

★ KING SOLOMON OF BROADWAY

THE PLAYERS: Edmund Lowe, Dorothy Page, Pinky Tomlin, Louise Henry, Edward Pawley, Charles Grapewin, Bradley Page, Arthur Vinton. Directed by Alan Crosland. Story by Albert Cohen and Robert Shannon.

A PALE rehash of countless other Broadway - underworld - society films, it goes through its soggy paces untainted by originality, freshness, or grace. The picture does have a few spots of engaging dialogue, but even these brief interludes are not as funny or crisp as the actors seem to think.

Edmund Lowe gives his standard slicker performance; while Pinky Tomlin, the corn-fed crooner, Louise Henry, and Dorothy Page are seen in what is called support. The story has Lowe as a dance-hall proprietor who loses his establishment in a crap game and then, with the aid of a songstress and a society bud, tries to win it back. The more patient of the paying customers will find out if he does or not.

VITAL STATISTICS: Next to love, Broadway is tops in movie titledumb. . . . Authors Cohen and Shannon have been knocking out originals for screen for two years, authoring I Sell Anything, Night at the Ritz, Times Square Lady. . . . Edmund Lowe wishes it to be known he's not remarrying. His mind's strictly on business. Has made eight pictures in last year and has three more to make on present contract, after which he'll world-tour. . . . Dorothy Page will tell you working in pictures is twice as hard as radio, which knew her first. Dorothy was born March 10, 1910, at Northampton, Pennsylvania. Starting in night clubs as a singer, she now hates them. . . . Louise Henry started dancing at ten, made her pro debut in London at fourteen doing the Charleston. Is twenty-two.

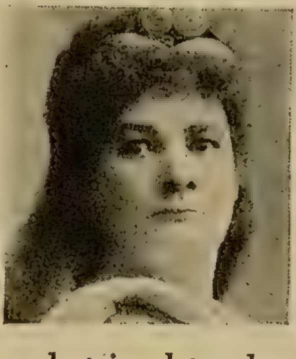
FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Broadway Melody of 1936, Alice Adams, Who Killed Cock Robin? The Informer, Black Fury, The Band Concert, Private Worlds.

★★★—The Dark Angel, La Maternelle, The Gay Deception, Here's to Romance, Annapolis Farewell, Harmony Lane, Top Hat, Every Night at Eight, The Crusades, Steamboat Round the Bend, The Return of Peter Grimm, The Irish in Us, Murder Man, She, Page Miss Glory, Anna Karenina, In Old Kentucky, Accent On Youth, Broadway Gondolier, Men Without Names, Farmer Takes a Wife, Becky Sharp, China Seas, Ginger, No More Ladies, Public Hero Number 1, Hooray for Love, Break of Hearts, The Call of the Wild, Oil for the Lamps of China, Goin' to Town, G-Men, Doubting Thomas, Les Misérables, Star of Midnight, Life Begins at Forty.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



1—The photograph shows a dramatic contralto, born in Bohemia and thrice married. Who is she?

2—Where is "Great Britain's apple orchard"?

3—What President's son was at or near the scene when three Presidents were shot?

4—In 1932 nine thousand suspected murderers were arrested in the United States. Did 13, 130, 1,300, or 4,267 go to the electric chair or gallows?

5—What is the last name of Herr Maximilian Adolph Otto Siegfried?

6—Did China have a sacred and royal fish?

7—To what unusual use do spies put aspirin?

8—Who said, "Those who know war love peace"?

9—Did a jazz band ever play at Carnegie Hall in New York?

10—What part of a potato has the most food value?

11—Which of the following were born in Sweden: Greta Garbo, El Brendel, Nils Asther, Warner Oland?

12—What percentage of the United States population received no dental, eye, or medical attention whatsoever during 1928-29?

13—Who were the Danites?

14—In Greek mythology, what female character rejuvenated the father of her lover, but later slew him?

15—Is the libra a measure of weight in Portugal or a gold coin in Peru?

16—Who wrote, "I have never known an uninteresting person . . ."?

17—Which is more intelligent—a horse or an elephant?

18—What country has been remarkably rich in poetry and poor in prose?

19—What famous poet and dramatist once held horses in front of a London theater?

20—Can a hawk become a falcon?

(Answers will be found on page 58)

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Flower OF THE GODS

by Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbot

A SON AND FATHER STRANGELY MEET, A MURDER MYSTERY CLOSES IN, AND YOUNG LOVE SMILES IN THE FACE OF DEADLY PERIL AS A STIRRING NOVEL APPROACHES A NEW, DRAMATIC CLIMAX

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

A BOLD attempt to seize the Flower of the Gods puts young Lee Breckinridge under the mystic curse of the Tibetan gods, a spell invoked by Tao, an aged priest. And when the adventurous American regains his normal senses he is in a Calcutta dive beside the naked body of a half-caste woman. Found guilty of the murder, he is sentenced to life in the Andamans, India's Devil's Island. This happens in 1893.

Twelve years later, in San Francisco's Chinatown, Lee's wife Laura, who changed her name to Carson and fled with the son he has never seen, encounters the aged priest Tao and hears of the powers of the Flower of the Gods. Eagerly she touches the proffered blossom. Tender thoughts of Lee return to her that night. In the morning her son James finds her dead.

Oddly enough, a considerable sum of money is left the boy by Tao. The youth uses it in pursuit of his great ambition to become a prominent judge.

After serving thirty years of his term Lee is pardoned. But before leaving the Andamans for America, where he will work as gardener on his son's estate—a secret arrangement made between the son, now a famous political figure, and the governor of the penal colony—Lee finds the Flower of the Gods growing in a remote spot on the island. A voice—Laura's—tells him it is his. Tenderly he puts the bulb in his pocket.

On the voyage home, the ship's doctor, McAndrews, tells Lee of a deadly plot led by Tartaristan Prince Mehmet Ali to gain possession of most of China and Siberia. Opposition from other nations has been wiped out in a series of fatal "accidents." Fearing the same fate will befall him, McAndrews hands Lee a secret message, with orders to memorize and give it to Neale, "number seventy-three," in San Francisco. A few seconds later the doctor mysteriously falls overboard and is lost.

PART SIX—THE MESSAGE

LEE heard. He stood still. Should he inform the captain of what McAndrews had said: the fear that an accident might happen to him? No, no—he decided—the thing was between him and the dead man. It was a task which he would have to do. This message—he would have to give it to—to whom? Oh, yes. To a man named Neale. Whose number was seventy-three. And who was Neale? And why did he have a number? Secret service, no doubt. How would Lee ever find him?

He crushed the paper into a little ball, put it deep into his pocket—that paper with the message which he must memorize and destroy—next to his most precious belonging: the bulb of the Flower of the Gods. And the curious thought came to him that the Flower of the Gods would protect it, would keep it safe and inviolate.

So during the remainder of the voyage, with McAndrews gone, he was quite alone. He learned the dead man's message by heart.

And as the ship neared the shore the peace deepened in Lee Breckinridge and the conviction in him was strengthened that now in this old land of his that would be to him like a new land, here and now at last he would find the great work for which he had dreamed so long. So none of the bustle made him nervous.

On the pier a crowd watched the Semiramis as she warped in to the dock. Judge Carson stood moodily at the fringe. He was acquainted with several bystanders; exchanged greetings.

He strolled about. He saw Roger, the man of mystery that Doris liked too well, and he slipped behind a post—no need for Roger to see him. To whom was Roger talking?

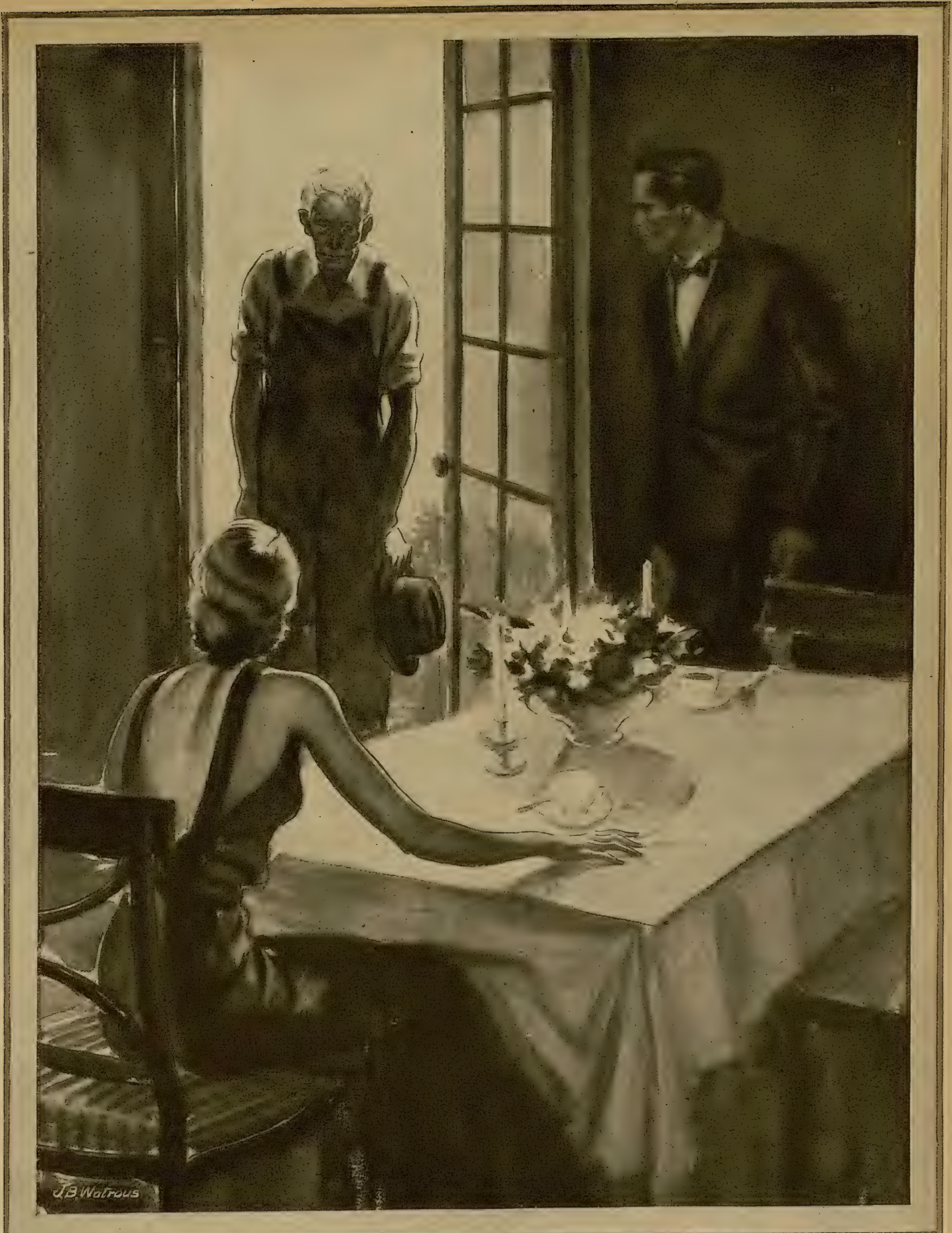
Oh, yes. Prince Mehmet Ali. Interesting and well educated man. Keenly intelligent. The judge had lunched with him at the club a few times; had had him once to his house for dinner.

Mehmet Ali smiled under the purple hoods of his black eyes; he was speaking in an undertone:

"Whom are you expecting, Roger? Professor Canfield Grainger, your American Far Eastern observer, I suppose? Is that why all those plain-clothes men are about, trying to hide their number eleven shoes?"

"And you," came Roger's slow rejoinder—"are you by any chance waiting for Grainger too?"

"So that," cut in the Oriental laughingly, "I can slit his throat the moment he arrives? Before he has an



She gave a little start as the door opened and an old man came in. "Who," she stammered—"who are you?"

ILLUSTRATION BY J. B. WATROUS

opportunity to report to your President about Far Eastern conditions? Really, my dear fellow, I'm not that crude. You secret service men are so full of war scares. Fact is, I'm here to welcome the Duke of Kulja."

Roger looked up sharply.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Your new ambassador. I know that."

"But you don't know"—Mehmet Ali paused—"what you would *like* to know. Isn't that so?"

He laughed and Roger shrugged his shoulders.

"Quite!" he admitted. "You see—"

He interrupted himself.

"Here she comes!" he exclaimed, and he pointed as, bullied and elbowed by a couple of wheezy little tugs, the Semiramis wallowed toward shore, her promenade deck packed with passengers—excited, laughing, waving handkerchiefs, hailing friends and relatives on the pier.

The two men, Asiatic and North American, so smiling, so at odds, were parted as the crowd edged rudely forward. Judge Carson too was shoved from behind his protecting post. Soon he was watching with the others as a little man, old and gray and thin, came quietly down the gangplank. Without asking, Judge Carson knew.

He forced his way and confronted the stranger.

"You are Lee Breckinridge!"

"Yes. And you"—halting—"I suppose you are Judge Carson?"

"I am," was the short answer.

Such was the meeting of father and son. . . .

They looked at each other. They shook hands rather diffidently. They were embarrassed—each in his own way, each for a different cause.

Judge Carson swallowed hard. This, he told himself, was intolerable. It was not human—to see his father for the first time in his life and not to take him in his arms, not to cry:

"You *are* my father!"

But he must not let sentimentality get the best of him. Not for a single second. Quickly he regained control.

"What about your baggage?" he went on, excitedly.

"I've just this suitcase."

"Very well." The other hailed a porter. "Here—take this to the customs shed!"

Lee bowed. He said, not obsequiously but with old-fashioned courtesy:

"Thank you, sir!"

The younger man's sallow face flushed. His father—his own father—bowing and scraping.

"Don't call me sir!" he exclaimed angrily.

Lee's right hand slipped into his trousers pocket. His fingers curled about a small package—the bulb of the Flower of the Gods, wrapped in moss and paper; and Lee knew peace.

"I didn't mean to annoy you by calling you sir," he replied. "Old-fashioned mode of address, isn't it? But, you see, I've been—abroad—so long. I'm afraid I haven't progressed with the times—nor with the manners and conventions of the times."

LIGHTLY he spoke; and his son was shocked. Why, it was incredible! This man was jesting, actually jesting, about his imprisonment.

Walking with Lee Breckinridge toward the shed, regarding him sideways, he noticed that the other was smiling—a charming smile, a soft smile. And the idea came to Judge Carson that—so very queerly—Lee Breckinridge did not smile like a murderer, an ex-convict.

Judge Carson could not make it out—this sense of well-being radiating from a felon. Nor did he approve of it. It clashed with his well balanced, meticulous theories of reward and punishment. So he kept on staring at the older man—as if by staring he could discover the answer—while the customs inspectors opened the shabby suitcase and went over the few belongings.

Pathetic belongings that told a pathetic tale. Cheap shirts. Cheap socks. A cheap suit. A pair of heavy prison-made brogans. And again Judge Carson swallowed hard, and again his sallow face flushed.

His father, he reflected—Lee Breckinridge was his father, after all. Blood of his blood he was, and bone of his bone. Should he not have the courage to admit it?

It would ruin his career. It would knock his tight, decent, comfortable world askew. Well, what of it? he asked himself—as the words of the Bible recurred to him:

"Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

The commandment was clearly written, for everybody to read and obey.

HONOR thy father—although thy father may have brought thee dishonor! Oh, yes! And abruptly Judge Carson turned to Lee as, the customs examination finished, they left the shed.

"I want to tell you—" he began; then he slurred, hesitated.

"Yes?"

The younger man licked his dry lips and forsook his resolution.

"Nothing," he mumbled. "Nothing."

He led the way out on the street. A full minute of silence passed during which he fought passionately for self-control.

After a frantic struggle he recovered. He must go through—he decided—with his appointed task. Go counter to the Bible, the Commandments. Well, he told himself, there were moments in a man's life when even the Bible, even the Commandments, must be interpreted.

"*Honor thy father . . . .*"?

And—he *was* honoring him. Was going to see to it that the other, until the end of his days, should be free of worry and care.

They reached the parking space.

"Here's my car," said Judge Carson. "We're going straight out to Sunnyland, my country place, near Santa Barbara."

Then he heard a voice:

"Dad!"

He turned. His daughter was at the wheel of her two-seater, Roger beside her.

She had gone, she explained, for an early drive. She had happened to run across Roger and was taking him back to his office.

"I see," replied her father.

He noticed her looking questioningly at Lee. He would have to make some sort of introduction.

"This is Mr.—er—this is Mr. Breckinridge," he went on. "A"—hesitatingly—"an old friend of our family. I'm taking him to Sunnyland to work on our grounds. My daughter—Mr. Breckinridge."

Doris smiled at the latter. What a nice old man, she thought—and such a kindly face.

"I think I may run down to Sunnyland tomorrow," she told her father.

"Good! See you later!" Judge Carson was getting impatient; and he took the driver's seat, while Lee Breckinridge sat down beside him.

They started. San Francisco opened out, right and left.

Judge Carson settled back comfortably, looked sidewise at his father, and asked:

"Ever been here before?"

"To San Francisco? Oh, yes. A good many years ago, when I started out on my last journey"—he paused—"to Tibet."

Tibet!

The word crashed and reverberated in the younger man's brain. It evoked a mystery both pleasant and unpleasant. And James Carson hated all mystery—for it meant Tao. Tao the benefactor—who had supplied the money for his education and had made his career and success, if not precisely possible, then at least so much easier. Tao the disturber—who, by informing Sir Harry Baines that he was a murderer's son, was endangering this same honorable career, was striking at the roots of his life.

And, he wondered for the thousandth time, who was this Tao? Why had he done what he had done? What was the mystery—and what its solution?

He glanced at his father.

"Tell me—how did you happen to go to Tibet?"

Lee smiled.

"I went there to seek flowers. Rare flowers."

"You mean to say"—Judge Carson was surprised — "for no other reason?"

Lee's smile deepened.

"The flowers," he continued, "were reason enough. I sought one rare flower especially."

"And what happened?"

"I found it—"

The judge was disappointed, terribly let down.

Why, he thought, it was ridiculous. It was a lot of silly nonsense. To seek a flower! And yet, somehow his father's words seemed to touch in him a vague sensation of alarm, of terror, almost of panic.

He conquered the feeling. Of course, he considered a moment later, there was nothing to the feeling—nothing. It was just the fault of his nervousness — meeting his father, getting to know him, after all these years.

He bent over the wheel. He increased the speed. He heard, presently, his father's query:

"Sir Harry told me you would permit me to be your gardener."

"If you like it."

"Very much. I love flowers."

"Won't the work be too hard for you?"

"Work with flowers is never hard. Why"—with rising enthusiasm—"it isn't work at all. It is—like helping the Lord God, with one's puny strength, to create, to cause to be and grow and flourish!"

JUDGE CARSON frowned. He was shocked. This was not religion as he understood it. It was a little fanatical.

"All right," he said. "So that's settled."

"Is it a large garden?"

"Not for California." Here spoke the Native Son. "A little over three acres. I've some Mexicans on the place. They'll assist you."

They drove on. For quite a while neither said a word.

Suddenly Lee turned to the judge.

"May I ask you a favor?" he began.

"Go right ahead."

"I would like to have a small garden of my own."

"You can consider the whole three acres your own. Do with it as you please."

"I didn't mean that. I mean"—at first haltingly; then in a swift rush of words—"a little piece of ground which I can call my *very* own! A little piece—no more than a few square feet—for me and for nobody else! I want nobody to enter there—nobody to touch what I shall plant."

"Oh"—with faint irony—"going to plant something precious?"

"The most precious thing on earth."

"And what may that be?"

"The Flower of the Gods," was the reply—"which is the soul, the might, the kindliness, the justice, the comprehension of the gods!"

Judge Carson, who had stopped the car to let the crossroads traffic pass, regarded his father in amazement; too, in sorrow. Mad, he concluded—that's what the poor old man was. Or at least slightly cracked.

WELL, he would humor the poor fellow. Forty years since he killed that strumpet; he looked harmless enough now.

"All right," he said gently. "Help yourself to any piece of ground in the woods that you fancy. I'll talk to the servants. I'll see to it that nobody interferes with you."

"Thank you"—very gravely.

Another hour passed. Wind sank away to the west with a swift surge as of innumerable small wings. Sunshine dropped to meet the rush of oncoming night — glowing on the smooth Pacific with molten gold and copper, painting the towering Sierras with pastel shades of lemon and orchid and rose and elfin green.

They came to Santa Barbara; came, not long later, to Judge Carson's country place.

They stepped out of the automobile.

"I hope," said the son to the father, "you'll be very happy here."

And he coughed. His voice was choked. . . .

They did not speak during supper. Each was occupied with his own thoughts.

Judge Carson pushed his plate away.

"I'm tired. Drove quite a distance, you know." He rose. "I guess I'll turn in. Anything else I can do for you tonight?"

"No, no. You've been so kind to me."

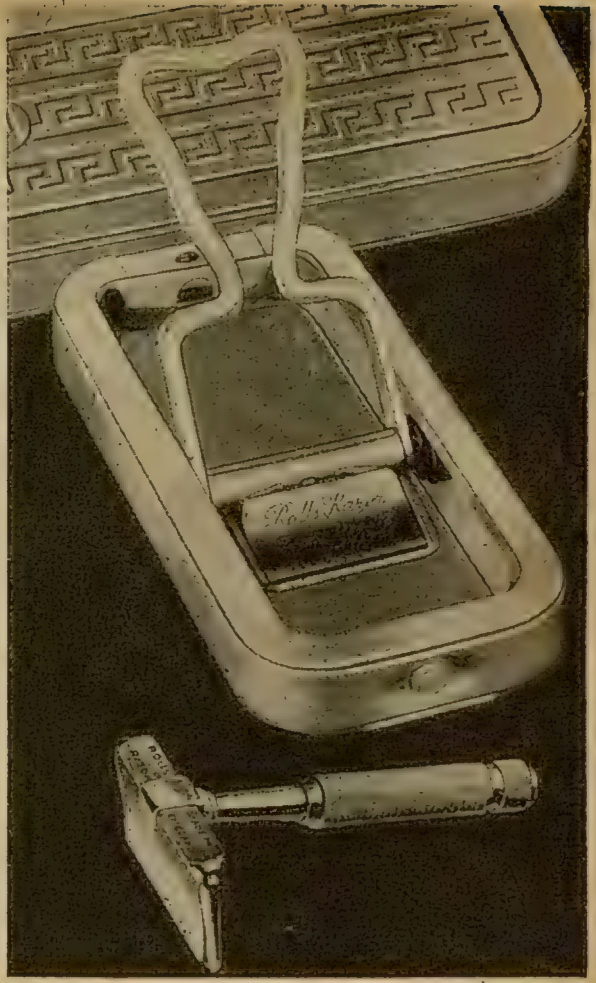
The color mounted in the younger man's cheeks. "Good night!"

"Good night!" replied Lee Breckinridge.

And Lee went to his room. But he did not go to bed.

He sat by the open window and looked out. He sat there and watched the moon come up, slim and ivory-pale. He sat there the night through and watched the hiving million stars swarm and swirl past the horizon. He watched them die—one by one.

He watched the young sun shoot up, racing along the rim of the world in a sea of fire with purple shafts of light that heralded the birth of morning. He watched the east flush with mauve and orange. Waking day—



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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933.

Of Liberty, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1935.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Orr J. Elder, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the President of the Liberty Publishing Corporation, publishers of Liberty, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Liberty Publishing Corporation, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Fulton Oursler, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Managing Editor, William Maurice Flynn, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is —

(This information is required from daily publications, only.)

O. J. ELDER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1935.

(Seal) WESLEY F. PAPE.
(My commission expires March 30, 1936.)

And the noises of the waking day.

He listened to them—listened, hoping for a voice that would tell him what to do with the dead man's message—that appalling message; listened for guidance to find a man called Neale, number seventy-three.

Noises on the highroad to Santa Barbara. The humming and zumming of speeding motorcars.

Noises in the house. Pedro Garcia, the old Mexican butler, tumbling out of bed. Rafaela, his wife, clumping down to the kitchen, slamming pots and pans about.

Noises in the garden. A drowsy canticle. Birds gurgling and twittering. A cat softly miaowing. A big clumsy brown bee buzzing angrily as it blundered into the petals of a wild flower on which the dew lay sparkling.

Noises in the garden that drew Lee out in the open. He left the house. He crossed the lawn. He felt as if some one ran beside his life, urging him on, whispering new and wondrous tidings.

He turned as Pedro called to him from the back door:

"You're early, señor."

"I know."

"I'll have Rafaela hurry with the breakfast."

"No, thanks. I'm not hungry."

At the farther end of the property was a rolling stretch of land thickly studded with a motley of trees that had been planted by a former owner several decades earlier and had taken strong root. Lee went there. He plunged in. He walked about at random.

And the idea came to him—so queer, yet carrying such utter conviction—that he had reached home at last, after his long, tortured wanderings of body and soul; that these trees — all these trees — were his friends, friends whom he loved and who loved him, who wished him well, who would help him if they could.

He looked up at them and smiled.

He touched the tree barks, rough and smooth. He thought:

"It is like shaking hands with old friends."

And he heard a voice:

"Yes—dear, dear friends!"

HE looked up. He saw a tall lean old man dressed in a loose claret-red robe, a huge tam-o'-shanter shadowing his wrinkled, ivory-white features, a wooden Buddhistic prayer wheel whirling between his fingers.

"Tao at last!" Lee whispered. "I knew you would come to help me!"

"Come? Why," replied Tao, "I have never been farther away from you than the width of a passing thought."

"And my message" — eagerly, hopefully—"tell me, will you help me with that?"

"My brother, your work has come at last near to the harvest. The reason for all that has happened to you is now soon to appear. But I shall be here, near you—ever near you—to advise and help and bless."

He smiled at Lee, who felt the brightness of the smile like a physical warmth; felt it surge through him like an ecstasy, a great tenderness. They strolled on, side by side. They reached a little clearing in the columned stillness of a pinewood.

Tao stopped. He said:

"Here you must plant the Flower of the Gods. Here let it bless all the pure in heart who come near to it."

He turned. Again he smiled. He was lost among the trees. . . .

Lee looked after him. He chuckled. It was like his old-time boy's chuckle, a noise of sheer happiness. Happy because of his new knowledge—he knew that he need only wait.

THE flowers, too, were his friends—as the trees had been. He went along slowly. He knew them; greeted them; called them by name. That morning he spoke to rose and tulip, to lily and dahlia, to phlox and coreopsis and tuberose. To a daisy that had not yet awakened from night and its dreams, that still had its eyes closed, its tiny yellow hands folded.

He bent down.

"Time to be up, lazybones!" he said. "Time to praise the Lord!"

The words were quite distinct; and Judge Carson, who was smoking a cigar on the back porch, heard.

He shook his head.

His father, he thought—as he had thought before—was mad. Well, perhaps the man was the happier for being mad. Perhaps it lightened the dragging weight of the past—the sins of the past, the punishment, the bitter remorse. . . .

Judge Carson sighed. As he watched he saw Lee Breckinridge stand in a listening attitude, as if hearing something important. Yet the judge could see no one. He got up; he meant to call to Breckinridge. Then, as his telephone bell rang in his study, he entered the house. The call was from Grover Dayton, his private secretary, making a morning routine report.

Some legal matters. A decision of the Washington Supreme Court upholding Judge Carson in an important litigation. An English law journal quoting him at length. Also campaign news. The forming of a strong citizens' committee at San Diego. The Southern Californian Orange Growers' Association coming out vigorously in Judge Carson's favor.

The judge, listening to Grover Dayton's recital, to the final triumphant "You've got it in the bag, sir!" smiled and was gratified. Success seemed assured.

Grover Dayton's pleasant tenor continued along the telephone wire:

"I looked at your engagement pad. You've a date tonight at Mrs. Knowlton's. She's giving a party in honor of the Duke of Kulja—you know, the new ambassador from Tartaristan—and of Canfield Grainger."

Momentarily Judge Carson was puzzled.

"Canfield Grainger?"

"Don't you remember, sir? He's the Harvard professor whom the

President sent out to the Far East to investigate conditions there."

"Yes, yes." The other vaguely recalled the man's name and mission.

"He returned yesterday on the Semiramis," continued Grover Dayton, "the same ship that brought the Duke of Kulja."

The same ship, thought Judge Carson with bitter self-irony, that brought my father; and don't you wish you knew *that,* you know-it-all!

Aloud he demanded:

"When is the party?"

"At nine o'clock, sir. I can make your excuses to Mrs. Knowlton—although I don't consider it advisable. She's a big shot politically, prominent in civic reform, can swing a raft of votes—"

"All right"—impatiently—"I'll be in the city in plenty of time."

So it was that Judge Carson set out for Mrs. Knowlton's party that night in honor of Professor Grainger and the Duke of Kulja. So it was, too, that Doris, following her notion of the previous morning, drove down to Sunnyland that same afternoon with Roger. So it was, finally, that Lee Breckinridge, puttering late in the afternoon with the boxed flowers on the terrace, overheard snatches of what Roger and Doris were saying to each other across the dinner table.

Doris saying, very suddenly:

"Darling, will you marry me?"

"How"—Roger choked on a bread crumb—"how can you say such a thing?"

"Why shouldn't I—since you won't say it first?" She paused. "You love me—I know that. So does everybody."

"But—"

"'But,'" she mocked. "Is that your complete reaction to a perfectly proper proposal by a perfectly proper young girl? Tell me—when's the happy day going to be?"

"Aren't you rather previous?" he laughed. "Perhaps I only want to be a brother to you."

"Turning me down—eh? Well, young fellow, I won't let you get away with it. For"—now very serious—"we love each other, and that's important!"

"But—"

"'BUT'—again! You do make me so angry! We *do* love each other. Therefore—why not marry? Or"—as he was silent—"do you want me to marry somebody else, my sweet? You know, there are still a few attractive and unattached males left hereabouts. And"—studying her face in her pocket mirror, touching up her lips and powdering her nose—"the girl is pretty." She sipped at her glass of wine; repeated, "Well—do you want me to marry somebody else?"

"Of course not! Don't be a damned little fool!"

Doris smiled. And Lee Breckinridge, out on the terrace, smiled too.

"I love you when you bark like that. Very well—so it's got to be you. We'll marry—since you insist."

"Since I—what?"

"Insist. And, since a husband shouldn't have a secret from his wife, you might as well confide to me why you hesitate to marry me. Oh," as he shook his head with something akin to despair, "no hurry. I don't want to nag you. Besides, you're bound to tell me—sooner or later."

She dropped the subject—but only for a little while.

"Roger," she said presently. "I *must* know."

"What?"

"Don't fence. You know what I mean. The reason why you act the way you do. It's not—idle curiosity, you know. I must know—because we are crazy about each other."

"I've a reason, Doris."

"It must be a grave reason, then."

"Very grave."

"Tell me!"

"I can't."

"Meaning—you won't?"

"Meaning—I can't."

"SOMETHING"—shrewdly—"to do with your job at the State Department?"

He had no reply. She went on:

"No answer is the same as yes. By the way, what *is* this job, Roger? You're always being a mystery, you know. I know you're in the secret service, but what is your assignment right now?"

And then, all at once, he got up from the table, crossed the room, and looked out upon the terrace. Lee Breckinridge was invisible in the shadows of a boxed orange tree. He stood there, unmoving; for something strong within told him to hide in those shadows—to hide and listen.

Roger turned around and looked soberly at the woman he loved above everything else in the world.

"Doris!"

"You've made up your mind to tell me."

"I have no right to, I suppose. But this much I can say. My job is to save this country—I might almost say the whole world—from a great catastrophe."

"War?"

"Yes."

"I guessed that, Roger. I guessed it had something to do with that foreigner—what was his name?"

"Mehmet Ali?"

"Yes. One of the richest men in Tartaristan—isn't he—and a sort of good-will ambassador?"

"Good-will?"—sardonically.

"I know, Roger. I'm not an entire fool. What is he trying to do—does his country want to drag us into war?"

"No. Not that. I believe from the bottom of my heart that Tartaristan wants peace with the United States."

"Then it is Mehmet Ali who wants the war?"

"Precisely, Doris. Mehmet Ali, far from representing the forces that govern his country, is a mad fanatic with a few supporters, who feels that he can plunge his country into war, but who has no real supporters at home."

"Mehmet Ali is working on his own?"

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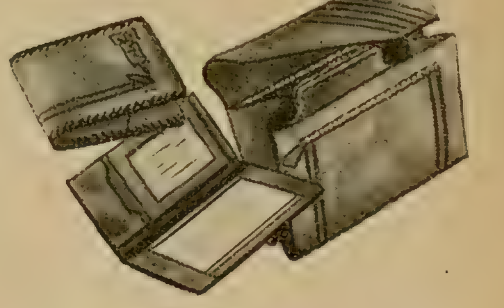

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"Yes. But he is none the less dangerous for that. He will stop at nothing to bring it on. And so—"

"I see."

"I wonder if you do."

"What do you mean, then?"

"I mean that I must stop at nothing—nothing!—to prevent him. My job is to match wits with him—risk my skin against his—until—well, until something conclusive happens."

"And that is why—"

"That is why, Doris."

"But this will not last forever."

"No."

"When it is over—"

"*If* it is ever over!" cried Roger fiercely. "If I ever feel like a safe normal human being again, then, darling, I want only you—"

"I understand." She stared at him. "Darling, I'm so proud of you."

"*I'm* not proud. I'm scared stiff. But I'll defeat Mehmet Ali—or my name's not Roger Neale!"

Roger Neale!

The man on the terrace heard; the listening man heard—Lee Breckinridge! Heard and trembled.

ROGER NEALE—he thought; thought of the message Dr. McAndrews had given him.

"So foolish of you, angel," Doris was saying.

"Foolish to be scared? Not at all."

"Oh, yes. You see—" And she wondered why she said it; wondered why she felt what she said; explained, afterward, that just then something seemed to come from the terrace—something like a high wind of hope, of faith. "I know—I just know that everything will be all right. Because—you see—we love each other. And love can overcome all things."

"Believe in Santa Claus?"

"Absolutely. Santa Claus—it's another name for God, isn't it?"

She spoke with magnificent faith, magnificent assurance. . . .

Yes! Faith and assurance that seemed to drift in from the terrace outside—and she gave a little start as the terrace door opened fully and an old man came in; an old man, white-haired, emaciated, dressed in overalls, his hands soiled with earth.

"Who," she stammered—"who are you?"

"I am Breckinridge. Your father hired me—as gardener."

"I remember now. What do you want?"

But Lee turned to the younger man, speaking in an undertone: "Forgive me—I am terribly sorry. But I must know. You are—Roger Neale?"

"Yes."

"Number seventy-three?"

"Please—be careful!"

"I have a message for you."

"A message?"

"From Dr. McAndrews."

"But Dr. McAndrews had an accident. He was—"

He had no time to finish the sentence. For the Mexican butler hurried in.

"Mr. Neale! Washington on the wire. Major Robinson—very urgent."

Roger rushed into the library where the telephone was, calling to Lee over his shoulder:

"Wait for me!"

Doris followed Roger to the telephone; her hand was on his shoulder as he spoke into the instrument:

"Yes, sir?"

For long minutes, tensely, he listened to his chief. His face became grim, drawn. He finished, hung up the receiver, and said, half to himself:

"Well, it's come—again!"

"What?" demanded Doris.

"Murder. Quick, Doris—bring that old gardener in here. I think he holds the key to the whole mystery!"

Will the contents of the secret message Lee alone holds shed a new light on this sinister plot? Or has he acknowledged, too late, his vital part in the dreadful entanglements? Strange and surprising revelations in next week's installment bring new dangers across the paths of Lee, Roger, and Doris.

GOOD BOOKS by OLIVER SWIFT

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A highly involved complication on an ocean liner with two love stories and so many threads that one of the love stories gets lost in the shuffle. The story shows how unwise it may be to buy a "demonstration car."

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A dinner party on a houseboat. Lights go out, jewels are stolen, and the hostess is murdered.

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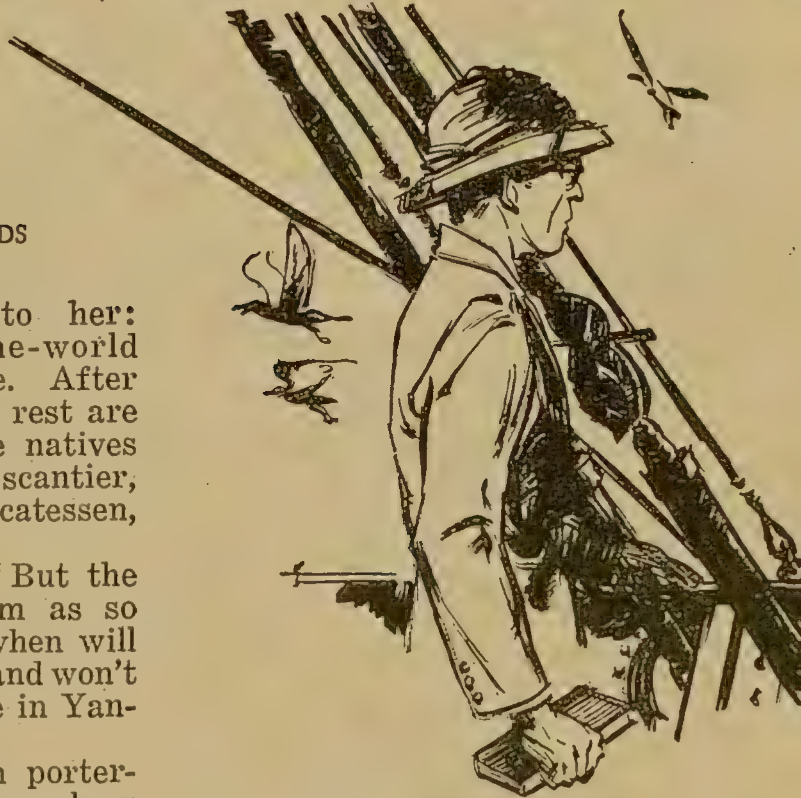


HE was speaking to her: "These round-the-world cruises are all alike. After the first dozen ports the rest are just ports o' call. The natives get by with briefer and scantier, and eat screwier delicatessen, but—"

She spoke to him: "But the passengers think of 'em as so many Ethiopians, and when will we see Broadway again, and won't it be something to bathe in Yankee coffee!"

"And a sizzling high porterhouse. Yousedit. Then along about there the purser gets very nervous and the cruise director tries to dope out new games."

"Meaning the passengers sort of go native?"

"Uh-huh. And church leaders get boiled and Rotarians lose their fraus in the shuffle. Usually, my girl, the trouble festers in the neighborhood of the Life of the Party. This special jaunt of the globe the Life is a highly dangerous young thing down on the passenger list as Pam Gibson. It is very dark red hair she has, her skin being very white and luring. To think of all that white skin likely covering her all over is driving every man aboard plumb nerts."

"Can I help that?" Pam Gibson asked.

As though she hadn't spoken, he went on telling Pam about herself: "She leaves a trail of ciggy butts and Scotch-'n'-soda glasses behind, yet enough can't be pinned on her to let the captain seal her cabin. Just a lady politician: long on promises, short on delivery."

She snickered. "Still, I do imagine you can tell what's behind my archly arched eyebrows. Angier Norris is occupying Suite A without a bodyguard, and Angie is a pretty ripe subject for any girl who wants to get anywhere."

He grinned. "Thank you, miss," said Angie.

"Sure," she went on. "The Norrises of Westchester and Narragansett. Polo, yachts, and maybe tiaras. Angie's past thirty now; time to forget models and movie extras and think of posterity. Mine's a nice family, if broken down. Strike up Mendelssohn! Well, you've had fair warning, Mr. Norris."

"Maybe we could do something about that." Then Angie frowned. "And here comes Lester de Peyster to disrupt our privacy and provide comic relief."

"Who? Oh, Mr. Stowe, you mean. He's quite the nicest man."

"Oh, very—nice. The poor dub's been chasing you all over the ship, and never catches up."

A small young man promenaded by. At precisely the right moment he swung left, nearsighted eyes from dead ahead to Pam. He seemed to wince as he spoke, then hurried on. "Good morning," he had said.

"There's a courageous remark," said Angie. "Twenty-two days on the bounding main and he finally screws up nerve to speak to the Party's Life! What a man!"

Seven days and two ports later, the nice Mr. Stowe ventured again to speak to Pam Gibson. The ship's brass-throated whistle was bleating; the ship's tender sawed impatiently alongside the dock under their feet. "One full day ashore at a glamorous port of the South Sea Isles" had been advertised and delivered, and now it was dusk. Other ports waited.

"Hadn't we better get aboard, Miss Gibson?"

"I—I can't. I'm waiting for Mr. Norris. He returned to the village more than an hour ago. Told me to wait here—"

Mr. Stowe blinked. He was quite sure Angie Norris wasn't aboard the Surbania. He had left the ship on the tender's last trip ashore, had Mr. Stowe; and then only because of a vague foreboding that Miss Gibson might stay too long ashore. Not that it was his affair, but—

He walked beside her, so mutely worshipful that he failed to explain that the South Seas were reputedly wicked and that one might better devote one's time to reading The Problem Child in Every Man—as had he through the day. Mr. Stowe was a professional Youth Movement leader. And very good at it.

"Do you think something's happened to Angie?" asked Pam.

"Call me Horace," said Stowe, surprisingly.

Indeed something had happened to Angie. They found his body in a thatched hut after searching forty-one other huts while gibbering natives protested a man's home is his castle. The brain of Angie Norris had fled, testimony to the power of the local flowing dynamite. His soul seemed in the custody of Chickadee and Ditto, two luscious and only slightly dusky beauties who thought nothing of clothes and less of what people will say. The two were striving to strangle Angie's anatomy, and Angie appeared to like it.

The ship's whistle assumed a now-or-never tone. Pam looked at the large and contented frame of Angie Norris. She entreated him. Entreaties which he scorned. She looked upon Horace Stowe.

"I don't know," said Horace, "but I can try."

SOMEHOW he penetrated the huddle and pulled Angie to his feet. For a moment the larger man glowered down upon the other. Norris was drunk—and from strong drink, for he was steady enough on his feet. Pam shut her eyes.

But she could not shut the sound of frenzied battle from her ears. When at last she opened her eyes they lit upon the bruised and bleeding features of Horace Stowe. Norris was in a corner, outstretched and now unconscious.

"You never can tell about these little guys," thought Pam. She looked at him with new eyes.

She saw him hoist the huge bulk that was Angie's carcass and drape it about his narrow shoulders. Thus burdened, he stumbled and staggered out of the hut. Pam ran ahead in hope of holding the tender.

The dorymen saw her, turned and headed for the dock. With their aid, Horace stowed his burden in the bow. Pam pressed his hand close to her as he helped her step aboard. Then he turned and stood uncertainly on the dock.

"What are you waiting for, dear?" asked Pam. "We have to hurry."

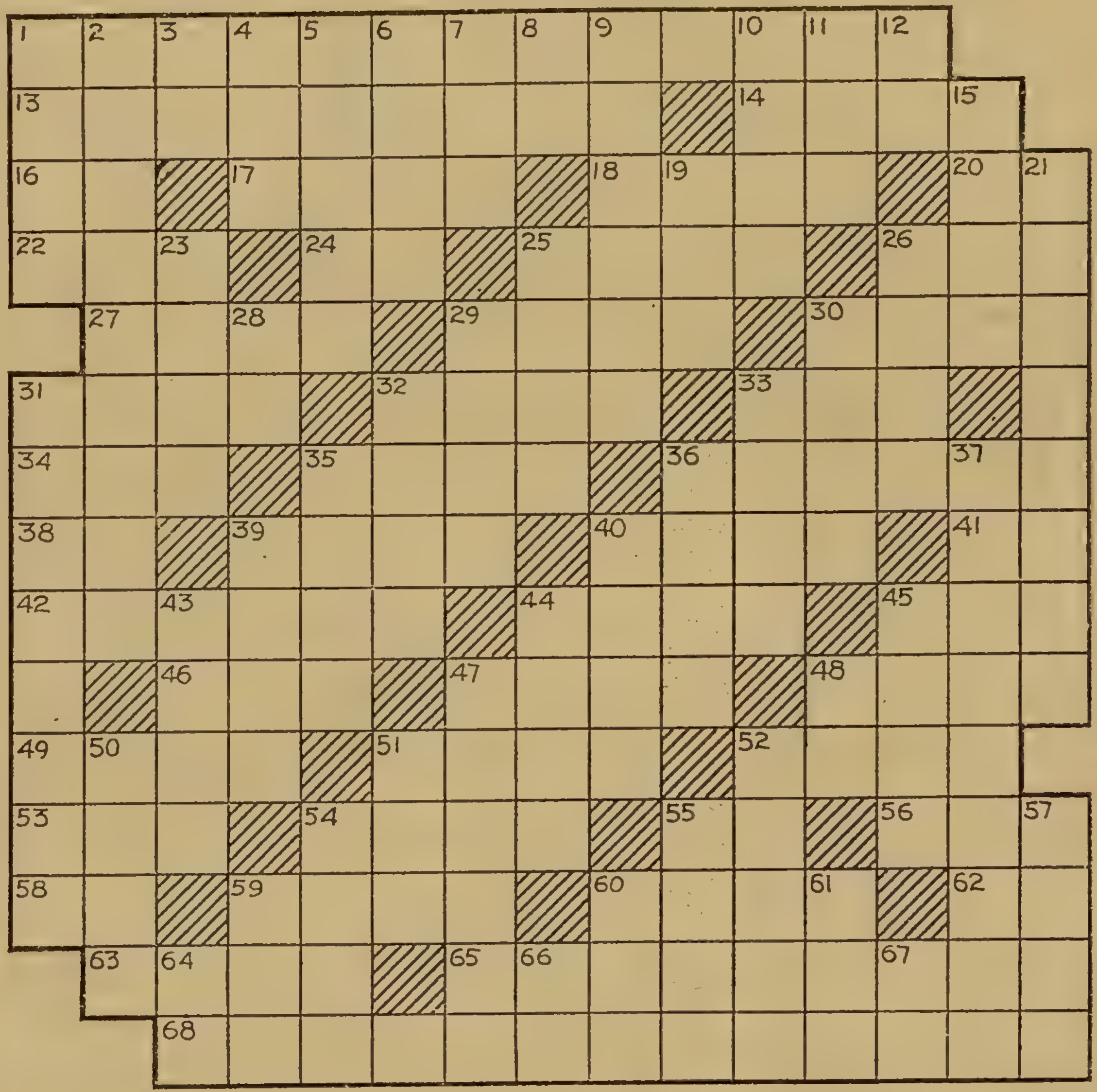
Horace Stowe looked at her. She could be his now, he knew. Deliberately he spoke: "Hell, who's keeping you?" Then he turned around and strode toward the village and the hut of Chickadee and Ditto.

THE END

Puzzle #36 10/26/35

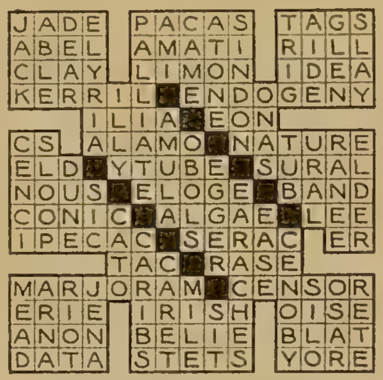
Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Equine applesauce (Pegasus had 'em!)
13 What the movie finger writes and, having written, movies on to write again
14 Pleasanter to look over than to look out of
16 Despite tremendous pull it goes backward (abbr.)
17 First aid to Caesar (slang)
18 Tong war bullets
20 What members of the fast set step on
22 Cat spit
24 Sample to follow (abbr.)
25 One of our known writers
26 This gets all the breaks—ask Lawson Little
27 He, she, or it will be (Latin grammars out!)
29 What to do to cheat the railroad
30 During a war they say Mussolini's the bravest man here
31 A bunch of kuku klux
32 A great big blood-and-iron man
33 Yen, for Paris
34 The creepiest thing about haunted houses
35 Pigtail princess
36 Souse-party's drinking motto: "—come!—served!"
38 This is part beautiful yet part beastly
39 If you named one Siamese twin Carry, what would you call the other?
40 A 100-per-cent cooler
41 Nonmissionary edible type
42 Whose name means laughter?
44 The price of war
45 Have you been up to see her?
46 To work with jimmy
47 These cause the fallen woman
48 Two understanding things about Harlow
49 A noisome repast (slang)
51 The estate little boys grow into
52 You can see right through its contents


JADE PACAS TAGS
ABEL AMATI RILL
CLAY LIMON IDEA
KERRIL■ENDOGENY
ILIA■EON
CS ALAMO■NATURE
ELD■YTUBE■SURAL
NOUS■ELOGE■BAND
CONIC■ALGAE■LEE
IPECAC■SERAC ER
TAC■RASE
MARJORAM■CENSOR
ERIE IRISH OISE
ANON BELIE BLAT
DATA STETS YORE

Answer to last week's puzzle

53 The last word in best sellers
54 "Johnny would be pleased!"
55 He's not the man mother is
56 A letdown for the growing girl
58 This is how repeal started
59 Singsong affair
60 Higher things Mussolini shoots for
62 A bit of a toot
63 Society for the Prevention of Shirt Stuffing (abbr.)
65 International smoothies
68 The Ethiopian in the Duce's woodpile (two words)

VERTICAL

1 This is never played in a hot country below the level of the sea
2 The people we often think the most of
3 A short right
4 A bottle holder
5 An old-time flier
6 This has the most prized legs in France
7 To shovel it down the old hatch
8 Newsy letters (abbr.)
9 Sits on one end and works the other
10 The thoughts that made Mussolini see red
11 Picked 'em up and laid 'em down
12 He gave his namesake a start (abbr.)
15 The home of world-famous twins
19 Fish balls
21 Paper promises
23 This serves you right
25 What a lot of little girls put on
26 What to do to promote good fellowship
28 Tapped for Newport
29 Where has-beens and missing things turn up
30 Muddy water
31 Person with an interferiority complex
32 You can lump this
33 It's better to be half than all this
35 Kind of things that women love
36 Good things to keep on straying husbands
37 This is not Haile Selassie's dish
39 Fish with a bone to pick
40 Them as has
43 You'll never get a kick out of this
44 To dunk with Mrs. Vanastorbilt
45 This is the nets
47 A good war resistance weakener
48 A pair of this generally follows a double-o in France
50 111111111
51 Pig dunk
52 Place probably named for Oliver Twist
54 O.K. in Spain
55 A sick swallow
57 The constant call of the plantation
59 Man's name
60 He used to swing from the family tree
61 Society of Mackerel Snappers (abbr.)
64 This end of Philadelphia (abbr.)
66 Ticks
67 Like

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Clip YOUR WAY

With this Coupon

To The Victor Safe & Equipment Co.
1026 Payne Ave., No. Tonawanda, N. Y.
Please send free packet of MAK-UR-OWN Index Tabs advertised in LIBERTY, October 26th.

NAME ____________
STREET ____________
CITY ____________ STATE ____________

TO orderly RECORDS

VIVIDLY INDEXED!

Put these bright, durable "signal flags" on any type of records you want organized for quick finding—cards, charts, art work, portfolios, brief cases, etc. It's easy, simple. (See below.) You clip Rand *Mak-ur-Own* Tabs to any desired length, type or write your own labels, attach to the handiest margin. Labels can be changed at will. *Mak-ur-Own* Tabs are flexible, transparent, celluloid strips, 6 inches long. Very durable. Available in seven colors.
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ANY INDEX

● CLASSIFY AS REQUIRED

NEW FORM MASCARA

needs no water to apply—really waterproof!

Beauty authorities—and women everywhere—are praising TATTOO, the new *cream* form, waterproof mascara that does not harden or break lashes. So easy to apply . . . you simply squeeze it out of the tube onto a brush . . . whisk it over your lashes and there they are . . . dark, lustrous and lovely; appearing to be twice their actual length! No bold, daubed look. Can't smart. Absolutely harmless. Cry or swim all you like; TATTOO won't run or smear! TATTOO your lashes once and you'll never go back to old fashioned mascara.

SEND FOR 30 DAY TUBE

TATTOO, 11 E. Austin Ave., Dept K-47, Chicago
10c enclosed. Please send 30 day tube Tattoo for Eyelashes. ☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Blue
(Check color desired)
Name ....
Street ....
City .... State ....

JUMBLED GEOGRAPHY

$1,000

CASH PRIZE CONTEST

163 BIG AWARDS

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS EXCELLENT!

ALL you have to do to get into this game with an excellent chance of carrying off the main prize is to rearrange the jumbled geographical names into correct spellings. Any standard atlas has all the information you will require. This week's jumbled names have South America as their source and, to help you get started, the first one on the list is solved in Rule 2.

If you are just starting the game this week, be sure that you understand the rules thoroughly before you set down your solutions. That will avoid confusion as the contest progresses. When you have all twenty of this week's names solved, put them aside pending completion of your entry. If you did not start with Set 1 last week and have mislaid that issue of Liberty, read the small-typed paragraph at the left.

LATE ENTRY!

If you require List No. 1, mail a request for a free reprint to the contest address in Rule 8. This will be forwarded without delay, and when you receive it you can solve the jumbled names listed and bring your entry even with the field. Liberty makes this gratis offer in order that you will not be handicapped through missing the opening announcement of the game. You can start now with an excellent chance to score among the prize winners. Get going!

CLIP HERE

JUMBLED GEOGRAPHY SET NO. 2

	Jumble	Solution	Description
1	LABZIR		
2	TALAP		
3	SNEAD		
4	LAVENACI		
5	NATAFOSATAG		
6	LOORADOC		
7	OCIANUNS		
8	NAAPAR		
9	ASIOROR		
10	ANUGAI		
11	ZOMANA		
12	QUALIBRALARN		
13	AHABI		
14	COMABRUPEN		
15	NEGROWOTEG		
16	CANOGAACU		
17	IAMDEAR		
18	BABACAHCOM		
19	NATUCUM		
20	PIEHATUNAHU		

CLIP HERE

THE RULES

1. Each week for five weeks Liberty will publish a list of twenty jumbled words which, when the letters are correctly rearranged in proper order, will form a geographical name. A different continent will be the basis for each of the five lists.

2. Opposite each of the jumbled words list your solution and tell whether it is a river, state, nation, mountain, lake, city, bay, desert, etc. For example, your solution for the first jumble this week might be LABZIR, BRAZIL, Country in South America.

3. In case any name has more than one application, either or any correct identification will have equal weight in this contest.

4. When you have solved all five lists of jumbled words write a brief statement telling, in not more than seventy-five words, which place involved in this contest you would most like to visit and why.

5. The entry with the greatest number of names correctly unscrambled and described and which is accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement will be adjudged the best.

6. In the order of their excellence on this basis, prizes will be awarded to the highest rating entries as follows: First prize, $500; second prize, $100; third prize, $50; ten prizes, each $5; 150 prizes, each $2. In case of ties duplicate awards will be made.

7. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges are the contest board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

8. Send all entries by First Class Mail to Jumbled Geography Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Send nothing until your set of 100 names is complete.

9. All entries must be received on or before Friday, November 29, 1935, the closing date of this contest.

10. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

WATCH FOR SET NO. 3 JUMBLED GEOGRAPHY NEXT WEEK

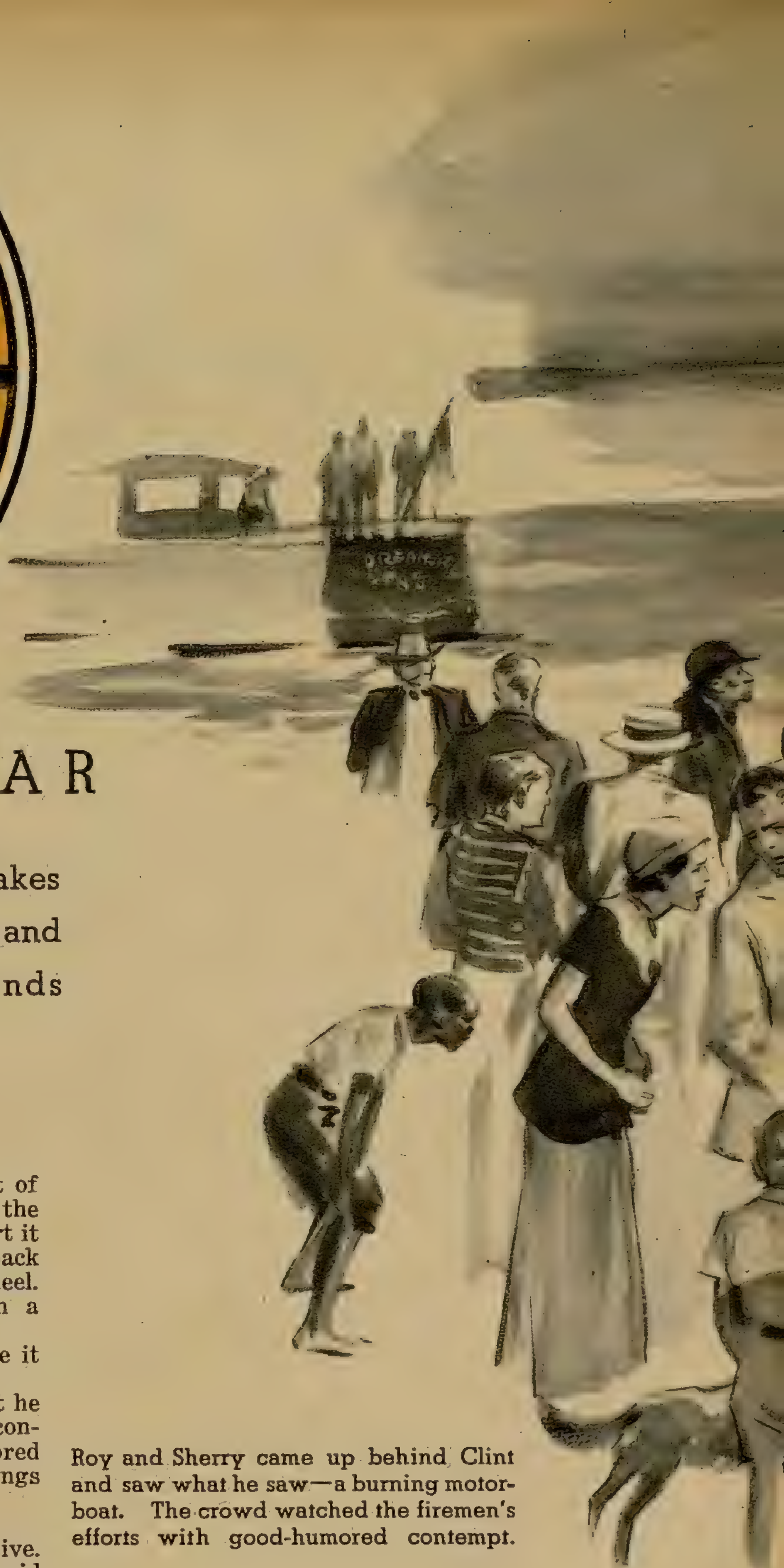
THE Sin THEY DO

by VIÑA DELMAR

Stark Tragedy Steps In and Love Makes Up Its Mind . . . So, with a Swift and Poignant Surprise, the Story Ends

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

PART SEVEN—"I'M READY TO GO WITH YOU."



Roy and Sherry came up behind Clint and saw what he saw—a burning motorboat. The crowd watched the firemen's efforts with good-humored contempt.

THE Benthams' boat? " gasped Roy.

But Clint did not reply. He ran unseeingly out of the house and down the steps. Roy's car was at the curb and he flung himself into it. Before he could start it Sherry and Roy reached him. Sherry jumped into the back seat and Roy pushed Clint over and grabbed the wheel.

" At the Neptune Street Bridge," Clint said in a strange choked voice. " They were getting gas."

When they arrived Clint was out of the car before it had stopped.

Roy and Sherry came up behind him and saw what he saw—a burning motorboat. The crowd watched the conflagration and the firemen's efforts with good-humored contempt. They had seen better, more thrilling things a moment before.

" My God! " Roy breathed.

The girl at his elbow was generously communicative. " The ambulance carried four people away," she said blithely. " One woman's dead, I think, and the others—oh, you should have seen them! "

Clint turned around, and the girl quailed before the insane fury she saw in his eyes.

" Come on. We'll go to the hospital," Roy said. He took Clint's arm and led him out of the crowd.

At the hospital Roy spoke to the nurse in the lobby. Clint stood white and shaking at the desk while Roy made the inquiries.

Frederica Wheaton was in the operating room.

" I want to see her! " That eternal cry of Clint's. " I want to see Freddie."

" We'll see her tomorrow perhaps," Roy said.

" I want to see her now."

The nurse said, " That's impossible. I'm sorry."

" Come on," Roy said. " We'll go have a drink and come back later. How will that be? "

Clint permitted himself to be led from the hospital. As he went down the stone steps he looked back over his shoulder.

With all her heart Sherry prayed that Freddie would recover. She wanted Freddie out of her life and out of Clint's life, but she did not want her to lie in a hospital suffering hell's tortures, nor did she want her to die. Freddie was young and much happiness could still be wrung from the years ahead. She must live and find that happiness.

Naturally Sherry could not feel the terrible grief of Clint and Roy. Clint loved Freddie and Roy loved her too, as he did his sister Alice.

Clint began to drink the minute they entered the house. Roy telephoned and briefly told his father of the acci-

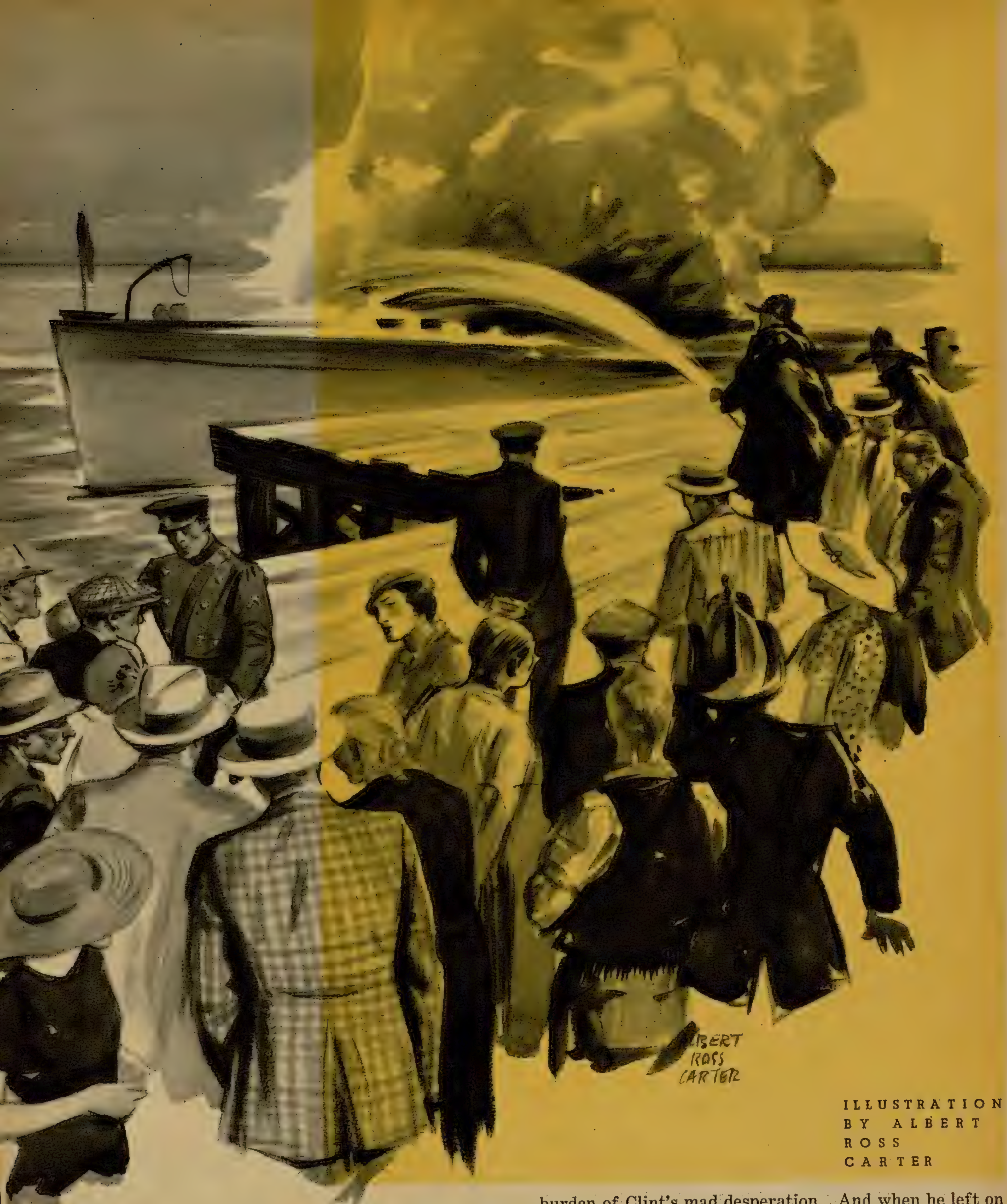


ILLUSTRATION BY ALBERT ROSS CARTER

dent and asked him to send his crony, Dr. Herbert Crail, to Freddie at once.

Clint stood up and walked to the window. Suddenly he turned toward Roy. "She mustn't die," he said excitedly. "She mustn't! If she does I'll kill myself. I swear it."

The hours dragged on. Clint drank himself unconscious at last. It was good for the nerves to have him silent. He had cried wildly, like a frightened child, just before oblivion had seized him.

Roy did not leave the Clemons house until Monday night. He stayed close to Sherry, sharing with her the burden of Clint's mad desperation. And when he left on Monday it was only to go home for a change of clothes. Then he was back again.

Clint was taking this worse than he had taken his mother's suicide, Roy said.

Of course they all knew by now that Freddie was burned so badly that only a fiendish trick of fate was keeping her alive. Her body was a mass of pain. Her face unrecognizable.

And they knew, too, that she was blind.

By Thursday Clint was back to what, for him, was normal drinking. Dr. Crail had also taken him in hand. He did not know how to joke and he had never heard that

Clint must be treated differently from other people.

When Sherry and Roy waylaid him and asked for news of Freddie, he did not spare them either. He described her condition with such brutal accuracy that after the first time it took courage for them to ask.

"She will live," he said, "and I have never given worse news than that on any case."

"Clint wants to see her, Dr. Herb," Roy said.

The eyes of the doctor met those of his young friend. "No, he doesn't," he said grimly. "He only thinks he does. He pictures her in negligee, lolling against the pillows, chatting with her nurses and having them read aloud to her. If he knew the truth he wouldn't want to see her."

"But he loves her," said Sherry.

The doctor gave her a long cool look. "Well, in any case, she couldn't have visitors now."

Clint sat silently on the veranda most of the time, his eyes intent upon the far horizon, his thoughts God alone knew where. He ate satisfactorily enough at mealtimes and drank in what he believed to be beautiful moderation.

Sherry was worried for Roy. She knew from one-sided telephone conversations which she had overheard that his father wanted him back in the office and considered his devotion to Clint a mere excuse for loafing. It never occurred to her that it was she who kept Roy rooted to the big house, a slave to Clint's whims and a buffer for his ugly moods.

She had not seen Ted since the accident. However, she had spoken to him on the telephone. He had called the day after the accident when he had read in the local newspaper of Freddie's terrible injuries. And he had called every day since. It was a comfort to know that somewhere outside the grim old house somebody thought of her.

ROY went back to Asbury Park to live when the telephone calls from his father became too insistent to be ignored. When evening fell and Roy again presented himself, Clint spoke of Freddie, but through the day he was silent and engrossed in his own misery, and Sherry, fearing melancholia, spoke to Dr. Crail.

"Young woman, he's sane as any human alive. Do you love anybody?"

"Yes, doctor."

"How do you think you'd act if that person was blind and in agony?"

"Very differently from Clint," she said firmly.

"Maybe. I hope you never find out from experience. You're a fine young woman. You should have a full and happy life. Babies, a busy pleasant husband, and normal worries. How to make ends meet—that sort of worries. They'd be good for you."

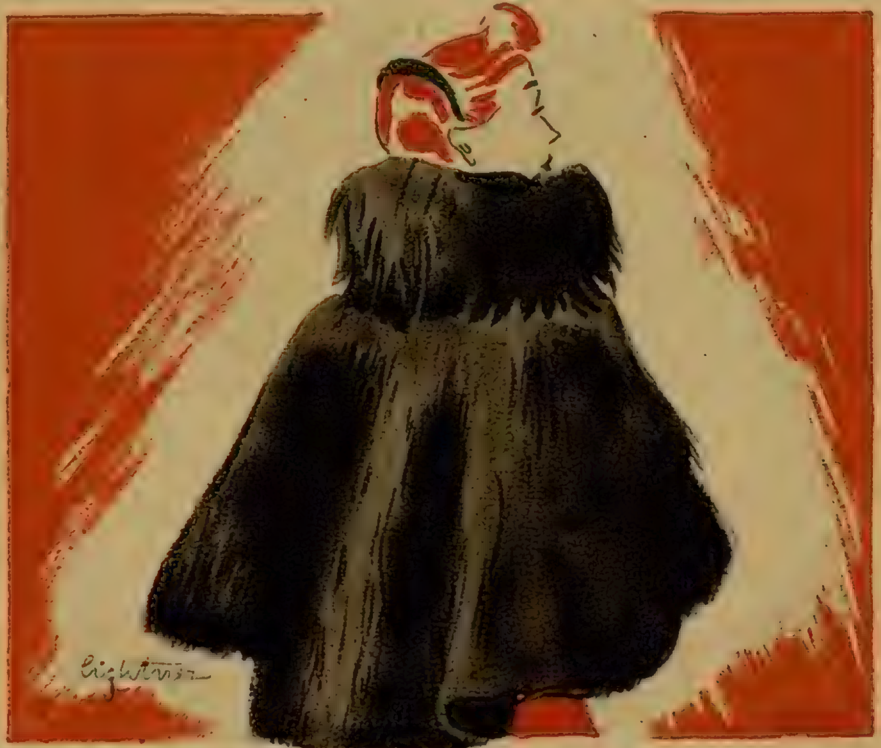
She burst into sudden unexpected tears. The doctor looked at her with grave interest. "Ten-strike, eh?" he asked. "Just what you want? Well, we find ourselves sometimes in predicaments we never meant to get into."

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

Animal, vegetable, mineral, fish, fowl, or even good red herring—new accessories keep you guessing. Heim's cormorant-plumage capes masquerade as fur. Penguins' breasts make sports waistcoats. Schiaparelli's daytime handbags resembling warty box calf are really ostrichskin. Enamel-surfaced afternoon sacks are made of dyed sharkskin.

Alexandrine's street gloves are made of fish tummies with a white-lacquer surface, while gold evening vanities have fur or feather cases. Borea's buttons and buckles may be cork pine cones or porcupine quills.

—DORAMILLER.



When Roy and Clint spoke of the injured girl, it was of her future they spoke. An ocean voyage would be good for her, Clint thought. He never made mention of the fact that she would be blind. Somehow he had convinced himself that when she left the hospital things would be as they had been before.

One day Sherry left him sitting on the veranda. She was gone only a short while, but when she came back Clint was no longer in evidence.

"Mr. Clemons went out," Vincent told her. "He called a taxi and went out."

Then she knew that he had gone to the hospital. Later she discovered that Dr. Crail had been there, and that, after a moment of thought, he had permitted Clint one half minute at Freddie's bedside.

BUT Sherry did not know this when Clint came back to the house, stumbling unseeingly past her and on to his own room. He closed the door and he did not come downstairs again that day. In the morning Sherry had to send for Dr. Crail, for during the night Clint had drunk more liquor than ever her father had done, and he was a very sick young man.

Dr. Crail was not impressed. "He's weak and he's had a shock. We'll pull him around all right. I told you—didn't I?—that he had no proper picture of her condition."

"But you shouldn't have shown him the truth. It's too awful."

For three days Clint stayed in his room, and then he came downstairs again.

He said to Sherry, "Are you still here?"

She smiled a slight rueful smile and answered, "Yes, I'm still here. Didn't you expect me to be?"

"I didn't think about it, to tell you the truth. I guess I had sort of forgotten about you and was surprised when I saw you just now."

He walked out to the veranda, but he did not sit down in the chair in which he had spent so many days. Instead he stood leaning against one of the pillars, watching the traffic and now and again casting a look up and down the street. After a moment he went down the steps and crossed the street to the boardwalk. She saw him start off with the pleasant purposelessness of a man who is going to walk without a goal. Just like any normal human being, Clint was enjoying the salty golden air. At dinner Roy saw that Clint was almost his old self again.

Roy's sister had announced to her irritated family that she was expecting another baby, and Roy passed the news along to Sherry and Clint.

"I'll bet your old man was pleased," Clint said. "When Alice has all that she's going to have he can pick out the one that looks most like a lawyer and drown the rest."

"He didn't drown me," Roy pointed out. "God knows I couldn't have looked like a lawyer."

"That was an oversight. He meant to drown you, and God knows he should have."

"Oh, thanks a lot, Clintie, old pal," said Roy.

Clint didn't bother to reply, but he had talked enough for Roy to know that the days of staring despondency had passed. Somehow Clint was back to what those close to him accepted for normal. He was himself again.

Sherry drove over to Asbury Park next day to speak to the doctor. He had asked her to report on Clint's condition, but that she could have done by telephone. She really went to have explained to her the riddle that troubled her.

"Well," Dr. Crail said slowly, "he reacted just as I had hoped."

"Then you showed her to him on purpose."

"Coming to the hospital was his own idea, but he didn't know it was going to be a cure for his melancholia."

Sherry thought that Clint must have a curious mind indeed if his spirits rose upon discovering that things were considerably worse than he had anticipated.

"I don't understand why it worked that way," she said.

"Well, I had a theory. I always have theories. Some day I'll tell you about this one."

She telephoned Roy after she left the doctor's office.

"I think," Roy said, "that I'll take your husband for a little drive tonight. It'll do him good."

"Yes, I think it would."

WHEN Roy made his suggestion that night Clint looked doubtful. "What the hell fun is it batting around in the traffic?" he asked.

"It's better than just sitting around here, isn't it?"

"I don't feel like it. If you have some place to go, then go."

Roy shook his head. "Nope. I have nowhere to go." He picked up the evening paper and began to read it.

After ten minutes of silence Clint said, "If you're going to sit there like a stuffed shirt, I guess going out is better."

Roy put down the paper and they left immediately. Sherry was amused. Clint had wanted desperately to follow Roy's suggestion right from the start, but that wasn't his way. First he must offer opposition, and later he must appear to be doing under protest the thing that he had earnestly desired to do all along.

They were at dinner next night when Vincent announced Dr. Crail on the wire, and Sherry asked, "With whom does he want to speak?"

"He said any of you would do, Mrs. Clemons."

She walked from the table wonderingly. Dr. Crail would not be one to call merely to pass the time of day.

Then she went back to the dining room. The two men looked at her expectantly.

"Well," Clint scowled, "what was it?"

"Dr. Crail—"

(A) Photo-electric chart of Gillette "Blue Blade" edge.
(B) Fair edge but not good enough for Gillette.

IT TAKES A *beam of light* TO MEASURE THEIR SHARPNESS

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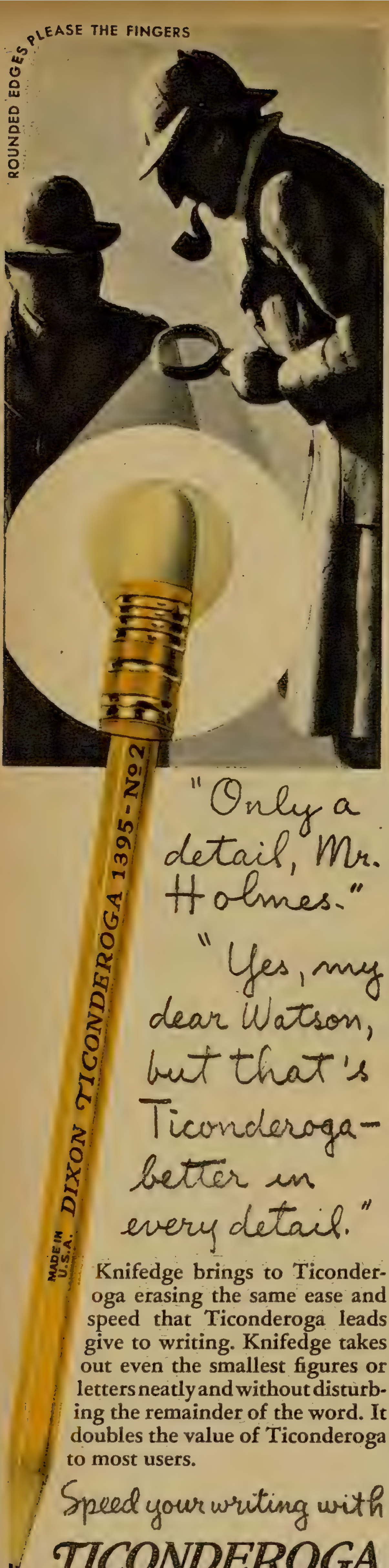

"Only a detail, Mr. Holmes."

"Yes, my dear Watson, but that's Ticonderoga—better in every detail."

Knifedge brings to Ticonderoga erasing the same ease and speed that Ticonderoga leads give to writing. Knifedge takes out even the smallest figures or letters neatly and without disturbing the remainder of the word. It doubles the value of Ticonderoga to most users.

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America's Favorite Pencil

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Get quantity quotations from your dealer. Also with standard eraser. Available in 5 degrees of lead. Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 10-J, Jersey City, N. J. ©1935

"I know that. What did he want?"

"Freddie has developed pneumonia. She's going to die."

"Oh, my God!" said Roy. And then, "Well, it's for the best."

Clint stared into space.

"Dr. Crail wanted you both to know because you're the only people Freddie has who love her. He wants you to go to the hospital."

Clint turned a piercing glance upon her. "Who does he want to go to the hospital? Roy?"

"Both of you."

"Is she conscious?" he demanded.

"I don't think so, Clint. People seldom are when they're dying."

"Then she wouldn't know we were there. What's the sense of working ourselves up for nothing?"

Roy said, "Do you call Freddie's death nothing, Clint?"

"No, not her death, but the idea of chasing over there to please Crail."

"Maybe," suggested Sherry very slowly, "Freddie is conscious."

She saw the normal color leave Clint's face and be replaced by a sickly yellow pallor. "I am not going," he said.

Roy crossed to him and grasped his arm. "You must, Clint. You have to go."

"No, I don't have to go. I'm not going." He looked around wildly. "Let me alone, will you?"

"Yes, I will. I'm going to the hospital. I hate to see even a dog die without somebody showing a little interest."

"I'm interested, but—but—" He paused and looked from one to the other. "You don't understand. It just seems damn foolish to me."

Sherry nodded. "Don't get drunk while we're gone. Dr. Crail might not be able to fix you up so easily another time."

She and Roy walked out of the house and drove to the hospital.

WHEN the end had come the nurses led Roy from the bedside. Sherry was waiting for him. She had waited hours in the bleak deserted corridor. And Roy paused in the midst of his own grief to look with wonderment upon the tears that streamed from Sherry's eyes. She gave no word of explanation. He would not understand that she cried only for the unfairness of things, and that if Freddie rose from the dead that moment she would dislike her as much as ever.

As they drove up to the Clemons house Clint came toward them from the boardwalk.

He looked at them both and said, "Freddie—is—"

"Yes," said Sherry. "About a half hour ago."

They walked into the living room and Roy poured himself a stiff drink. "Want one?" he asked Clint.

"No, thanks. If I start tonight I won't stop."

"So what?" Roy demanded. "I suppose it would be a great loss if you drank yourself to death."

"It would be a great loss to me." Clint said it dully, as though it were his grim duty to be facetious. After a moment he added, "I feel terrible about Freddie."

It was perfectly clear to Sherry that he was feeling nothing. And she understood why. Dr. Crail had not believed that Clint was truly in love with Freddie. He had made an experiment and proved himself right. He had ushered Clint into the hospital room and had shattered Clint's dream of a mildly ailing Freddie. The melancholia vanished with that silly dream. He had been in despair not because of Freddie at all but because the thrilling pursuit had been interrupted. Immediately that he knew the pursuit was over for always, Freddie no longer mattered. Sherry wondered if Clint realized these things himself. She decided that he didn't. No one would consciously expose such hardness and shallowness.

She suddenly realized that fate could have transposed the roles which she and Freddie had played.

CLINT came downstairs while Sherry was at breakfast one morning, and he asked, "Shall we go to the beach? It's a grand day."

"There have been lots of grand days," she said. "And I always go to the beach."

"Let's start over, then. I guess what I really mean is, will you take me with you? It's tough not being allowed to drive."

"Of course I'll take you. Silver Sand?"

"Sure. Why not?"

She glanced over at him and saw that he was smiling his attractive disarming smile, and she was slightly sickened. With that smile he had once turned her into a weak, believing fool, and he thought so little of her powers of reasoning that he was sure he could do it again.

They drove to the club. They went home for luncheon. Clint did not falter once in his effort to be charming.

"What are you going to do after lunch?" he asked her.

"Just sit around, I guess."

"I'll sit around with you."

"I don't imagine you'll enjoy it. I'll probably read."

"Why are you so nasty to me? It isn't right for such a pretty girl to be so nasty. Oh, please, Sherwin, let's be friends."

After dinner, when Clint asked her to go to the movies, she went because the evening would pass more easily in the theater than in the austere living room.

After the movies they went directly home and Clint followed her upstairs.

"Do you realize that I've never seen how you redecorated your room?"

"Yes, I realize it."

He walked with her to her bedroom and she switched on the light.

"It's lovely. The room is like you, Sherwin. Beautiful and fragrant and restful."

"I'm glad you like it." She turned toward the window as he advanced into the room.

"Sherry, forgive me for all that has happened."

She stepped back to avoid his embrace. "It's not a matter of forgiveness," she said.

"You hate me."

"Oh, no." She looked at him with cool detachment. "I couldn't hate you, Clint; I'm not that interested in you."

"You loved me once."

"Before I knew you; but I know you now. I wouldn't want a love as shallow as yours. When I went after it I didn't know it was cheap and hollow. I thought it was solid and enduring. I suffered to gain your love. I thought it was worth while taking humiliation and sarcasm and loneliness—but if I had won, I'd have had what Freddie had—nothing."

He did not answer and she plunged on: "I would have stood by forever, waiting for you. Had you mourned for her you would have found me willing to sympathize and to understand. But I know now that you couldn't love any one very deeply, and I'm afraid I want more out of life than you can give."

"I suppose," he said, "that you are going to leave me."

"Yes. I had intended to tell you in the morning. I've been thinking about it ever since that night." He knew what night she meant, and asked no questions. "You forced the issue today. Incidentally, you telegraphed your intentions at breakfast this morning. From the moment that you joined me at the table I knew that tonight you would remark on the fact that you hadn't seen the way my room had been redecorated."

HE winced slightly, and she suspected that with those words she had hurt him more deeply than with any that had gone before. To be accused of being obvious was the most painful blow of all.

"I guess we've said everything now," she remarked. "Good night."

He went then without further discussion. And she knew that to him she was at that moment and would be forever the most unalluring woman alive.

Roy was awakened in the morning by a servant who said that Mrs. Clemons wanted him on the telephone.

"Hello. Roy?"

"Yes. How are you, Sherry?"

"O.K. Roy, I called you up to tell you that I'm leaving town."

"Forever?"

"Yes. Clint and I talked it out last night. I'm going back to New York. Can you come over to say good-by?"

"I'll be over in less than an hour."

He rushed back to his room and showered and shaved within ten minutes. The moment had come. He would convince her that he loved her and that he needed her.

He finished his dressing and walked downstairs whistling. His mother met him, beamed at him.

"Oh, Roy, my darling." And then she was kissing him.

"Oh, Roy, those notes on the Carl-

Internal Baths End Years of Bad Health

Brooklyn man says he "Feels like a new man now" . . . .

"I almost feel like shouting the news from the housetop! It is absolutely amazing to think that so simple a thing as Internal Baths could produce such marvelous results! . . . You couldn't get me to stop taking Internal Baths for $1,000, now that I've found how wonderful they keep me feeling."
Leopold Aul

AT AGE 73

By LEOPOLD AUL

IMAGINE what a thrilling thing it is when a man who has been sinking deeper and deeper into the quicksands of ill health—finds himself suddenly restored to happiness, vitality and vigor as if by an act of providence!

Imagine how a man feels when he realizes that at last he can say "goodbye" to headaches, biliousness and mental sluggishness that have been sapping his energy for years!

Even now it seems too wonderful to be true. And yet, the whole thing came about through a lucky accident—this marvelous experience that changed me from a failing, half alive victim of self-poisoning into one of the healthiest-looking humans you ever saw!

It happened this way: One day when I was feeling especially bad—with a wretched headache and nervous as a cat—I met an old friend of mine. He noticed how fagged out I looked and how rapidly I was aging.

"Why don't you take internal baths?" he suggested. "They did wonders for me. You're probably suffering from intestinal poisoning and don't realize it."

Cross section of a pipe almost choked with rust deposits. The human colon (large intestine) is subject to the same kind of clogging.

What is an Internal Bath?

"What is an internal bath?" I asked. "Some sort of an enema?" "Not at all," he replied. "It is entirely different from anything else.

"Your colon (large intestine) is just like any other waste pipe. While it apparently keeps functioning all right, the inner walls frequently become caked with deposit, just like a rusty water pipe. Germs and slow poisons breed in this hardened waste matter and filter right into the blood stream, causing all kinds of symptoms that you might never dream of tracing to your colon.

"Certain forms of rheumatism, frequent colds, and insomnia are often aggravated this way—to say nothing of headaches, biliousness, fatigue and dozens of other aches and ills.

How It Works

"Internal baths bring results so quickly that most people are astonished. By means of the J. B. L. Cascade, five quarts of pure warm water treated with a marvelous cleansing tonic—are sent gently whirling through the entire length of the five foot colon! Poisons, headachy and nerve-upsetting waste matter are completely washed off and floated free!

"Fifteen minutes later your colon is thoroughly clean. A new feeling of vigor and well-being sweeps over you. Your head is clearer—your brain keener—your entire outlook on life is changed. . . . Try it—and see for yourself!"

Naturally I lost no time in securing my J. B. L. Cascade. It was a turning point in my life. Simple as the whole thing was, it actually made a new man out of me. At night I sleep like a child. I rise in the morning bubbling over with pep and energy. My only regret is that I did not learn of Internal Baths long ago!

Get This FREE Book

Find out about Internal Baths—the amazing way to health and happiness. Simply fill in and mail the attached Coupon, asking for a copy of a book entitled **"Why We Should Bathe Internally."** This interesting booklet is absolutely **Free.** It will open your eyes to many surprising truths and facts you probably never dreamed of before. You owe it to yourself to investigate this marvelous, health-restoring discovery. It may change your whole life. No obligation. **Be Sure to Mail Today.**

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Wrong winter lubrication ruins more cars than smash-ups! For full-motor protection—for instant starting in sub-zero weather—use New Pennzoil.

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If you want to play safe this winter—if you want to be *sure* of full motor protection, no matter what the weather conditions may be—look for this Pennzoil sign when you drive along the highway. It is the sign of a bonded Pennzoil dealer. Remember—New Pennzoil costs not a penny more . . . just ask for the correct grade for your car.

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THE OIL THAT GOES FARTHER . . . FASTER . . . SAFER

mier case that you left for him last night! You should have heard your father. He was so pleased. You've got a big day ahead of you. Your father said he wants you to see Mr. Carlmier and that he wants you to talk to Mr. Mitchener—whoever that is—about the case. Oh, Roy, you don't know what it means to me! You eat a good breakfast and get right over to the office, won't you?"

"I have to make a phone call first."

"Not a long one, I hope," she said anxiously.

"No, it'll be very brief," he promised.

And it was very brief. He just said, "Sherry? This is Roy. Look. I can't get over. Something important has come up. Drop me a line, will you, and let me know where you're going to be. I'll look you up when I get to town. Good luck, kid. Good-by."

Clint was not in the house when Sherry awakened.

"Mr. Clemons hired a chauffeur and got him to drive him somewheres. I don't know where. He said he wouldn't be back today," Vincent told her.

Everything was ready now. Her trunk had gone. The suitcase stood ready to go. She scribbled a note:

DEAR CLINT:
I wouldn't leave without a word of good-by. Stay on the water wagon. Good luck to you. SHERWIN.

She raised her eyes to the portrait of Eleanor Clemons. "All right," she whispered, "I'll go. You can have him and the house and everything else. But you didn't chase me out. I made up my own mind about that, didn't I?"

A horn honked at the curb and Sherry glanced out the window. Yes, it was Ted. The radio in his car was blaring and the rumble seat bulged open with the bulk of his worldly goods. Labor Day had come and gone and it was time for café entertainers to hustle to town.

She opened the door and went out. Ted ran toward her to take the suitcase. "I thought I'd have to wait a while," he said. "Are you ready to go with me now?"

"Yes," she said. "I'm ready to go with you now."

And suddenly he knew that her words were not a mere pointless echo of his own. He looked at her swiftly, and in her shining eyes he saw that she was fully aware of what she had said. She was ready to go with him now.

She slipped into the car and he closed the door. "O.K., honey," he said. "Here we go."

Just as they rounded the corner Sherry looked back at the turreted house. It looked old and tired and terribly in need of paint.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 41

1—Ernestine Schumann-Heink.

2—Annapolis Valley in Nova Scotia, Canada.

3—President Lincoln's son Robert saw his father carried out from Ford's Theater, saw President Garfield shot in Washington, and was in Buffalo when President McKinley was shot.

4—One hundred and thirty.

5—Schmeling, ex-heavyweight champion.

6—Yes; the carp.

7—They prepare an invisible writing fluid by dissolving an aspirin tablet in water; the message becomes visible under the rays of an ultraviolet lamp.

8—General von Hindenburg.

9—Yes; Paul Whiteman's. George Gershwin was the pianist.

10—The thin layer under the skin; it is rich in mineral salts.

11—All, except El Brendel, who was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

12—Sixty-two per cent.

13—Members of the secret police, headed by Peter Rockwell, which served the Mormon Church in its earlier days.

14—Medea made Aeson, the extremely old father of Jason, a youth again. When Jason deserted her, she killed his father, as well as Jason's children and intended bride.

15—Both; the libra equals 1.012 pounds avoirdupois in Portugal, and is equal to a British pound sterling in Peru.

16—Emil Ludwig, German biographer.

17—An elephant. Dr. W. Reid Blair, eminent zoologist, rated animals according to intelligence as follows: 1—chimpanzee; 2—orangutan; 3—elephant; 4—gorilla; 5—domestic dog; 6—beaver; 7—domestic horse; 8—sea lion; 9—bear; 10—domestic cat.

18—Cuba, where "every one makes verses."

19—Shakespeare.

20—Yes; in the United States it is the blue-gray American duck hawk that is generally trained for falconry.

TO THE Ladies

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

ALEXANDER KORDA

THE overproduction of pretty girls is an economic mistake," says Alexander Korda. "Pretty girls," he says, "are everywhere too numerous for their own good."

Mr. Korda, you know, is England's ace movie director. I met him there last summer, lunched with him recently while he was in the United States on business. That was when he told me his pretty-girl theory.

"Because mere beauty," he said, "is so plentiful as to be a drug on its own market, I want to know what any new actress really is like under the surface of her prettiness. She may look like a saint, yet be a siren at heart—or vice versa. Good. Then I must teach her to show her true colors on the screen."

He also discovers new possibilities for well known actors. For Leslie Howard, hitherto so meek and mild, he picked the swaggering, swashbuckling part of the Scarlet Pimpernel. Why? "Because," says Korda, "I thought it was time Leslie had some fun for a change." Charles Laughton protested when Korda took him out of villain parts to cast him as Henry VIII. "We can't do it!" said Laughton. "I have no sex appeal." Korda said, "Never mind that. You'll grow your own sex appeal if you play the part of Henry."

Alexander Korda is Hungarian-born. His favorite dish is Irish stew. He's an ex-newspaperman, a talk lover, a noise hater.

● I know a wife and husband who have trouble every time they hear funny stories told when they go out together in the evening. Afterward she likes to pass the best ones on—but so does he. And they can't decide which stories belong to whom.

For a while they tried beating each other to the gun; very soon had to give *that* up or get divorced. Then they asked a family friend to judge which of them is the better storyteller. Family friend was wise enough to refuse and escape. At present they are tossing coins for their funny stories—as good a method as any, it seems to me.

This bone of trivial contention crops out everywhere, I understand, in homes where wives and husbands both enjoy telling stories—and both think they're good at it.

● From a Western city word comes to me of what was probably the *happiest jilting* on local record. It occurred a few weeks ago. The girl is a research librarian. The boy is a young chemical engineer. They have been devoted companions since childhood. Relatives and friends took the match for granted, hurried them into betrothal, scurried them along toward matrimony. This went on so smoothly that neither the girl nor the boy knew how to stop it. They weren't ready for marriage; both were much more interested in their jobs for the present—yet somehow they just couldn't tell each other or their well-wishers.

The wedding day was set. The day arrived. That morning they had a few moments alone—and suddenly they confessed. She had been offered a fine job in the East; he had been offered a splendid opportunity to work in South America. What a shame it was that they must throw away two chances of a lifetime.

"Let's elope!"

She said it. And that is what they did. Eloped away from their own wedding and each other. Left their own marriage party waiting at the church.

Unconventional as their conduct was, I am inclined to extend my congratulations.

To know what you *don't want* is almost as good as knowing what you want.

Furthermore, I have a hunch they'll get back together.

● You whistle for your drink in certain Budapest cafés.

A friend of mine who went there this summer has just presented me with a set of Hungarian whistling glasses. They have hips, and look like little old-fashioned lamp chimneys. When you have drunk one of them empty, you blow in it and it whistles—woo-woo—a deep soulful note. Then the waiter comes and fills your glass again. What fun!

● Life among the clerks and customers of a mammoth department store is dealt with entertainingly in Sarah Atherton's new novel, Brass Eagles. (Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.)

● This year we have new rules for the wearing of jewelry.

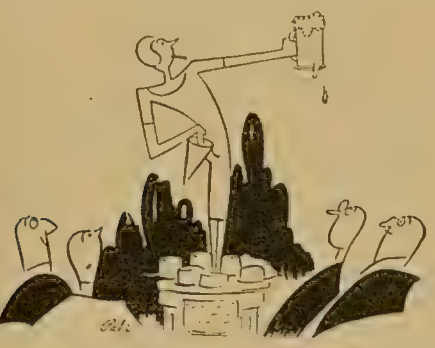
Nothing but rings with formal evening gowns. No more clips, brooches, necklaces, or bracelets. Very wide bracelets over a long sleeve in the afternoon or for semiformal evening, but never on bare arms.

The battle-shield ring is our newest bauble. It's an inch and a half long, nearly an inch broad, made of gold metal inset with colored stones—green, red, blue. Square rings of marcasite are fashionable when set with big bumpy cabochon stones—and guaranteed to deliver a fruity black eye if used as knuckle-dusters.

Vox Pop

DOES THIS REPRESENT THE AMERICAN GIRL?

SAGINAW, MICH.—Young women of today should be commemorated. I suggest that statues be erected in all national parks. The model could be picked in any of the forty-eight states. These statues would show a young woman standing on a pedestal leaning backward, a cigarette in her mouth, a mug of beer in one hand and a dunce cap in the other. The base would be flanked with household utensils turned upside down, showing that they have not been used, and possibly a couple of children fighting over a butt.—*C. N. Ayotte.*



HE MUST MEAN JUNE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—This is my poifect shortest short story:

It wuz a day in June. It wuz not a day in September. It wuz a day in June. She wuz a female. He wuz a male. It wuz a day in June. The sun wuz shining becuz it wuz a day in June. And I mean June!—*W. S. McGurk.*

SOUPBONE IN THE AIR

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—The poor man buys a soupbone. The first day they cook potatoes with it. The second day they have noodles. The third day they make soup. On the fourth day they throw it up in the air, and if it stays up they buy a new soupbone—if it comes down they start all over again.

God helps the rich—the poor get the soupbones.—*C. S. Garland.*

TRICK HEADLINE

SPRINGFIELD, PA.—Glancing over the August 31 Vox Pop I saw the headline Tires of Sugar and Bread. At once I was interested.

Yet all through the article I was puzzled. I saw nothing about any vehicle with its tires made of sugar and bread.

The last paragraph finally explained to me that "tires" referred to the verb and not the noun. Trick headline, I calls it!—*G. Zimmermann.*

SCARCELY BELIEVABLE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Again Liberty has scored! The narrative of the hanging of the young man in Kentucky on a charge that was apparently trumped up was one of the most graphic bits of reporting that I have read in many years.

The editor is to be commended on his vision in seeing possibilities in such an absorbing narrative for Liberty and in preserving for future historians such a vivid presentation of a cross section of American life—scarcely believable in the midst of the ramparts of a so-called modern civilization.—*Louis B. Davidson.*

ELDORADO, ILL.—In August 10 Liberty an article entitled Hangman's Holiday, by one Edward Doherty, arouses my ire. He quotes various "Kaintuckians" in their so-called dialect, viz., "jedge," "ain't," and numerous other examples of his notions of a Kentuckian's speech.

From the way Doherty quotes, I suppose he's one of those gourd-handle-nosed Yankees who frequently use "youse" for you, or maybe even "yez."

How do you like them apples?—*Joe Poole.*

PADUCAH, KY.—Hangman's Holiday, by Edward Doherty, is an uncalled-for insult to as decent a little town as there is in the United States.

Because of a peculiarity of Kentucky criminal law which requires hanging in the county seat for rapists, Smithland was subjected to a humiliation and nation-wide scandal that stinks in the nostrils of every law-abiding citizen there. But to have a joke made of it and the whole thing misrepresented months afterward, merely for the amusement of a morbid public, is intolerable.

"Wal, Mist' Doherty, I reckons as how that shot don't git ye. I'll jest farr t'other bar'l. Spittoo-ey!"—*Lyman L. Duley.*

DOES THE QUEEN KNOW?

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Quoting Bob Freeman *re* the Canadian "quints" in September 7 Vox Pop: "If it had not been for the King and Canada there would be no quints."

Tch! Tch! Does the Queen know about this?—*Sully.*

THE REAL FILLIP IS IN BASEBALL

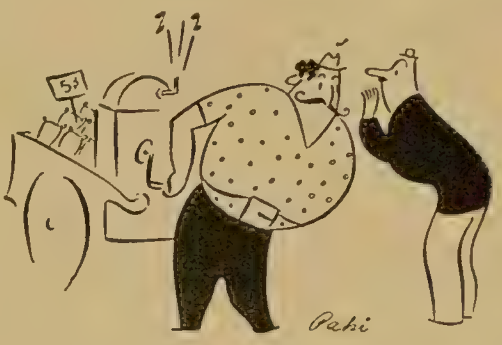
CHICAGO, ILL.—Last night at Soldier Field I left at the end of the first half in the game between the Bears and the All Stars. Why? Because it is silly to watch good athletes vainly trying to make sport of football when we know that the real fillip is in good old American baseball.—*R. F. Wyatt.*

ANOTHER SHELL GAME

TULSA, OKLA.—I have a suggestion to make which I think would complete matters thoroughly for A. Letcher (September 7 Vox Pop).

If you remember, this guy Letcher goes through sixty blank pages each week and imagines he is reading a Liberty, then spends his nickel for peanuts.

Now, my idea is for some one on the Liberty staff to locate the peanut vendor and suggest to him that he sell Mr. Letcher just peanut hulls. A hundred to one, Letcher would never know the difference.—*Tom Caulter.*



LIFE BEGINS AT—FILL IT IN FOR YOURSELF

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—Replying to Who'd Be a Boy Again? (July 27 Vox Pop), youth may be the only happy age, but that's because ignorance is bliss.

God forbid that I should have to experience that painful disillusioning process of growing up again!—*M. Lucas.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—No man can truthfully say that he would not want to be a boy again.—*Sam.*

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—I cannot wish that I could be a boy again.

The decades between forty and sixty are undoubtedly the best in a person's life. A man or woman never really lives until he or she is forty.

I don't think any man would want to be a boy.—*Charley Ross.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Your question, Who'd Be a Boy Again? started me to wondering if I'd really like to be a girl again. I am now thirty.

If I could, I would prefer to go back twelve years and start out again at eighteen, taking back with me the knowledge I have learned through those twelve years of experience.—*Lyda Ann King.*

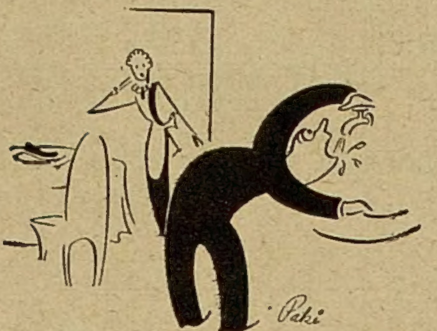
SHREVEPORT, LA.—The Vox Pop Editor asks if I would like to be a boy again. I'll tell the world! I am seventy-seven years old, but still cherish a lot of boyish spirit and disposition. Yes, I would like to be a boy again, go through the same experiences, beginning at seventeen without a dollar.—*Charles E. Reid.*

[And in the many other answers received the ayes and noes were about equally divided.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

COOKING À LA PRINCESS

Central Islip, N. Y.—Time was when Princess Kropotkin confined her pages to corn pone and how to dunk it; but since she has come into the big money she has developed into a press agent for social climbers and a blurber for certain book agents.

When the Princess serves us with less Burgundy, caviar, and rarebits, and quits bragging about her gilded romance at a banquet, we will " set her up " to a feast of corned beef, cabbage, and pot likker *à la* Kalamazoo.—*Dinty and Jiggs.*



Portland, Ore.—I tried one of Princess Kropotkin's recipes on how to fry a steak in salt instead of the usual fat. I got the best steak money could buy, and after following her directions faithfully the steak would not brown properly and was too salty to eat. Phooey to you from me, Princess!—*M. J. M.*

HOW ABOUT THIS, MR. RAINEY?

Boston, Mass.—I wonder if former Congressman L. B. Rainey (September 14 Vox Pop) has read the War Department's official history of deeds of gallantry for soldiers who served this country in war.

In this list of heroes we find that 368 *alien-born* soldiers were awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for intrepidity and gallantry at risk of their lives above and beyond the call of duty.

The Medal of Honor is the highest decoration awarded by the United States government, and it would be interesting to know how many of these medals went to Alabama. Perhaps Mr. Rainey could tell us.—*William John Boyd.*

HEAVYWEIGHT DANCE REVUE

Miami, Fla.—In answer to Mrs. Oscar White's September 7 Vox Pop about men's leg shows for women, I wish to say that if she will promise to be a regular customer I will start a dance revue starring Primo Carnera, Man Mountain Dean, and Buddy Baer.—*T. Hugh Poole, Jr.*

Louisville, Ky.—There may be a few women who share Mrs. Oscar White's views on leg shows for tired business women, but I laughed and laughed. A man in swimming trunks looks ridiculous enough, but imagine a dozen of them tripping along with their arms around each other in an attempt to entertain the ladies!—*Little Audrey.*

Tacoma, Wash.—Now, I'm a tired businesswoman myself — but, judging from the fine male specimens of the human race that I have seen cavorting on the beaches of Puget Sound, I can't see how I'd be diverted by viewing the knobby knees and hairy shanks of half a dozen men in brassières and scanties dancing the Continental on a night-club floor.—*Mrs. L. D.*

"LET'S SHARE THE WEALTH"

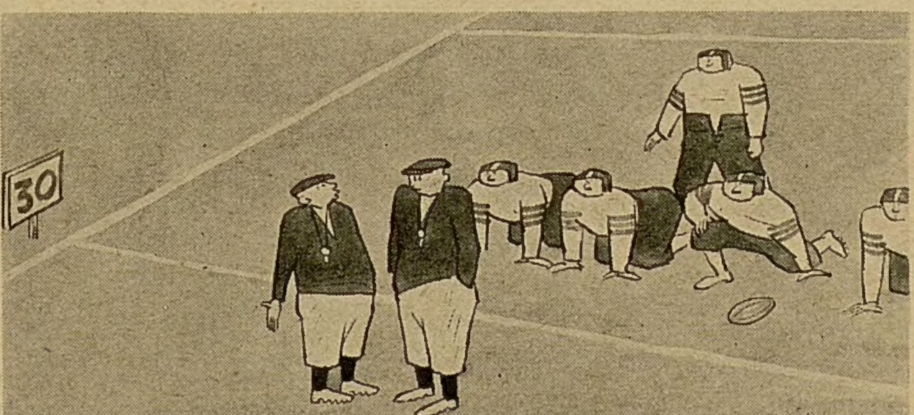
Washington, D. C.—Thousands of words have been written on the Share-the-Wealth Plan. Various and sundry writers have stumbled around with the subject, discussing it pro and con in an attempt to formulate an idea of what it is all about, but apparently without much avail.

But Mr. Macfadden in less than eight hundred words (Liberty, September 14) presents a concise and coherent word picture of the plan. He is 100 per cent correct.—*Edith H. Turner.*

New York, N. Y.—The editorial Yes —Let's Share the Wealth is part and parcel of some half dozen others I have recently read in newspapers and other publications—the same old cut-and-dried stuff that smacks of insincerity from start to finish.

Such editorials will not mislead any one capable of thought.—*Thomas A. Clark.*

Los Angeles, Calif.—I have just read Mr. Macfadden's editorial in September 14 Liberty. It's great. I may not always agree with Mr. Macfadden, but I will say this: that his editorials are well worth the price of Liberty.—*Just an Old Civil War Veteran—C. F. B.*



"They had a disagreement."

GULLIBLE GALS WARNED

Wichita, Kan.—Please warn the gullible gals of the West and Southwest about that certain type of Eastern male who comes out here for a visit or vacation, stresses his accent, flashes all his Englishy clothes, poses as some big executive on leave, makes thousands of promises and proposals, and then mysteriously leaves town to return to his ribbon counter or office in the East.

I've been a victim of this type three times. That's enough! From now on those egotistical egg-headed gossoons are my meat!—*Mabel Ives.*

WHY CRITICS GO INSANE

Philadelphia, Pa.—What your September 14 issue did to me:

Public Sweetheart Number One—? ' /$ % :; 1234567890 () ?' "—,.$%33R/:; oooF.

Flying Madmen—ough, ghy, mymymy, biff, Whoa, Piff, Zoom, Whoaaaa. Pfew.

Wanted—A New Deal Among Nations —Gazoop, Phew, SLAM&BANG, Sneeffle Hamandeggo, Wheeeeee Zippppp.

The Sin They Do—Abadabaabadabaabaabadabaabadabaabadaba whooooopy.

Yes—Let's Share the Wealth—Hooray!—*I. Bloomfield.*

"PENCIL-NECKED WAIF"

Minden, Ia.—I've been reading Liberty for about ten years now. After perusing some 500-odd copies I've finally found a couple of lines that burn me up.

In the September 7, 1935, issue, Mr. Dick Williams, in his article entitled Tarzan of the Tees, refers to Johnny Goodman of Omaha, Nebraska, as " a pencil-necked waif."

This writer has obviously never seen either Johnny or a likeness of him or he would most certainly never use the term " pencil-necked." As for the " waif ": Just because Johnny has had to work hard ever since he was a kid to support himself and a few brothers and sisters, I, for one, hardly believe it is accurate or fair to call him a waif.

If Mr. Williams is a gentleman, and I hope he is, an apology should be in order. —*Lyle W. Graham.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

MONTREAL, QUE.—W. R. Bullock, motorist, managed to get a traffic ticket issued against a motorcycle policeman.

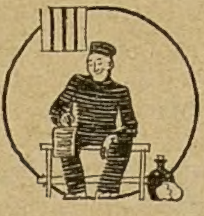
Bullock received a ticket from Constable M. Crevier after, the officer alleged, he failed to stop at a stop street. The motorist sat in his automobile and watched the constable ride away.

Suddenly he stepped on the gas and sped away in pursuit. Overtaking Crevier, he charged him with turning to the left without signaling. The motorist took the matter to police headquarters, where a summons was issued against Crevier.

EVERETT, MASS.—Harry Dricker sought divorce recently from his wife, Gussie, because she wouldn't let him take a bath.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—Under an urge to write a history of his life which he felt would not be complete until he had committed a crime, Duncan MacRae held up a man and robbed him of sixty-five cents and a can of lubricating oil.

He got two years in which to write the book.



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NEW DEAL ALMANAC

Note: This almanac was compiled as a voluntary boondoggling project by a man who hopes to get relief from the New Deal by 1936. The purpose of the work is to show the improvements in this nation's philosophy from Franklin, Ben, to Franklin, D., and to provide readers with a new set of false teeth for their old saws.

Never put off till tomorrow what you can spend today.
—*Congress.*

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NEXT WEEK

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BEGINS
THE SPRIGHTLY ADVENTURES OF

TINSEL LADY

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

EXPLAINS HOW
CITY GANGS ENSLAVE MOONSHINE MOUNTAINEERS

also Features, Reviews, Liberty's Short Short in

NEXT **Liberty** WEEK

ON SALE EVERYWHERE OCTOBER 23

RCA's "MAGIC BRAIN"
now has the sensational
New "MAGIC EYE"!

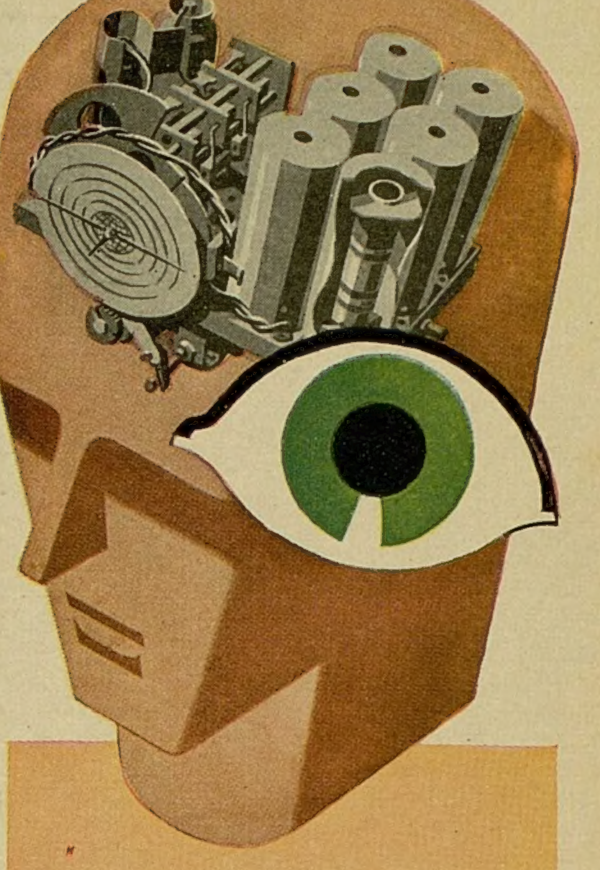
brand new thrills... unequalled tone... dazzling performance!

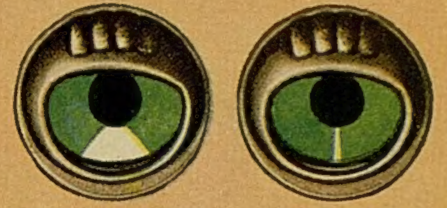
Meet the world's latest, more scientific radio! Today RCA Victor brings you the 1936 "Magic Brain" ...with an eye—a "Magic Eye".

These newer sets are tops in everything—tone, tuning, world radio, tubes and cabinet design and beauty. First, the "Magic Brain"—that uncanny achievement which is astonishing the radio world—finds the station you want, easily—quickly. Its alert "watchman" tube guards against unwanted interferences. Each set delivers to you a fidelity that's practically "studio tone" as you hear it in the broadcast studio.

Next, the "Magic Eye". Here, is a new RCA research development that affords super-focus. You tune with your eyes—and hence get absolute accuracy of tuning. Added to these are the new RCA Metal Tubes—radio tube manufacturing's biggest forward step! And the "Selector" range dial. Twist a knob, the domestic band appears. Another twist, the world radio band comes into bold view. And so on, for every band — airplane, amateur, police calls. New cabinet design skilfully further enhances the fidelity of "Magic Brain" tone. Cabinets, too, are lovelier in looks; in better taste than ever.

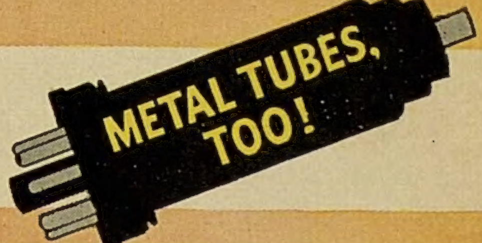
Meet these new 1936 RCA Victor "Magic Brain" radios face to face... eye to "eye". Drop in at your RCA Victor dealer's today. RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc., Camden, N. J. A subsidiary of the Radio Corporation of America...*Put new life in your present radio, install RCA Radio Tubes.*

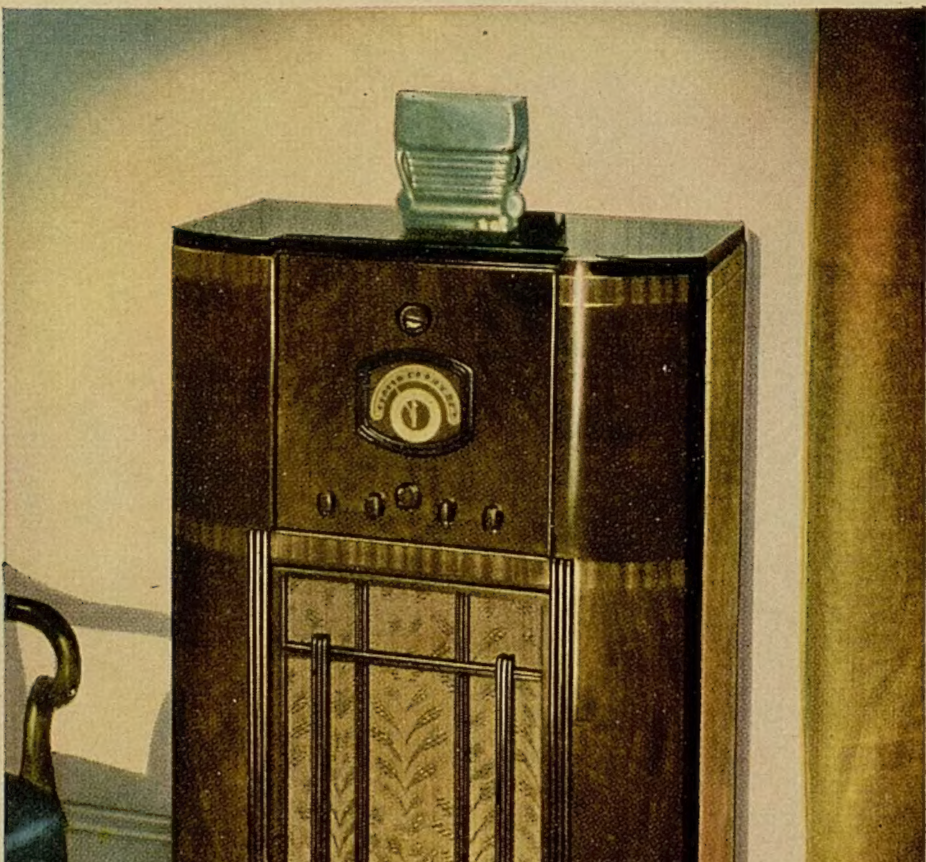




THE "MAGIC EYE"
How it brings you perfect tuning!

The "Magic Eye", an electronic "beam"... which looks much like a human eye... tells when you are precisely in tune. No more blurred reception or "off-center" tone. Turn the set on, a dark colored shadow appears on the "Magic Eye". Dial, and it gets larger or smaller as if focusing on an object. When the station is tuned in for its most perfect reception, the shadow is smaller. You have tuned in with your eyes... more sharply than any human ear could.


METAL TUBES, TOO!



PRICES FROM $19.95 to $550
(subject to change without notice)

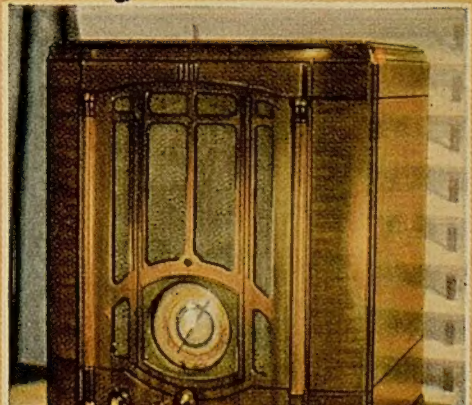
f. o. b. Camden, New Jersey, including home, automobile and farm radios and radio-phonographs. And remember, any set works better with RCA Antenna systems.

•

RCA VICTOR CONSOLE MODEL 11-1 (Left). An 11-tube "Magic Brain" radio with new "Magic Eye". 3 band tuning range, long and short wave. New "Selector" airplane dial. Automatic volume and high tone control. Voice, music control. De luxe oversize speaker. Exquisite cabinet finish. . $150

•

RCA VICTOR DE LUXE TABLE MODEL 10-1 (Right). A 10-tube "Magic Brain" radio with 3 band long and short wave tuning range, oversize speaker. Airplane "Colorband" dial, automatic volume and high tone control and many other fine features. . . $99.50



DE LUXE TABLE MODEL 10-1 . . . $99.50

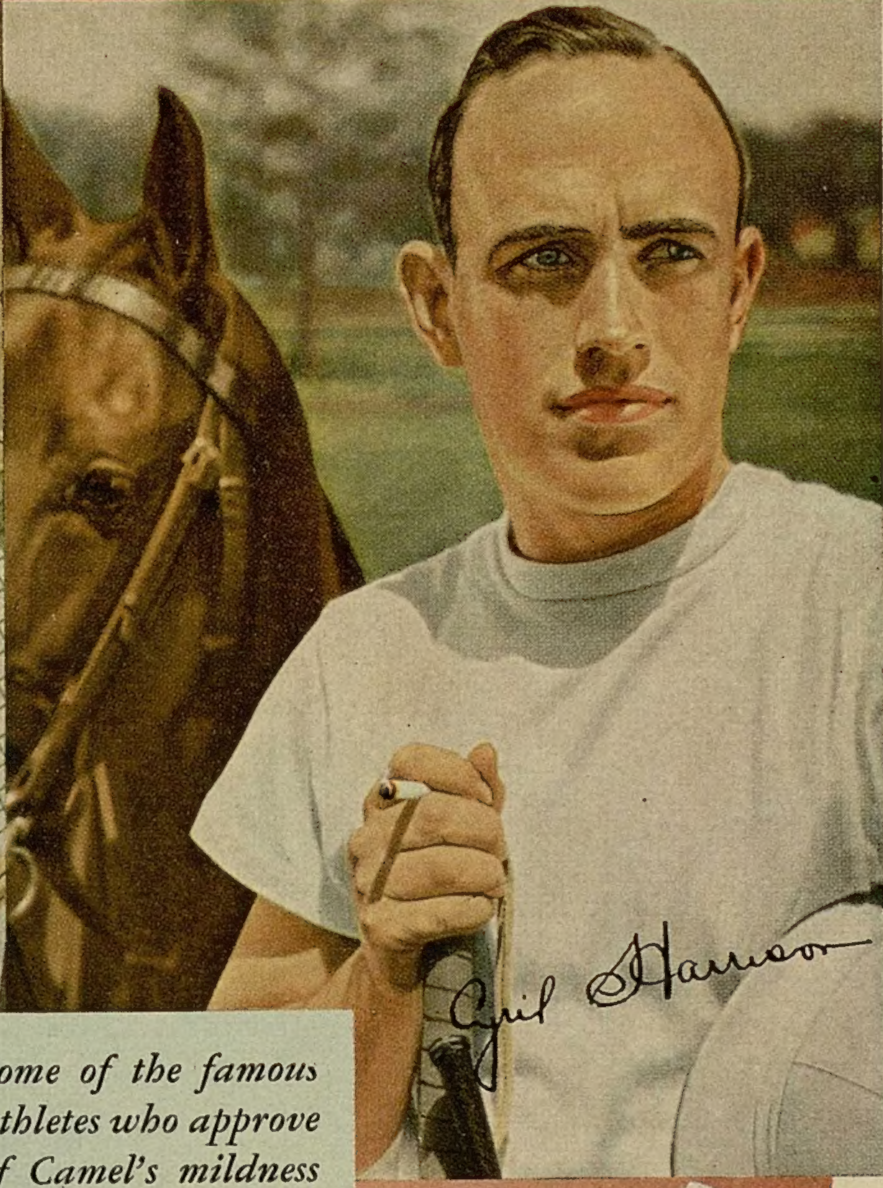
RCA VICTOR

The world's greatest artists are on Victor Records.

"Camels don't get your Wind"

FAMOUS ATHLETES AGREE

George M Lott Jr



Cyril Harrison

Mark the words of George Lott, the tennis champion, and the 7-goal polo star, Cyril Harrison: "Camels," says Mr. Harrison, "are so mild they don't upset the nerves or affect the wind. And when I'm tired I get a 'lift' with a Camel." Lott adds: "Naturally the cigarette blended from more expensive tobaccos is going to be easy and gentle on the throat. And Camels never get my wind. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"

Some of the famous athletes who approve of Camel's mildness

BASEBALL
Dizzy Dean Lou Gehrig
Melvin Ott Carl Hubbell
Harold Schumacher

TENNIS
Ellsworth Vines, Jr.
George M. Lott, Jr.
William T. Tilden, 2nd

GOLF
Gene Sarazen, Craig Wood,
Tommy Armour, Willie
Macfarlane, Helen Hicks

TRACK AND FIELD
Jim Bausch Leo Sexton

SWIMMING
Helene Madison, Josephine
McKim, Stubby Kruger

DIVING
Harold ("Dutch") Smith
Pete Desjardins
Georgia Coleman

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

So Mild! **YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT**

CAMELS MUST BE MADE FROM CHOICER TOBACCOS TO BE SO MILD AND STILL SO FULL OF FLAVOR. I GET A 'LIFT' WITH A CAMEL...AND THEY NEVER UPSET MY 'CONDITION'

JEWELER—G. F. Hartley

MY JOB GOES BETTER WHEN I FEEL TOPNOTCH. I CAN SMOKE CAMELS STEADILY WITHOUT AFFECTING MY WIND. THE MORE I SMOKE THEM THE BETTER I LIKE THEM!

BOOKKEEPER—Mae Maine

Costlier Tobaccos!

- Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(*Signed*) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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